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MEMOIRS OF BARRAS.

VOL. IV

CONSULATE—THE EMPIRE—THE RESTORATION

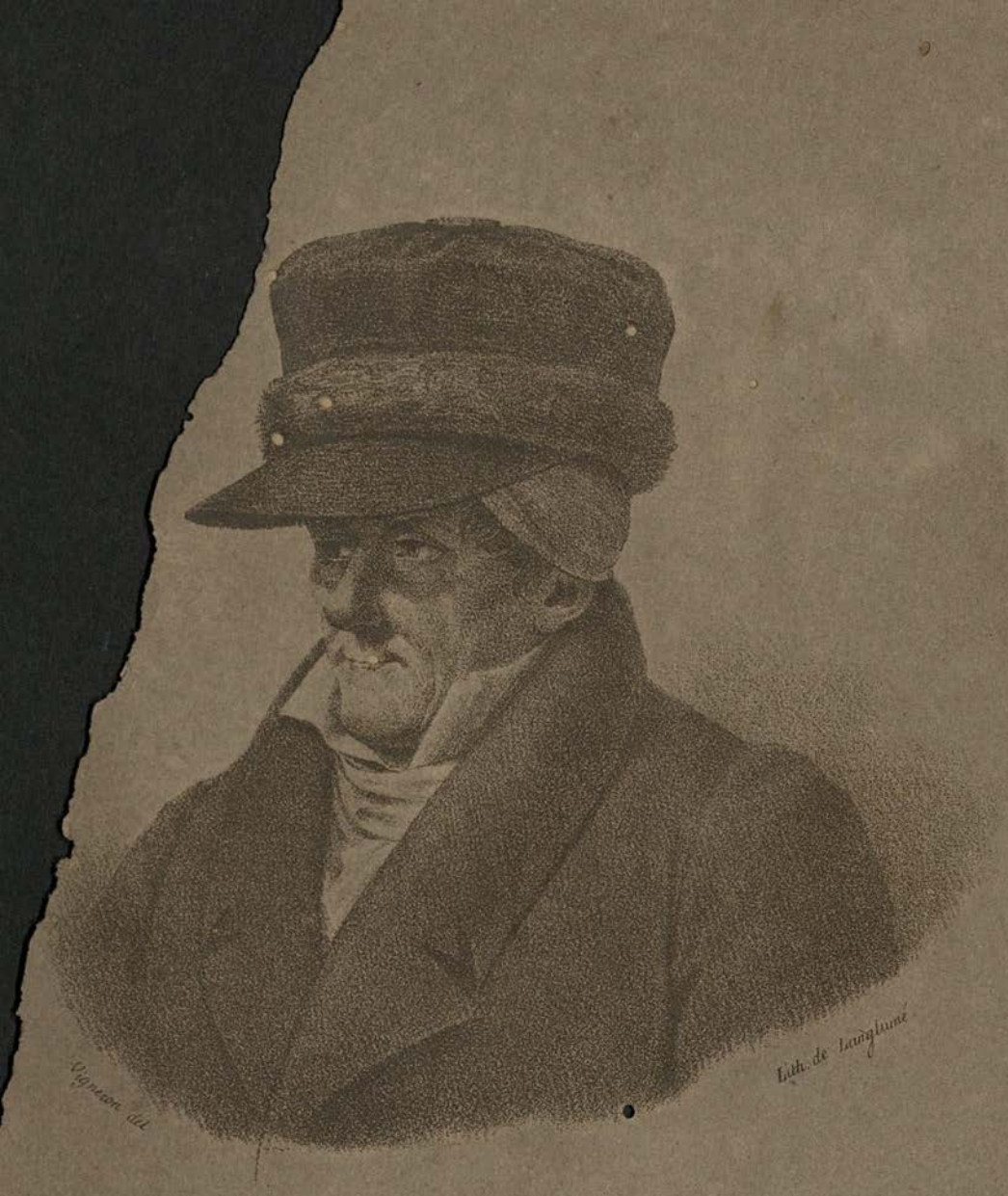
ANALYTICAL INDEX

BARRAS

In his Old Age.

Drawn by Vigneron.—Lithographed by Langlum.

"Barras was, in 1829, a fine-looking old man of seventy-four years of ag[e]. I can still see him in his arm-chair on wheels, always wearing a cap which h[e] never removed for anybody."—ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *Mes Mémoires*, vol. v[i]. p. 299.



D'une vie éprouvée en de nombreux combats,
La Parque, encor long-tems, respectera la trame.
Le Corps peut s'affoiblir, le cœur ne vieillit pas....
Et dans ses yeux toujours, nous voyons sa belle âme.

ILLUSTRATIONS

PORTRAIT OF BARRAS . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACSIMILE LETTER FROM BARRAS TO M. ROUSSELIN DE SAINT-ALBIN REFERRING TO THE EDITING OF HIS MEMOIRS . . . . . *Page* 516

FACSIMILE LETTER FROM BARRAS TO M. ROUSSELIN DE SAINT-ALBIN REFERRING TO THE PUBLICATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF GOHIER 522

EMOIRS OF BARRAS

MEMBER OF THE DIRECTORATE

EDITED, WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION, PREFACES AND APPENDICES, BY

GEORGE DURUY

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES E. ROCHE

WITH A PORTRAIT IN HELIOGRAVURE AND TWO FACSIMILES OF AUTOGRAPHS

"Les pamphlétaires, je suis destiné à être leur pâture, mais je redoute peu d'être leur victime: ils mordront sur du granit."—NAPOLÉON.

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VOL. IV

THE CONSULATE—THE EMPIRE—THE RESTORATION
ANALYTICAL INDEX

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PREFACE

I.—Materials, Composition, and Historical Importance of the Volume

Volume IV. and last of the Memoirs of Barras begins with the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, Year VIII. (9th November 1799), and ends with the year 1828; it therefore comprises the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration, and the greater portion of the second.

The methods employed in its composition are the same as those of the preceding volumes. A long autographic fragment by Barras has served as the basis of M. de Saint-Albin's editing. In this fragment, evidently written with his future Memoirs in his mind's eye, the ex-Director narrates his life from the time of the event which in 1799 put an end to his political *rôle* to the year 1817. But it is probable that this narrative was extended up to a later period by Barras. This is at least what would seem to be proved by a *chemise* (large envelope) endorsed by M. de Saint-Albin: "Consecutive Narrative of Barras, from the 18th Brumaire to 1828. Personal occurrences." And beneath, in the same handwriting: "Used." I have considered it my duty to publish this fragment as an appendix to the present volume, if only for the purpose of furnishing the reader with the means of checking the genuineness of the editing. If one compares the principal passages of this document with the corresponding ones of Volume IV. of the Memoirs, it will be seen that M. de Saint-Albin has freely drawn

from this narrative, without, however, denying himself the right to complete it by means of the memoranda, dictated passages, or the recollection of Barras's conversations with him. Thus it is, *e.g.*, that a most interesting passage in Chapter VIII., wherein reference is made to an actual political counsel's opinion in regard to the formation of a Ministry which the ex-Director, at the personal request of Charles X., is said to have handed to the Duc de Rivière, is naught else but the absolutely literal transcription of four autographic pages of Barras, found among the papers of M. de Saint-Albin. With the exception of a serious discrepancy between the text of the autographic fragment and that of the Memoirs, in regard to an interview of Barras and Carnot[1] in 1815, the conformity of the two versions leaves nothing to be desired. The present volume is therefore, in a like degree and to the same extent as the three preceding ones, the faithful expression of Barras's thoughts.

Barras, to speak the truth, was not, excepting on the 18th Brumaire, mixed up in a direct fashion with all the events narrated by him in this volume, as he had been with those of the Revolution and of the Directorate, since the *coup d'état* which put an end to the Directorial *régime* abruptly sent him once more into private life, and since he thenceforth played no political *rôle* whatsoever—no official one, at least—up to the day of his death in January 1829. One would be tempted to conclude from the foregoing remark that this portion of his Memoirs affords but a somewhat slender contribution to history.

[1] See Appendix; also Memoirs, pp. 408, 409. The autograph denies that the interview took place. The Memoirs, on the contrary, assert that it occurred, and that Carnot stated that the defeated Emperor was the Fatherland's "only resource." "Bonaparte is the Fatherland itself; hence does the foreigner bear him so much spite." This noble attitude of Carnot, so in keeping with the lofty sentiments expressed by him in his famous letter of 1813 to the Emperor, seems to me altogether likely. Nor must it be forgotten that the editor of the Memoirs, he who puts these words into the mouth of Carnot, was precisely the secretary of the Minister of the Interior during the Hundred Days, and that he was therefore in a position to know most accurately the particulars of an interview at which, an intimate friend of both Barras and Carnot, he was perhaps present. As to Barras, it can be readily understood that he would not care to record in his autographic memoranda the distasteful recollection of the homage rendered by Carnot to Napoleon.

Such a conclusion would be legitimate, had Barras not remained the most attentive and best-informed observer he was of the events of his time up to the day of his death; had he not kept up an intercourse with the most notable personages of all parties; had he not intrigued, nay plotted, as will be seen, during the whole period of the Consulate and of the Empire; if, lastly, after the downfall of Napoleon, he had not been invested with the strange *rôle* of consulting statesman, which we see him, not without some astonishment, play to Louis XVIII., Charles X., their counsellors, and their Ministers. The deposition of Barras in regard to the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, although it is no longer, as in the volumes consecrated to the Revolution and to the Directorate, that of a man who has taken an active and personal part in the events which he relates to us, oftentimes open to suspicion, but oftentimes also well informed, is therefore not without its importance. Side by side with the quantity of gossip and slander which abounds, certain portions are in this instance also most lively and of serious interest. I do not think it possible for any one to read without deriving either pleasure or profit therefrom all that Barras chooses to tell us of the 18th Brumaire, and in particular of the preliminaries of this *coup d'état*, in spite of the fact that for reasons which he does not see fit to give us, but which are easily guessed, he skilfully takes care to keep in the shade, as in the case of his narrative of the 18th Fructidor, certain points in regard to which his testimony would be invaluable. Another long chapter, devoted in its entirety to the first Restoration, and wherein Murat, Bernadotte, Talleyrand, Louis XVIII., Mme. de Staël, M. de Blacas, and Fauche-Borel are brought under our notice, will doubtless prove equally attractive reading. A plot concocted by Moreau against the Emperor in 1804, one in which Barras was to have played a part which justifies the supervision and the plaguing which the imperial police do not seem to have spared him, and whereof he bitterly complains; a couple of interviews of Barras with Murat in 1814; yet another

interview with Carnot a few days after Waterloo; next, one with Fouché; retrospective recollections of Marshals Brune and Ney; the narrative of the somewhat unexpected visits paid to Barras in his "cot" at Chaillot by the Ducs de Richelieu, de Choiseul, and de Rivière—likewise furnish a theme for interesting developments. To put it briefly, this Volume IV. of the Memoirs, although less rich in historical matter properly so called and in documentary information than the two volumes consecrated to the Directorate, although not altogether to be despised from this special standpoint, possesses moreover, in view of the anecdotes and personal recollections with which it abounds, the advantage of unrolling itself to the reader with more variety, personality, and life.

II.—THE 18TH BRUMAIRE

If ever there was an event plainly bearing the imprint of necessity, it was indubitably the 18th Brumaire. That in 1799 a change of *régime* must needs come about, that such a change must needs be effected in a violent fashion and through the interference of the army, any somewhat philosophical study of the Directorial *régime* will conclusively demonstrate. Contemporaries saw it clearly.

"*The dictatorship, encountering as it did no opposition either from the nation or from its representatives, was boldly coming onward over the débris of the Constitution.* . . . Bonaparte appeared at the end of a revolution as bloody as it was instructive, educated at its school and almost unsullied by its crimes.[1] He could present himself to the several parties, conciliate or defy them at his will, yet say to all: 'I am not espousing any of your quarrels, but I possess the means of putting an end to them. . . .'"

Thus speaks the anonymous author of an interesting

[1] The reservation here made is in reference to the 13th Vendémiaire, which the Royalist author cannot forgive Bonaparte.

work of Royalist leanings, published in Hamburg in 1799.[1] His testimony is confirmed by that of the Republican Carnot. "*The Directorate had fallen into such disrepute that, failing Bonaparte, some other commander would have carried out an 18th Brumaire just as he did—Hoche perhaps, had he lived. . . .*"[2]

In other words, it was not the Republic which succumbed on the 18th Brumaire. A shadowy form still bearing a great name, from which all the nobility and all the virtue of the Republic had departed, a mere simulacrum vanished on that day. Supposing that Bonaparte had performed in '92 or in '93, instead of in '96 and '97, the marvels of his Italian campaign, crowning these marvels with the fairy-like wonder of his Egyptian campaign, also carried out a few years earlier, who will gainsay that, on returning to Paris and finding himself face to face with the Convention, the committees, and the public at a fever heat of Republican enthusiasm, Bonaparte could have dared even to dream of attempting anything analogous to that which he accomplished with so great ease in the Year VIII.? Some one must consequently have laboured for him, and cleared the path for his ambition even better than his very victories. And it is precisely the unworthy government which became its victim, which paved the way for the military *coup d'état* of the Year VIII. The Republic, which as early as 1795 had fallen a prey to the corrupt and cynical Thermidorians, was dead in 1799. But its death-certificate had not yet been registered: the 18th Brumaire saw to this.

The foregoing considerations, in all likelihood the expression of the judgment pronounced in the innermost heart of the nation on the event at the time of its occurrence, will satisfy only a small number of independent minds resolved upon not making history subservient to any of the complaisances successively exacted

[1] *Le 18 Fructidor*, an anonymous work in two volumes, Hamburg, 1799. See vol. i. pp. 95, 98, and pp. 115, 117.

[2] *Mémoires de Carnot*, by his son, vol. ii. p. 29.

and oftentimes obtained from it in the course of the century.

It is therefore not as a necessary event that the 18th Brumaire is nowadays explained and judged. It is separate from the series of *coups de force* which, from 1789 to 1799, constitute the internal history of the country; it is not even sufficient that it should be removed from the series to which it indissolubly belongs; the fact is isolated from the causes explaining it; it is paraded in all its hideous brutality, surrounded by all the aggravating circumstances of treachery and violence proper to render it more odious; good care is taken not to show the formation of the idea giving birth to it, the *milieu* wherein it acquired growth, and the social decomposition which, as manure imparts to the plant, imparted to that idea all its strength. As the result of such reasoning, the 18th Brumaire is pronounced the political crime *par excellence*, free rein is given to indignation, and tears are shed over the Republic, traitorously slain in the fulness of its strength by a military criminal. Political passions get their hearts' desire in the sentimental hypocrisy of this version. History and simple equity are at one in protesting against it.

Still another fashion exists of presenting this famous event—that of restoring it to its *milieu*, and of connecting it with the precedents heralding it, the manifold causes paving the way for it, and the facts surrounding it. The benefits derived by France from this purifying deed are carefully enumerated. Nothing more legitimate. What is less so is the leaving in the shade of the means set at work towards the accomplishment of the act itself. This second version possesses therefore the advantage of keeping more accurate an account of the *historical* circumstances of the event; but it must fain be admitted that it errs when arbitrarily suppressing the *moral* circumstances, which constitute an essential element of the judgment to be pronounced,—if, as I firmly believe, it is the very function of history to pronounce one, and that it feels in honour bound that justice and truth should alone dictate it.

Now there can unfortunately be no doubt that on the 18th Brumaire the Republican institution—or rather its still surviving phantom—fell a victim to an undertaking in which stratagem and violence were the two principal factors. As regards myself there do not exist any historical considerations, whether derived from the impotency and immorality of the Directorial *régime* or from the repairing and fruitful work to which Bonaparte was henceforth going to consecrate his freed genius, which can prevail over the reprobation deserved by the methods employed to ensure the success of this fresh *coup d'état*. If, amid the repeated stranding of our beliefs, the respect for the law does not stand forth side by side with the love of Fatherland like another brazen column, on what then shall we be able to base our moral life, which nowadays is so sadly lacking in the firm foundations of yore? Every doctrine therefore, whether historical or philosophical, tending in any degree to weaken this faith is unwholesome. And this is why, if, on the one hand, it appears unjust to me to pass condemnation on the 18th Brumaire without pointing out the imprint of necessity clearly stamped on that act and the profound reasons which excuse it to a great extent, so logically do they explain its genesis, on the other, I consider that it is not permissible to absolve it. The evils to which it brought a remedy, however great they might be, were perhaps fleeting; respect for the law on which it laid hands must ever be shown.

Now things eternal must never be disturbed, even if it be a simple human convention which has so consecrated them. Such a convention is august, since it has its source in the very conscience of humanity; the universal consent of the noblest minds of all countries and of all ages confers something holy on it. The work of men, the law must none the less remain divine in our eyes: it is sufficient for me that Socrates spoke of it as he did before his death rather than infringe it.

The criminal example set by Bonaparte when violating an inflexible and permanent rule has endured and

shall endure just as the rule itself. The corrupting virtue of this example—famous among all, since it takes shelter under the greatest name in history—has not spent itself; it has given rise, and will perhaps further give rise, to imitations. There is nothing to prove that one of the lowest kind will not some day be indulged in. A moral element of noxiousness is there interwoven with the incontestible boon which the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire actually was in the material order of things. And any judgment which does not take into account this essential dualism, will from the very fact be insufficient and partial.

III.—BARRAS AND THE 18TH BRUMAIRE

It was not to be expected that Barras would in his long-drawn-out narrative of the 18th Brumaire spare Bonaparte; and truly he does not fail to stigmatise, with all the warmth of a virtuous indignation, the "Pretorian" undertaking having for its object the Constitution of the Year III. But one was justified in hoping, over and above this, for a few clear and conclusive explanations in regard to the somewhat shady part he is reputed to have himself played in the event for a long time previous to it. The care he on the contrary displays to avoid gratifying our curiosity on this point, adds an all the livelier interest to the problem laid down but unsolved by this chapter of the Memoirs.

When, on his return from Egypt, Bonaparte entered Paris on the 24th Vendémiaire, Year VIII. (17th October 1799), Barras was forming part of a government composed of five members, of whom two, Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, were prepared to overthrow the Constitution of the Year III., while two others, Moulins and Gohier, no doubt were determined to defend it, had not a strange blindness concealed from them up to the eleventh hour the danger threatening them. The salvation or the ruin of that

Constitution was consequently involved in the most essential fashion in the line of conduct to be followed by the fifth Director: whether, more far-seeing than Gohier and Moulins, Barras should denounce to them the *coup d'état*, and immediately take with them measures to thwart it; or whether, on the contrary, giving his adherence to the spontaneous conspiracy formed about Bonaparte by the malcontents of every stripe and all the adversaries of the Directorial *régime*, he should contribute to the success of the undertaking by throwing into the scale the valuable weight of his openly avowed or secret complicity.

It is not therefore saying too much to state that Barras, in this critical hour, held in his hands the fate of the Republic in a far greater degree than he had on the 9th Thermidor or the 13th Vendémiaire: for, had he sounded a note of alarm and rallied to his two colleagues who had remained faithful to the Constitution, the success of the plot directed against it would have become a matter of doubt; whereas if like the two others he played traitor, such defection, assuring as it would to the conspirators the support of the majority of the representatives of the executive power, would necessarily disconcert and paralyse all resistance. Now Barras did nothing to thwart the 18th Brumaire. He no more sought to fight it than to ward it off. The event accomplished, he resigned his position as a Director by a letter couched in inconceivably insipid language. Such are the facts: let us try and interpret them.

However much he might undoubtedly desire it, Barras has been unable to dispense entirely from replying in his Memoirs to the forcible summons addressed to him as early as 1824, whereby the worthy Gohier, in his own Memoirs,[1] calls upon him to justify his conduct on the 18th Brumiaire. He therefore is willing to admit that the intrigues of Bonaparte and his partisans were not unknown to him. But he deceived himself in regard to the object of these intrigues; to the end he thought that the conspirators desired a change in the governing

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. ii. p. 332.

personnel, and not in the Constitution itself. If he has not "forestalled the conspiracy which is impending," if the saviour of liberty in Thermidor has not in Brumaire "remembered his previous efforts," the reason is simple enough: the Directorate was otherwise engaged—with the Chouans, for example. The Chouannerie was causing Barras such anxiety that it "diverted his attention from machinations nearer home." Persuaded that "the fundamental law" was not threatened, he thought, moreover, that "whatever the change meditated, it would not be attempted ere the 22nd Brumaire." The events of the 18th consequently took him by surprise. His first thought was to stir up the people. But Bruix and Talleyrand came to the Luxembourg, and told him that "the present change was of very little importance." They asserted to him that Sieyès and Roger-Ducos had already handed in their resignations, and that Gohier and Moulins had joined their colleagues in the Council of Ancients. Thereupon, feeling that "he was without either consideration or popularity," and aware, moreover, "that the whole of the population, military, civil, and even suburban, *was rushing towards Bonaparte as if towards a fresh existence*," Barras understood that all was over; he signed the letter of resignation which the traitors Bruix and Talleyrand had been commissioned to force from him, and went into noble retirement at Grosbois. And his narrative terminates with a lamentation: "The saddest feature about the 18th Brumaire is the triumph of blind force over reason, of the military over the civil element. On this occasion perished the national representation, the freedom of the press . . .," and so forth.

We do not inquire whence the author of the 18th Fructidor derives the right of passing such a judgment on the 18th Brumaire. Let us content ourselves with weighing the arguments of this plea. Let us endeavour to separate the truth from his confined, embarrassed, and contradictory explanations, under cover of which he seeks to dissemble his ambiguous conduct.

As he consents to admit, Barras was aware not only

that a plot was being hatched, but that the Constitution itself was in jeopardy. Following upon an interview with Bonaparte, in the course of which he has spoken "of the necessity for a change," Bernadotte has immediately, through the medium of his secretary Rousselin de Saint-Albin, informed Barras that "not merely individuals but the institution itself was threatened, and that not merely its modification but its overthrow was contemplated." This warning has been confirmed by Talleyrand as well as by Réal, who have calmly laid before him Bonaparte's ideas as to the "improvements" to be introduced into the representative system, and as to the necessity and urgency of these "changes." How could these two shrewd personages have been simple enough to thus confide in Barras, had they not known to a certainty that Barras had been, as well as themselves, won over to the idea of operating these "changes"?

On the 8th Brumaire, Barras received at his dinner-table Bonaparte and Moreau—Moreau, who ten days later was to command the 300 men charged with keeping watch over the Luxembourg, and to prevent all attempt at resistance on the part of the Directors Gohier and Moulins. The presence of Bonaparte and Moreau under the roof of Barras barely a few days before the *coup d'état* is in itself rather suspicious. But something far graver remains to be told. Gourgand and Napoleon himself assert that during this dinner the conversation turned on the reform of the Constitution, the necessity for a dictatorship; and Gohier, after recording these accusing assertions, concludes: "It is for Barras to explain himself in regard to the facts imputed to him."[1] Barras replies that it merely amused him "to see the *rôle* of duplicity which (Bonaparte and Moreau) were both playing against each other." A poor explanation, one unworthy of discussion.

Five days after this dinner, on the 13th Brumaire, he has an interview with Bonaparte. The account given of it by him in his Memoirs reveals to us—

First, that Barras was aware of the existence of a

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. i. p. 223.

project conceived with a view of modifying in their very essence existing institutions, since the question was being mooted of establishing, under the name of Presidency, of a one-man power—of a dictatorship, to call the thing by its true name;

Secondly, that Barras was not in the main hostile to this project, since he offered to personally ask the *corps législatif* to elect a "president appointed by the nation";

Thirdly, that he was, however, determined not to commit any illegality, nothing which should not previously have received the assent of the national representation—nothing, in short, inspired by any mental reservation in regard to his personal interest, since he was to tender his resignation upon a president being elected;

Fourthly, that all his relations with Bonaparte ended with this interview of the 13th Brumaire, wherein he reveals himself to us in the sorrowful attitude of a sage undeceived by ambition, a Washington face to face with another Catiline.

It will be noticed that, pursuant to this new system of justification of his conduct, Barras no longer dares to invoke the ignorance in which he is alleged to have remained until the end in regard to the anti-constitutional plans of the authors of the 18th Brumaire. Here then we find him, and on his own admission, in contradiction with himself on an essential point of his defence. Other contradictions, and no less unfortunate, are added to the foregoing one in the sequel of his narrative. On the 14th Brumaire, Eugene and Murat breakfast at his table with their aides-de-camp, and drink toasts to his health. On the 15th he has an interview with Joseph, Talleyrand, Fouché, and Réal: he is once more tendered the "presidency," which he again declines, coupling his refusal with grand words on the necessity of "investing a plebeian with this eminent office . . . some worthy citizen able to give above all things pledges of probity and virtue." Did then Barras consider that he himself was not that kind of a citizen? On the 16th he accepts a rendezvous for eleven o'clock at night with Bonaparte, who has asked

him for an interview at which *no witnesses are to be present* at this late hour. To all appearances, the interview of the 13th has not cut short, as it would have been quite easy for him to make us believe,[1] his intercourse with the partisans of dictatorship and the dictator himself.

This is all the more significant from the fact that at that date everybody is aware that a fresh "day" is in preparation and that it is imminent. The deputy Talot has written to him: "Trade has been at a standstill for a few days. . . . People are saying to each other: 'I dare not undertake anything, as I do not know the turn affairs may take; *it is said that a fresh* coup *is being meditated.*'" An anonymous letter has been sent to him: "A terrible plot is being concocted against Barras; Bonaparte, Sieyès, Merlin, and Company are at the head of it. . . . *Væ dormientibus in margine gurgitis!*" On the 15th Saliceti has come and denounced to him the machinations of "the man who has escaped from Egypt," and has said by way of conclusion: "If we do not kill him, he will kill us." Let us congratulate Barras on his not having yielded to the suggestions of this logic of the *maquis;*[2] but we may venture to smile when he attempts to make us believe that he was "taken by surprise" by the 18th Brumaire. The truth which detaches itself with irresistible force and with the distinctiveness of evidence itself from this chapter of his Memoirs, is that Barras was cognisant of everything.

Why then, if he is not with the conspirators, does he not denounce the conspiracy, tear from his quiescent state the worthy and simple-minded Gohier, and take together with Gohier and Moulins measures calculated to save, or at the very least to defend, the Constitution of which he is the natural trustee? Has he not within Paris itself a man devoted to him, the brave Lefebvre, at his command? Is not Lefebvre's devotion to him such that he inquires, when Bonaparte makes overtures for the first time to the

[1] "Now, subsequently to the interview I have just recorded, *I did not again see Bonaparte.*" See vol. iv. p. 67.

[2] *Maquis*, the Corsican "bush" or thicket, in allusion to Saliceti's nationality. —Translator's note.

commander of the 17th division: "What thinks Barras of all this?" And if Bonaparte replies, "Barras is with us," is this grave utterance nothing more, as he claims who so imprudently recalls it, than a fresh piece of deceit on the part of the artful general,—or is it not perchance the pure and simple revelation of the equivocal *rôle* played in connection with the event by the very man who will later have the impudence to attack and stigmatise in the name of the immutable solidity of his Republican principles that 18th Brumaire, the very account of which given by him proves that he was morally its accomplice?

This first point established, another more complicated and more difficult problem presents itself for solution. How comes it that the man of action of the 9th Thermidor, of the 13th Vendémiaire, and of the 18th Fructidor has resigned himself to this passive attitude, so little in conformity with his natural instincts, the practice of his whole career, and the traditions of his past? Why was Barras so "unmindful of his past" in Brumaire? If he did not fight the *coup d'état*, how is it that we do not meet with him in the ranks of those who carried it out? What are, in short, the secret motives of the expectant and irresolute conduct, of the pitiful retreat, and of the sudden eclipse of a man who, but yesterday occupying the highest position, suddenly flees from power, making no attempt to retain it, and, to all appearances, doing nothing to share with the victor the benefits of an undertaking whose success he has so powerfully favoured?

An interesting explanation is furnished by Gohier. According to him two parallel conspiracies, so to speak, threatened in November 1799 the Constitution of the Year III.: that of Bonaparte and of Sieyès, which had for its aim the establishment of a dictatorship without the abolition of the Republican form; another, prepared in the dark by Barras, in view of the restoration of the monarchy of the Bourbons. The second, it is alleged, was outstripped and neutralised by the explosion of the first. And the *coup d'état* of Brumaire, ordinarily represented as a felonious attempt on the Republic, thus saved

the Republic from a far graver machination prepared against it.

The testimony of Gohier is too important not to deserve being given in its entirety :—" Is it true that there existed two traitors among the five members of the Directorate; that the Directorial government was placed *between two equally formidable conspiracies;* that, while Sieyès was prepared to sell the Republic to the highest bidder, *Barras, resolved upon selling himself, was accepting propositions long since prepared?* If one is to believe men as hostile to the power he exercised as to his person . . . *the day on which this Director was to hoist the royal standard had been fixed upon; the day for the breaking out of the conspiracy had been set; and if it failed, it was because that of Sieyès had forestalled it. . . .*"[1]

This testimony of Gohier, so terribly incriminating in spite of its form expressive of doubt, is confirmed by the Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas. In the exceedingly interesting narrative he gives us of a visit paid to Barras in 1829,[2] the celebrated author records, as a rumour generally credited at the time, the opinion that Barras, precisely at the time when the 18th Brumaire occurred, was getting ready to effect a monarchical restoration, and had even been promised twelve millions as the price of his co-operation.

The intimacy to which attention is called by Alexandre Dumas as existing between Barras and the former Royalist Fauche-Borel, gives, it must fain be admitted, consistency to the suspicions expressed by Gohier. If Fauche-Borel, when alleging that the Bourbons commissioned him to buy over Barras, and when affirming that he succeeded in his mission, is no more, as Barras repeatedly asserts in his Memoirs, than a vile calumniator, how is it that in 1829 we find him among the habitual guests and the friends of the wealthy and ever-magnificent "hermit of Chaillot"? The extraordinary goodwill shown by the government of the Restoration towards Barras, the cordial relations of the former Director with

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. ii. p. 326.

[2] *Mes Mémoires*, by Alexandre Dumas, vol. v. ch. cxxxiv. pp. 297-305.

the Ministers and the counsellors of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., are in themselves already sufficiently suspicious. The reader was justified in asking of himself, when perusing the final chapters of the Memoirs, what other cause than the recollection of some secret pact or of some essential service rendered, or at the very least promised, could explain the strange favour of which the Jacobinical and regicide viscount, the pitiless proscriber of the Royalists on the 18th Fructidor, received to his dying day discreet but certain and numerous proofs. This intimacy between the ex-Director and the agent commissioned in 1798 to corrupt him, this contradiction between the contempt which Barras affects to bestow in his Memoirs upon Fauche-Borel and the perfect intelligence which actually reigned between them [1]—all this leaves hardly any doubt as to the gravity of the accusation preferred by Gohier. And the terrible utterance of Bonaparte which Barras is imprudent enough to place on record, and which is manifestly authentic: "Had I known on the 18th of the affair of the letters-patent of Barras, *I should have had them placed on his breast, and had him shot.*"

This hypothesis of a Royalist conspiracy in which Bonaparte, as proved by the foregoing significant utterance, believed just as did Gohier himself, explains the ambiguous attitude of Barras previous to the 18th Brumaire. He is unquestionably posted as to the plans of Bonaparte and Sieyès; but, a conspirator himself, he is most careful not to denounce them: are they not, like himself, striving to accomplish the ruin of the Constitution? He therefore suffers them to carry on their intrigue unmolested, without for that forsaking his own. His boundless vanity doubtless reassures him as to the chances of the rival undertaking; it has no difficulty in convincing him that he remains master of the situation and free to precipitate or delay events at his will, even at the very hour when the crisis is about to blossom forth without him, when he is to fall to the ground, where he is to be in a woful position between the Revolution he has betrayed—to a greater extent than Bonaparte, who con-

tented himself with confiscating it to his own advantage —and the Bourbons to whom he has sold himself.

It is even possible that the inborn duplicity, coupled with irresoluteness of character, which his colleague Larévellière attributes to him, may have found in the complication of this dual intrigue an opportunity for coming into play. All these interviews with Bonaparte and his partisans fully seem to indicate that if in the first instance he was unwilling to openly take a hand, like Sieyès and Talleyrand, in the plans of the youthful general, for the very simple reason that he had his own, it is none the less a fact that Barras was, as early as the first days following upon the return of Bonaparte to Paris, in friendly communication with him, and secretly dreamt of utilising in some way or another this force, the power of which he did not yet gauge accurately. In the midst of the hesitancies and gropings of his treachery, of the cunning desire perhaps entertained by him of, as the saying goes, letting Bonaparte pull the chestnuts out of the fire—not without the mental reservation of sharing, either with him or with the Bourbons, the benefits of the operation—"the man who had escaped from Egypt" was daily growing in importance and in prestige, in public opinion. And it is indeed possible that Barras may, to the extent just indicated, have been, as he tells us, "taken by surprise" on the 18th Brumaire. The simple meaning of this is that one fine morning he saw, not without stupor apparently, that France "*was rushing*," to use his own words, "*towards Bonaparte as if towards a fresh existence.*" Another then, the very one whom he but yesterday called "his little *protégé*," dominated henceforth with all the weight of his popularity the situation of which the presumptuous Director had believed he could remain the master, until the day when it should suit him to choose between the two concurrent intrigues in which he was mixed up, and, by his final adhesion to one of them, make the scales incline in a positive fashion either to the side of the dictatorship or to that of the monarchy, according to the greater personal advantages he might derive from one or the other solution.

"Discredited and having lost all popularity"—it is he himself who confesses it—there was thus nothing left for Barras but to renounce the dual game he had attempted to play between Bonaparte and the Bourbons. He was compelled to recognise the vanity of the pretensions he had entertained of bringing the crisis to a head when and in the way it should best please him. There remained to him a solitary chance of emerging with profit—not to say with honour—from the "fix" in which his duplicity and irresolution had put him: it was to rally by means of a total, prompt, and, if it could be done, a profitable abdication to the man who was to be on the morrow the master of France. This is just what he did.

The date of this determination can be established with certainty. On the 8th Brumaire, Barras, as it has been seen, entertained Bonaparte and Moreau to dinner. After the meal the talk turned on the subject which at the time was the theme of all conversations—the dictatorship, the necessity of which was admitted by Barras. Driven by his interlocutors to explain himself more clearly, to precise matters, he protested that he was not thinking of it for himself, confessing that he was aware that "he had completely lost caste in public opinion." But, failing himself, General Hédouville seemed to him fit to fill the post. It is plain that Barras was not seriously putting forward the name of this unknown man. This was probably nothing more than indulging in one of those bits of roguishness in which his caustic wit took delight—a way of irritating, perhaps also of sounding, Bonaparte. The effect produced was terrible. Bonaparte "sees in this suggestion, which to him appears strange, naught but the hypocritical desire of Barras to call attention to himself, and, without replying to him, looks daggers at him, compelling him to avert his gaze." Thereupon he withdraws, determined, it would seem, no longer to come to an understanding with Barras, but with Sieyès.

This glance, this abrupt departure, supply the Director with plenty of food for thought. A few days previously Bonaparte, learning that the Directorate has been talking

about the fortune which he is reputed to have brought back from Italy, and that it is Barras who is circulating this evil talk, has already spoken his mind in the liveliest fashion.

"It has been stated in your midst," he says to us in blunt tones, "that while in Italy I had looked sufficiently after my own interests not to be compelled to return thither. This is a scandalous assertion for which my military conduct has never afforded any justification. Moreover, were it true that I had looked so well after my own interests, it would not be," *he went on to say, letting his glance rest on Barras, "at the expense of the Republic that I should have made my fortune."* [1]

So Barras feels himself compromised, irremediably perhaps, in the eyes of Bonaparte, through the untoward utterance he has once more allowed to escape his lips. Is this the time to quarrel with such a man? Réal and Fouché, on hearing of the incident, call post-haste on him, and try to convince him of the grievousness of the blunder he has committed. Barras takes fright; on the following day he calls on Bonaparte in his residence in the Rue de la Victoire, and apologises to him; and, "in order to be once more on good terms with the ambitious one, he recognises that he alone can save the Republic, *declares to him that he has come to place himself at his disposal, that he will do all he wishes, take whatever part it shall please him to invest him with,* and ends by begging him to give him the assurance that, in case he was meditating any project, he should reckon on Barras." [2]

If therefore one accepts this version, in all probability a true one, and the authenticity of which there is nothing to justify our contesting, it is precisely ten days previous to the 18th Brumaire that Barras—renouncing his projects of a monarchical restoration, or postponing the resumption of them to a favourable time—would have decided upon joining hands with Bonaparte, not on a footing of equality,

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. i. p. 217.

[2] This passage, like everything referring to this incident, is taken from the *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. i. pp. 221-223, who here reproduces those of Gourgand, or draws inspiration therefrom when he does not quote them textually.

but under the humble and subordinate conditions appropriate to the respective relations of these two men.

This explanation being admitted, his actions and the steps taken by him on the very day of the event, his attitude, and his resignation of office—all matters which plunge the candid Gohier in a sort of indignant stupor—become readily intelligible.

On the morn of the 18th Brumaire, Barras is quietly at home—so much so, indeed, that it has been said that at seven o'clock he was peacefully enjoying a bath. Still, we must take note that he protests against this bath. Let us accept his assertion that he was merely "engaged in shaving." This also is indicative of a beautiful state of repose. For at the very hour when one of the chiefs of the State, one of the five accredited guardians of the Constitution, is leisurely proceeding with his morning toilet, there is elsewhere one whose hand is just as steady, who is also preparing a toilet for that Constitution—the toilet of those sentenced to death. And this tranquillity of Barras, it must needs be said, greatly resembles that of a man beforehand acquainted with the programme of the play which is beginning at that very moment—and the part which he himself is to play in it.

His former aide-de-camp, Victor Grand, comes to him, and informs him that, with the exception of a solitary veteran, the whole of the Directorial Guard has left the Luxembourg, and that the palace has been mysteriously evacuated. Barras replies that he will mount his horse and proceed to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. The gesture accompanying this utterance must have been magnificent and possessed of an amplitude worthy of a tribune; the tone, that of the great days of Thermidor or of Vendémiaire. . . . But Barras did not mount his horse, did not stir up the *faubourgs;* he remained in the palace: perhaps his toilet—whether bath or shave—was not yet finished.

The curtain goes up on the second act after this short prologue, which already gives us the tone of the comedy. A letter from the *inspecteurs du palais* of the Ancients

informs Barras of the decree of translation of the *'corps législatif* to Saint-Cloud. This announcement having "confounded" him, he sends out Botot, his secretary, in quest of news, with orders to "ascertain positively the part which Bonaparte intended playing in this affair." There are those who will perhaps think that it was an easy matter at this stage to determine what that part would be, and that there was something else to be done than to send some one to ask of Bonaparte himself information as to the nature and object of the undertaking already begun.

While Botot is off on his errand, the two Directors who have remained faithful to the Constitution, Gohier and Moulins, call on Barras. Here then are three members of the Government, and among them the acting president, Gohier, assembled together. It little matters that Roger-Ducos and Sieyès are joining hands with Bonaparte. These three Directors now assembled together at the Luxembourg, and still enjoying their freedom—two of them will soon be deprived of it—constitute the majority in the executive power, are qualified to act, to give orders, and to organise opposition to the *coup d'état.* But, whereas Barras has preserved all his balance, his two colleagues, abruptly disturbed in the quietness of their truly somewhat simple slumber, are a prey to a deep perturbation. It is therefore for the Director whose mind is calm and lucid, if he be but as true to his duty as he is master of his feelings, to help these distracted men to regain control over themselves, to point out to them the measures to be taken, and above all to keep them by him, since, united and acting with one common accord, they may still hope that law will prevail over rebellion. Barras harangues them in fine words, and exhorts them not to "despair." But he proposes to them neither a message to the Councils, nor a proclamation to the army or to the people, nor any act of defence whatsoever. Thereupon he suffers them to go their way, making an appointment with them for an hour later. An hour later Gohier and Moulins were kept under strict watch by

Moreau, and consequently were unable to move hand or foot. The comedy did not go so far as to make pretence of needing to make sure of the person of the third Director. *Barras remained free:* I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from the fact.

Botot is back. He relates the famous apostrophe, of somewhat sophistical eloquence, to which Bonaparte has treated him.[1] He has discovered that "stupor and adhesion" had taken possession of those present when they heard the burning words which the great actor had flung to the population of Paris, to France, over the humble head of his frightened interlocutor. On hearing this news Barras "gives way to a state of profound sadness over the state of things." Robespierre would be still living, had Barras in Thermidor shown himself of a mind so prone to resignation.

But the *dénouement* approaches. Bruix and Talleyrand have themselves shown in to this philosopher who is sorrowfully meditating over human baseness, and who still takes no action. They envelop him in a network of falsehoods: the Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients are one, Gohier and Moulins join hands with Roger-Ducos and Sieyès, and so on. Simple-minded on that day for the first time in his life, this veteran in politics, this expert in *coups d'état*, accepts ingenuously, and without verifying them, the assertions of these deceivers; and on its being pointed out to him that it is "meet" that he should tender his resignation, Barras, "with the resolution he has often displayed in difficult times," resigns his office as requested—which is tantamount to saying that he deals the finishing stroke to the Constitution and to the Republic, both seriously wounded, but which are none the less still fighting for life two leagues farther off, at Saint-Cloud.

"It is nowadays a recognised fact," Gohier asserts in his Memoirs, "that the daring undertaking of Bonaparte hung by a thread—by a thread which the resigning

[1] See *La Révolution de Brumaire*, by Lucien Bonaparte: "What have you done with the France I left you in so brilliant a state? . . . I left you peace: I find war! I left you victories: I find reverses! . . .," etc. Bonaparte evidently forgets Bergen and Zürich.

Director tied into a knot by his defection, when he ought to have joined hands with us to break it. . . ."[1] "This retreat of Barras," adds Lucien Bonaparte, "by destroying the Directorial majority remaining in Paris, deprived our adversaries of their prop just as they were beginning to manœuvre in that quarter. . . ."[2]

The following is the text of this letter of resignation :—

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,

Having entered public affairs solely from my passion for liberty, I consented to accept the chief magistracy of the State merely to support it in its dangers by my devotion, to preserve from the outrages of its enemies the patriots compromised in its cause, and to secure to the defenders of the Fatherland the special care which could be bestowed on them only by a citizen of old a witness of their heroic virtues, one ever moved by their needs.

The glory accompanying the return of the illustrious warrior to whom it has been my fortune to open the paths of glory, and the striking proofs of confidence bestowed on him by the *corps législatif*, have convinced me that *to whatever position public interest may henceforth call him, liberty's dangers are now overcome*, and the interests of the armies secured. *It is with a feeling of joy that I* re-enter the ranks as a private citizen, happy, after so many storms, to hand over *entire and more respected than at any time* the Republic's destinies with which I have been, with others, trusted.[3]

Greeting and respect.

BARRAS.

The foregoing letter calls for a few remarks. It is sufficient to read it to be convinced of its lamentable platitude. The homage rendered to the "illustrious warrior," who is precisely at that very moment violating the Constitution of which the signer of the letter was a guardian; the assertion that "liberty's dangers are now overcome" just as liberty is succumbing; the announcement made in veiled but significant terms and the approval of a dictatorship: "*to whatever position public interest* may henceforth call him"—all this constitutes a document which it is impossible not "to designate in terms too scathing." And the severity of this judgment which is pronounced by the upright Gohier[4] on the "defection" of Barras cannot but be approved.

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. ii. p. 333.

[2] *La Révolution de Brumaire*, by Lucien Bonaparte. See de Lescure, *Mémoires sur les Journées révolutionnaires*, vol. ii. p. 145.

[3] The text here given is that to be found in the Memoirs of Barras, vol. iv. p. 103. This letter is reproduced by Gohier (vol. i. p. 294), and by Lucien Bonaparte (de Lescure, *Journées révolutionnaires*, vol. i. p. 144). The text given by Lucien differs slightly from that given by Barras and Gohier.

[4] Gohier, *Mémoires*, vol. ii. p. 332.

But what is to be said or thought if this shameful capitulation is not one of those unreasoned acts a man commits in an hour of mental aberration, of moral distress, unconscious even of the weakness to which he is yielding himself, and blind to the fact that they bear its imprint? To read the letter once more. Nothing in it betrays the tumult of sentiments and of ideas which might serve as an extenuating circumstance to this resignation—upon the whole naught but the desertion, not only of a duty, but of the paramount duty of this chief of the State. Every word seems carefully chosen and weighed in the balance. Its phrasing is neither brief nor jerky, nor does it express, by showing that the emotions have been in some way touched, the pain and outcry of a suffering conscience, but it is full, sonorous, and in harmony. The hand which penned those lines was one that did not tremble, and which took its time when tracing them. . . . Was it even the hand of Barras? The document seems to me of too literary a turn for me to feel quite sure of his being its author. I do not find in it the usual clumsiness and incorrectness of form. Either must Barras have taken excessive pains, or some other more of a literary man than himself—Talleyrand, perchance—composed for him this little screed characterised by its elegant baseness. But, whether this letter of resignation be his work or another's, Barras knew full well what he was about when signing it. And this character of matured reflection and of premeditation which stands clearly revealed in the document, adds to the unworthiness of the act.

Would that I could stop at the pointing out of this grievous circumstance, and suffer the resigning Director to leave in peace, on the very same day, for his superb residence of Grosbois, accompanied by a mounted escort which Bonaparte has placed at his disposal! But unfortunately the subject-matter is not exhausted, and there remains for me to study a final element of the historical problem which Barras himself has set, without so wishing it, in his narrative of the 18th Brumaire, by studiously directing his efforts to conceal from us the

actual part he played in it. We know now that following upon a certain amount of hesitation, with which respect for the Constitution was totally unconnected, he entered into the conspiracy and favoured its success, in the first place by not denouncing and not fighting it, and next in leaving the field free to the *coup d'état* by tendering his resignation. It may, perhaps, not be without interest to seek to discover for what personal advantages Barras followed such a line of conduct. There is no one, methinks, to do Barras the injustice of believing that he gratuitously played the traitor. Had such been the case, his public life would be lacking in the beautiful unity in corruption constituting its dominant feature—one which makes of this man the most complete and harmonious specimen of the venal politician.

Now the *coup d'état* brought this so timely resigning Director neither a high command—and as a former general, appointed by the Convention, he could have had one with the army—nor a public office, nor any high diplomatic functions. And it is precisely because he did not receive in a form visible to all the price of his defection, that Barras was subsequently enabled to plume himself so proudly on having remained true to the Republic and the Revolution which he had betrayed. What then did the 18th Brumaire bring him? Money.

There does not, to tell the truth, subsist any tangible trace of a bargain entered into between Bonaparte and Barras; and it is not possible to prove by documents that the latter—as I firmly believe—sold in the first instance the complicity of his silence, and next that of his resignation. But a certain number of arguments, all terribly incriminating, may be invoked in support of this opinion.

A reason of the psychological order claims the first place: the conduct of this venal personage previous to the event and on the very day when the *coup d'état* is accomplished is absolutely incomprehensible, were it not that an explanation of it is furnished by the existence of a secret contract which binds him to the authors of the

undertaking, and makes him personally interested in its success.

His contemporaries entertained the suspicion that a bargain of this kind had been struck. It is difficult to place a different interpretation on the following grave words of Gohier: "Let Barras hasten to tell us *what were the means employed* . . . to cause him to forget his pledged word to me—one which, I boldly proclaim, was in unison with the most sacred of his duties. . . ."[1]

This suspicion was so generally entertained, and afforded in the equivocal attitude and especially the resignation of Barras so much food for its being credited, that the ex-Director has considered it his duty to defend himself in his Memoirs both against the reprobation which he doubtless felt pressing on him in this connection, and against the accusation of having sold himself to the Bourbons through the medium of Fauche-Borel. But his defence, it will be seen, so far from dissipating the indictment aggravates it, and supplies it with fresh counts.

The sworn enemy of Talleyrand, he has been unable to withstand the temptation of inserting in his Memoirs a lengthy quotation borrowed from a screed bearing as title *The Diplomatic Gratuities of Talleyrand.* Among the insinuations made in this statement against the Prince of Benevento, is that of having handed over to Barras but three of the ten millions with which the resignation of the Director was to be paid. Why then has Barras, instead of ignoring the assertion contained in a pamphlet carrying no weight, taken the trouble of replying to it? And how comes it that, when attempting to refute it, he precisely confers on it a value it did not possess? For the reason that, in order to defend himself, he has recourse to the same system which we have already seen him employ in the case of two similar charges of corruption. It is possible that—like the Venetian agent Quirini or like the Royalist agent Fauche-Borel—Bonaparte or his friends may have wished to buy him, or even that a sum may have *been given by Bonaparte with that intention.* But he did

[1] *Mémoires de Gohier*, vol. ii. p. 332.

not receive anything! His hands are clean! The money which was to bribe him has been embezzled by the intermediaries. Bonaparte has been robbed by Talleyrand, just as the Most Serene Republic by Quirini, and the Pretender by Fauche-Borel.[1] Is it the fault of Barras if people will persist in ever having him in their minds' eye in every business the success of which demands a conscience prepared to sell itself? There is no need, it seems to me, to be a magistrate thoroughly versed in the artful devices of accused persons, to see that the poverty of this plea is almost tantamount to confessing the misdemeanour, in regard to the very probable reality of which he who has committed it endeavours to put us off the scent.

Barras therefore co-operated, and in the most effective fashion, in the 18th Brumaire. When betraying the Constitution it was his duty to defend, together with the Republic and the Revolution, of which he pretended and of which he has dared to pretend, even subsequent to so criminal a defection, to have ever been the faithful servant, he was not obeying a political conviction nor a faith in the absolute necessity for a change of *régime*. Ready for either the monarchy or the dictatorship, this chief of the State, won over beforehand to the highest bidder, was not impelled even by ambition. Ambition was too lofty a thing for this voluptuary, since it exacted efforts and a straining of the will repugnant to his voluptuous indolence. Invested with power by the caprice of events, he had not found within himself that which is required to love it—a virile soul, strong enough not to bend under the weight of the toil, the responsibilities, and the energetic resolutions it imposes. He was weary of it, and aspired only to relin-

[1] "My resignation, the story of which I have told without any concealment, never was the subject of any precuniary proposition. . . . I declare that if any sum of money was given by Bonaparte for such a purpose, it remained in its entirety in the hands of Talleyrand. . . ." (Footnote by Barras, vol. iv. p. 336). Compare this with what he says in vol. iii. p. 119: "Quirini asked for considerable sums for the Directorate, making pretence of paying these sums to it, but appropriated them to his own use. . . ."; and, p. 628: "This is how Fauche-Borel and Company, receiving considerable sums from the Prince de Condé and Louis XVIII., pretended to have remitted them. . . ." See, in regard to the relations of Barras with Quirini and Fauche-Borel, Preface, vol. iii.

quish it by exchanging it basely for a sufficient equivalent in millions. It was therefore moved by the vilest and lowest impulses of crime that he committed his deed of treason. Gold and women of easy virtue, a well-spread board, an opulent prince's style of living await him at Grosbois. Thither he goes post-haste.

And it is in this wise that the "victor of Thermidor" vanishes from history—as a clown at a country fair dives into and disappears through a trap-door.

IV.—THE CLOSING YEARS OF BARRAS

Hereafter we see him betaking himself from Grosbois to Brussels, from Brussels to Provence, then to Rome, his bitter hatred of Napoleon always consuming him. Not content with having, in 1804, co-operated in a project whose object was to provoke an explosion of civil war in France, he applauds Bernadotte's treachery, and praises "the noble action of Moreau in accepting in 1813 a command in the armies of the coalition; lastly, he counsels Murat to follow these glorious examples and to co-operate in the ruin of Napoleon. And it is nauseating to meet—amid the mass of gossip and slanderous utterances of a dismissed lackey which fill the portion of his Memoirs comprised between the 18th Brumaire and the Restoration—with these proofs of an obliteration of moral sense to the point of approving a crime such as that committed by Bernadotte and Moreau. At the very hour when Barras was triumphantly exulting over the news of the disaster inflicted on the armies of Napoleon in Russia and in Germany, the Republican Carnot was placing his sword at the disposal of the Emperor to help him in resisting the invasion. This simple juxtaposition is sufficient to brand with infamy the sentiments and conduct of Barras.

On his return to France after the entry of the allies into Paris, an entry in which he merely sees—as in the 9th Thermidor, to which he compares it—a public deliver-

ance, the ex-Director peaceably spends in his luxurious "cot at Chaillot" the declining years of his life. His repose is but occasionally disturbed by some troublesome ultra-Royalist newspaper article, some incriminating publication like the Memoirs of Gohier, by lashing him with some allusion to the known or only suspected acts of his political life. The government of the Restoration protects, it has been seen, the former regicide, and guards inviolably the secret reasons of the strange sympathy shown him. Both Charles X. and the sceptical Louis XVIII. have forgotten that the hand which draws up for their benefit political counsels, is the same which was formerly lifted to send their brother to the scaffold. And the presumptuous individual takes advantage of this discreetness and of this indulgence to fashion for himself, even in the eyes of his contemporaries, the magnificent attitude of impenitent revolutionist, with which he also intends to entice posterity in his Memoirs. His familiars and servants have received strict orders never to address him except as "citizen general."[1] The Princesse de Chimay, whom one might have thought entitled to enjoy a certain immunity at the hands of the former Director, is compelled to drop her title at the door of this inflexible democrat, and once more becomes *la citoyenne* Tallien[2] in the drawing-room of Barras. So *égalitaire* (levelling) is the spirit of the house inhabited by "the hermit of Chaillot," that his servants one fine day administer a drubbing to the gorgeously beplumed *chasseur* (footman) of the aforesaid *citoyenne;* for these free men have been unable to hear the slave call his mistress "Madame la princesse" without their Republican sentiments being revolted at this form of address. And Barras, who hears the screams of the poor devil who is "having his feathers plucked" in the servants' hall, the Barras who above all does not suffer any disorder or noise, especially in his household, smiles on learning the edifying cause of the turmoil, and declares that "the punishment is deserved."[3]

[1] *Mes Mémoires*, by Alexandre Dumas, vol. v. p. 299.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 301. [3] *Ibid.* p. 301.

And in this way does he go on in years, applying himself to his *rôle*, deceiving others—deceiving himself, perchance. Old age has brought with it infirmities.[1] The brilliant Director hardly ever leaves his arm-chair on wheels. He wears a large cap with a turned-down peak of the most *bourgeois* inelegance. The crumb of a loaf steeped in gravy extracted from a leg of mutton but partly sustains his declining strength. He is rich, nay, very rich, and this large fortune—as to the source of which no one inquires and which he himself has doubtless forgotten—enables him to gratify his taste for display and bountiful hospitality. He is ever kindly and generous. He has friends who really care for him, who believe in his Republicanism and in his virtue, who, like the author of the quatrain inspired by the portrait by Vigneron, plainly see "his beautiful soul" mirrored in his eyes, in which we confess to some trouble in discovering it. His wit has preserved all its mischievous and caustic verve. He makes game of the Ministers, the Government, the Court,[2] of everything and of everybody—and of himself. It is in a fit of laughter that he gives up "his beautiful soul." With the object of playing a pretty trick on the Government, which is keeping a watchful eye over his papers, he has deposited them in safety with a friend. Next he has some thirty or forty solemn-looking green pasteboard portfolios tied up with string and sealed with his seal; these will subsequently be seized and opened at a Cabinet council. . . .

"What will they find in them, do you think?" asks the dying man of Cabarrus. "Why, my laundresses' bills for the past thirty-five years. . . . There will be work and enough for them to decipher them, for I have soiled much linen from the 9th Thermidor to the present day!"

And Barras, adds Alexandre Dumas, who relates the scene, "burst into so hearty and joyous a laugh that he fainted, and, as he had predicted, was dead the same evening."[3]

History can gather and retain as a principal element of

[1] *Mes Mémoires*, by Alexandre Dumas, vol. v. p. 300.
[2] *Ibid.* pp. 302, 303. [3] *Ibid.* p. 305.

the judgment to be pronounced on Barras the ironical sally which escaped his dying lips. He did indeed "soil much linen." But then also how odd was the whim of fate which cast this man of pleasure in a tragic epoch in which he was out of place! Barras, a contemporary of Robespierre and of Saint-Just, of Hoche and of Bonaparte; this indolent sceptic among these believers, these men of great ambitions; this man corrupt to a degree, compelled to play a part in a crisis which let loose passions to which he was by nature refractory! What could be expected of him except that he should exploit the Revolution to the advantage of his vices? And it is precisely because he is a blot amid these men with energetic souls and strong convictions that Barras angers us, and that we are made to judge him with doubtless excessive severity. Let us put him back again in his natural *milieu*, among the *roués* of the Regent or the habitual guests invited to the *petits soupers* given by Louis XV. to Mme. du Barry: there Barras is truly amid the surroundings which suit the somewhat *encanaillé* aristocracy of his instincts; there his cynicism, his depravity, and his sneering scepticism no longer offend us as strongly, and all our anger melts into indulgent contempt for this shamefaced "*talon rouge*" (nobleman or courtier) who has strayed into the ardent, sincere, and virtuous Revolution.

GEORGE DURUY.

CHAPTER I

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As the recollections constituting my Memoirs are more especially brought to my mind by dates, the Fauche-Borel affair found place at the beginning of the month of Thermidor; and in order that sight should not be lost of the features of this miserable affair, from which it has since been sought to draw such singular inferences, I have been compelled to narrate in its place what transpired within the Directorate. This narrative has interrupted the one I was making of our troublous state at the time, the result of the melancholy dissensions existing between the members of the *corps législatif* and those of the Directorate, as well as in the bosom of the latter itself. The principle of dissension was in its bosom, and this division, I repeat, was, like every division preceding the 18th Fructidor, inherent in the individual characters of the men in whose hands France had placed her destinies.

Gohier, Moulins, and Roger-Ducos were three devoted and upright citizens, especially the two first named, for the third was hardly more than an old child led by Sieyès. The first two, in spite of their being animated by excellent sentiments, were unable to make them prevail, and were reduced to expressing impotent wishes. Meanwhile the irritation of Sieyès, daily more and more stimulated by the newspapers, increased apace to the degree of exasperation. The closing-up of popular societies, the dismissal of General Marbot from the 17th division, his departure for the Army of Italy, and the dismissal of several civil and military functionaries, did not reassure him. In his eyes, Fouché was not prompt enough in meting out severe justice to the anarchists. And yet, according to existing laws, this Minister could do no more than suppress newspapers, but not prevent them from appearing under other titles. Thus *Le Journal des Hommes libres de tous les Pays*, suppressed by the Minister of Police, had just reappeared more daring in its tone than ever, with the title of *L'Ennemi des Oppresseurs et de tous les Tyrans*. The citizens whom this journal did not include in its diatribes, and especially those to whom it might pay a tribute of respect, became thereby the objects of Sieyès's animadversion. Bernadotte, to whose administrative acts more especially this journal gave a place in its columns, and whose Republican firmness it praised, appeared to Sieyès as a primary enemy and an altogether

dangerous man. "His proclamations it is," he was wont to say, "which excite and inflame France. We are no longer anything, we are in the background; it is the Minister of War who is the Government." It was indeed most true that Bernadotte was actually governing by his vigorous action; he constituted the sole military, patriotic, and administrative bond which warded off the dislocation of the Republic. Bernadotte was as natural and upright in his conduct as he was energetic. The drift of all his plans and acts was the greater good and the defence of the Republic; they were characterised by the utmost frankness, and would have been naught but bonds of union with the Directorate, had the Directorate but been susceptible of union among its own members. But Sieyès, ever more and more governed by spleen and fear, could not bring himself to see anything but the bad side of things. And yet Bernadotte, most amiable and wheedling *à la Béarnaise*, always showed in the presence of Sieyès the respect, or at least the deference, he had at all times granted to the celebrity of his talents and patriotism. "He is a Béarnais," Sieyès would continually say, "and fully illustrates the justice and truth of the proverb which characterises the men of his country: '*Feez et cortez*' ('False and courteous')."

In vain did Bernadotte lay before us, even previous to publishing them, his proclamations and his administrative acts, which ever deserved and received our approval. Sieyès always thought

there was too much or too little of them. It is a pleasure for me to quote here as historical and documentary evidence several of these acts of Bernadotte, as they certainly could not be charged with lack of patriotism, and it was impossible to pursue a straighter course towards the goal of national defence.

MINISTRY OF WAR.

PARIS, *21st Messidor, Year VII.*

THE MINISTER OF WAR *to the citizen Moreau, general-in-chief of the Armies of Italy and of the Alps.*

The Executive Directorate has, citizen general, ordained, by its enactment of the 16th Messidor, the arraignment before a court-martial of all commandants of fortified towns in the Cisalpine Republic or in Piedmont who shall have surrendered these towns to the enemy. I beg you will let me know as early as possible the names and rank of these commandants, as well as the corps to which they are attached, should they not belong to the general staff. I ask you also the name of their departments, and whether they are still in the *arrondissement* of the army you command, or whether they have returned home. In the former case, you will place them under arrest at once; in the latter, I shall transmit a like order to the generals in whose divisions they are.

You duly informed my predecessor, citizen general, that you had sent the commandant of Ceva before a court-martial. It is undoubtedly to be regretted that signal examples should be necessary in order to restore to military laws all their force; no commandant can have been ignorant of the fact that these laws forbid capitulating ere the town has stood an assault; and even had the laws not spoken thus, should not a Frenchman—a Republican—find such a prohibition within his soul? Do not courage and honour rise superior to every law?

These trials are awaited by the whole nation; the Army of Italy calls for them; the glory and safety of the Republic command them.

The Minister of War,
BERNADOTTE.

PARIS, *24th Messidor, Year VII.*

BERNADOTTE, *Minister of War, to officers of all ranks now in Paris preferring claims.*

The dangers of the Fatherland summon you to the frontier. The barbarous kings whom you but recently drove back to the farthermost corners of the kingdoms, to-day threaten our liberty.

If you no longer lack glory, more than ever do you stand in need of the liberty gained at the cost of so many sacrifices. Once more gird on your swords in defence of this sacred liberty!

Officers of all ranks now preferring claims in Paris will at once proceed to their departments, in order to be incorporated with the auxiliary battalions. They will report themselves at the office of the staff of the 17th division. They will receive forthwith their *feuille de route*.

Republican soldiers, the banner of our enemies is "Corruption, Treason, Despotism!" Ours is "Honesty, Courage, Liberty!" Can victory remain uncertain any longer?

The Minister of War,
BERNADOTTE.

PARIS, *15th Fructidor, Year VII.*

THE MINISTER OF WAR *to the flying columns of the departments of Eure-et-Loir, of the Loiret, of Loir-et-Cher, of the Indre, of the Cher, of Indre-et-Loire, and of the Vienne, placed at the disposal of the General-in-Chief of the Army of England.*

At the same time that an insolent Russian dares to issue proclamations wherein he speaks of his clemency towards the French people, the rebels known under the name of Chouans are

audaciously raising their heads in the departments of the West. The Directorate, which has taken cognisance of their excesses, wishes to repress them, and maintain the honour of the Republic against all the plots threatening it.

Fifteen thousand picked men constitute the van-guard which is marching to support the loyal citizens in your districts; the Republicans of entire France form the rear-guard, ready to second you; but there is probably no need of this immense display of all our forces.

You have seen the department of the Haute-Garonne provide for its own defence at the very height of the frenzy of the rebellion. You will not be slow in following this glorious example. Ere long you will have exterminated the Royalist bands. It is with this confidence in your courage that the Directorate has placed you at the disposal of the General-in-Chief of the Army of England.

Arise, brave flying columns! Give proofs of the activity implied in your name; hunt down the royal brigands in the recesses of their lairs. Hasten to show once more that the day on which the enemies of liberty declare themselves is that of their defeat and of the triumph of the Republic.

BERNADOTTE.

THE MINISTER OF WAR *to the central administration of the department of Eure-et-Loir.*

Were the brigands who insulted the Republic in the commune of Saint-Christophe ignorant of the fate of the rebels of the Haute-Garonne? Did they not know that the eyes of all Republicans were open to the plots which, from the South, were to extend their ramifications throughout France? Can it be that they have conceived the insensate hope of establishing their odious domination throughout an entire district?

I have not left the Directorate in ignorance of the activity displayed by you in arresting the first progress of the rebellion, and of the generous ardour of the citizens and conscripts who quickly flew to arms. I do you the justice of believing that the outrage committed at Saint-Christophe has been avenged at this date, and that the brigands have been destroyed or dispersed.

Inform me by special messenger of ulterior events; should they be of an alarming nature, help shall at once be despatched to you.

Greeting and fraternity.

The Minister of War,
BERNADOTTE.

PARIS, *8th Fructidor, Year VII.*

THE MINISTER OF WAR *to the central administration of the Haute-Garonne and to the commissary of the Directorate attached to that administration.*

You were at rest under the shade of the laws; the Royalists thought you were sleeping; they sought to take you by surprise. You arose quicker than lightning; all honour to the valorous National Guards!

Your latest reports bring us the assurance that Royalism will not again show its head; nevertheless, the state of things will not suffer you to give way to an entire security; the extent of the conspiracy and the desperation of the conspirators reveal to you their aim; they would not have been stopped short of the overthrow of liberty and equality. You will not have accomplished anything, so long as you shall not have assured the complete triumph of the Republic. Your success binds you more than ever to consolidate your work.

The glory of your National Guards is untarnished; let it banish from its ranks all violators of discipline; it is not sufficient that the Republicans should prove themselves the stronger: they must prove themselves to be the more honest.

These primary virtues of the Republicans supply them with the means of practising all the others. They confer the right of clemency, because they confer victory in the first instance.

As man, as citizen, as functionary, I share and approve the sentiments of humanity expressed in your letter. There can be no doubt that a number of those who have joined the rebels have been led astray. The Royalists have swelled their bands by fear, seduction, and treachery. It is worthy of the constituted authorities to show the weak the error of their ways. In their

case let persuasion bring them back into the bosom of the Fatherland. As to the perverse ones, display the utmost rigours of the law. Let strength subjugate those whom gentleness fails to make renew their attachment to the Fatherland.

A court-martial has just gone to Toulouse, to try the rebels imprisoned there. Fail not to inform me daily of your situation. Were it still necessary, all the resources of the War Department should be set in motion to second you.

BERNADOTTE.

PARIS, *8th Fructidor, Year VII.*

THE MINISTER OF WAR *to the National Guards of the departments of the Haute-Garonne, of the Lot, of the Lot-et-Garonne, of the Tarn, of the Gers, of the Gard, of the Ariège, of the Hautes-Pyrénées, of the Basses-Pyrénées, of the Aude, and of the Hérault.*

The soldiers of the alleged Louis XVIII., as cowardly as the master they serve, have dared to disturb your slumbers. Awakened by the plaintive cries of your women and children, you have wrested from enemies of your rest and liberty their terrible weapons.

The use you have made of these weapons is justified by the dangers you incurred. The Republic applauds your courage.

By rising simultaneously you have commanded the esteem and won the friendship of all Republicans. Nevertheless your task is not yet fulfilled. You cannot, without compromising the safety of the Fatherland, return to your homes as long as a single rebel remains under arms. The national will speaks, demands, ordains: obey its voice.

You must be humane in the hour of victory; you must smite heavily the leaders of the rebellion only. Your arms must strike them once more with the club of Hercules.

Lack of discipline must not wither the laurels which give shade to your *fêtes*. You must preserve and transmit them to your descendants.

Pillage must not soil your actions; Republicans have ever pure hearts and clean hands.

France has her eyes on you; the armies admire you. The *corps législatif* and the Directorate await a return to order and peace in the interesting region of the South; it is to you they entrust this honourable care.

BERNADOTTE.

I have just said that the majority of the acts of the Minister of War, destined to see publicity, were almost always laid before us, and not circulated until approved of by the Directorate. This should have been sufficient for the responsibility of the Minister, and satisfactory to the Government. But in proportion as Bernadotte won public opinion, so did Sieyès fall a prey to agitation, nay, to terror. Each time that Bernadotte made his appearance with his portfolio, Sieyès, on seeing him enter, would say: "What next is going to come out of this box of the Jacobins?" And when Bernadotte had submitted to us certain military views which could not be carried out except by administrative measures and the force of an impulsion from within, Sieyès would always remark: "The remedy seems worse than the evil." Bernadotte having several times prevailed over the opinion of Sieyès, owing to the majority of the Directorate siding with him, Sieyès had ended in taking a positive dislike to him, and as he said ingenuously: "I can no longer endure him." On the Minister of War being announced, he would mumble between his teeth: "Here comes Catiline!" And when Bernadotte had left, there was no end to diatribes against his Jacobinism. "Bernadotte, a former Chouan, would like to appear nowadays

as a better patriot than myself," Sieyès would remark.

"And why, and how," once remarked Moulins, "could we wish to be less patriotic than Bernadotte, and suffer ourselves to be excelled in patriotism?"

"I readily believe," replied Sieyès, addressing General Moulins with an affectionate smile, "that General Bernadotte does not lay claim to being more patriotic than General Moulins." Moulins, albeit not captivated, yet almost drawn to Sieyés by the compliment, said to me: "It would seem that Bernadotte worries our colleague a good deal."

It is essential that we of the Directorate should remain united among ourselves, and should, if possible, guard against intestine commotions similar to those which have resulted in all the injuries of which we are now bearing the penalty; but Sieyès will not swerve from his opinion. Soon the same room will not hold him and Bernadotte.

Gohier, who is full of affection for Bernadotte and of dislike for Sieyès, by reason of many antecedent circumstances, said: "Bernadotte is not only useful, but he is indispensable to the Republic."

"I am of opinion that he is fatal to it," replied Sieyès, "for the very reason adduced by you on his behalf; for if a man is indispensable in a republic, he should be considered its most dangerous enemy, and be got rid of by every possible means."

Gohier and I thought this conclusion somewhat severe; it was in harmony with the mind of the man who, at various periods of the Revolution, had

scarcely been accessible to gentle sentiments, and who, after the 18th Fructidor, had brought forth the great scheme of ostracism which he had put in the mouth of its eloquent interpreter, Boulay de la Meurthe. We even went so far as to think that, in so pronounced a case of incompatibility, it should have been for Sieyès to mete out justice to himself, and ostracise himself, were the Fatherland in danger. "What point then have we reached," I remarked with emotion to Sieyès, "if every time one of us differs from his colleagues in regard to persons or things, there remains no other issue but absolute separation? Carnot, Letourneur, Treilhard, Merlin himself, and especially Larevellière were not enemies of the Republic; but their character, which was not susceptible to conciliation and fusion, was the cause of our disaster. To go farther back, were not the same causes producing the same results plainly visible, previous to the 9th Thermidor, in the bosom of the Committee of Public Safety? Can we this time also emerge from this discussion only by as unfortunate a *dénouement*—the death or expulsion of some of us?"

I had reached this point of my melancholy reflections, in no wise desirous of compelling or inviting Sieyès to give over his pursuit, when it struck me that it would be easier to reach Bernadotte's reason through his heart, so capable of noble emotions. I asked Bernadotte to call on me, in order that we might have a confidential talk about the interests of the Fatherland. I pointed out to him that Sieyès

was alarmed at his presence in the Directorate, and at his remaining Minister of War; that Gohier and I had tried in vain to influence his mind, beset with the fear of a thousand dangers; that Sieyès actually imagined that he (Bernadotte) was on the point of playing him some very bad trick; and that when a man had reached such a state of mind political cohabitation became a difficult matter. Hence I frankly informed him that, since Sieyès was unwilling to retire from the Directorate, and considering all the *coups d'état* between the 18th Fructidor and the 30th Prairial, we could not once more run the risk of treating the nation to a spectacle of which it was tired.

"Who is to give way on this occasion?" I asked Bernadotte. "How are we to ward off the most fearful intestine commotions? Should we not make every possible sacrifice to prevent fresh troubles and scandals? Is there, moreover, one means only of saving the Fatherland? Is the occupation of an administrative arm-chair equal to being on horseback at the head of an army? Does not glory truly lie therein, especially for a soldier who has shown of what he is made, and who knows of no glory superior to his own except that which he can still acquire?"

"Well then," replied Bernadotte, "not only do I command troops at present, but I direct them all, and we are just about to attain the greatest results. As a consequence of all the resources I have placed at Masséna's disposal and of my orders

to him, he is on the point of fighting a pitched battle, the result of which will be immense, and decide the fate of the Republic. My combinations ensure our triumph, and just as I have got so far in my game of chess, it would be painful for me to abandon the large chessboard entrusted to me by the Directorate. The battle of Novi was so cruel a blow! I have done everything to reorganise the Army of Italy; I have added to it the Army of the Alps, and I am expecting to set Championnet in motion at any moment. Here indeed are many great things initiated by me, and the threads of which are all being pulled by me alone. The ball lies in my hands. Are you asking me to place it in another's hands? I do not thirst after the Ministry; let who will come and slake his thirst at it, if this is what I can gather from what you say to me. Is my resignation desired, for peace's sake?"

Bernadotte was moved to tears, and it was truly his soul which at this moment sustained the discussion. "Well then," he resumed, "I am going to hand you my resignation." As he spoke he looked about for a pen, with which to write it out. I was myself so deeply moved that I should have thought myself lacking in delicacy had I abused his offer. I thanked Bernadotte for the new sacrifice he was making to the Fatherland. He told me he would withdraw for the purpose of writing his letter of resignation, which he would have drawn up in my study, had I not myself prevented his giving such quick execution to his determination.

I returned to the Directorate, whose sitting had been adjourned; Gohier and Moulins had left, while Sieyès remained behind. "Well," said I to him, "all your misgivings about Bernadotte are about to have an end. I have just left him; it is impossible to find a Minister less attached to power, a citizen more devoted to the Fatherland, more resolved upon serving it, whatever the post he may be deprived of, whatever the burden imposed on him. Bernadotte has promised me his resignation, and is about to hand it in." "I shall not believe it until I see it signed with his hand," was Sieyès's reply. "Nothing is obtained of those shifty Gascons unless you take them at their word." "There is no cause for you to do so: he has been taken at his word, and has just convinced me of his true disinterestedness." "Once more, he must be taken at his word, for if we wait for his resignation 'twill be a mistake. Let us at once pass a resolution just as if we had already received his resignation, or rather let us consider it as received, pursuant to what he has told you and what you tell me."

I point out to Sieyès that in the absence of Gohier, Moulins, and Roger-Ducos, and the sitting being moreover adjourned, we have no power to take any decision. He has already made signs to an usher to go in quest of Roger-Ducos, who enters as we are speaking. "There are now three of us; we must at once come to a decision," says Sieyès; whereupon he at once writes and signs, as president, the following letter:—

The Executive Directorate has, citizen Minister, in conformity with your so frequently expressed wish to resume active service, filled your place at the Ministry of War. It entrusts *ad interim* General Milet-Mureau with the portfolio of war, which you will deliver to him. The Directorate will be pleased to receive you during your stay in Paris, to confer about all matters relating to the command to which it destines you.

SIEYÈS, *President.*

The following enactment accompanied the foregoing letter :—

The resignation tendered by the citizen General Bernadotte as Minister of War is accepted.

There was in the person and character of Sieyès so much stiffness, so much curtness, that he considered he was straining a point in adopting a formula of semi-politeness. "You will perceive," he remarked to me, "that I do not seek to humiliate Bernadotte. Have I not well gilded the pill for him?" and he repeated with an air of satisfaction the sentence he had composed—"The Directorate will be pleased to receive you." Never was poet reciting his own verses happier and prouder of himself. Having committed a most indelicate and coarse act, he still considered himself a model of civility. It is not the first time I have discovered that there is a coarseness which a hardened epidermis does not feel, and that delicacy alone comprehends delicacy.

What had just happened was not the effect of sudden vivacity on the part of Sieyès, but the result of long-calculated premeditation. The *ad interim*

of Milet-Mureau announced by him was naught but a temporary veil hiding the Minister who he intended should definitively succeed Bernadotte. The selection made *in petto* by Sieyès was General Marescot, an honourable engineer officer whom I had known on several great occasions in our wars, but I had never had an opportunity of judging of his political character or of his administrative capacity. Forestalling all objections and all questions that might be asked him about the new Minister so greatly to his liking, and who, in his eyes, was no longer a candidate, Sieyès said to me: "It will perhaps be pretended that Marescot is not a strong Republican; I think he is just as much one as all the soldiers who, since the Revolution, have fought for or under it. As to character, I care little whether he has any or not. I prefer that he should have less than more. We do not need character in the Ministry; all we need are good intentions and attachment to the Directorate, on the part of the agents whom it entrusts with portfolios."

Marescot, pursuant to an oral order from Sieyès, and already believing himself Minister, had, with infinite candour, proceeded to the Ministry. All this could not fail to end in confusion worse confounded.

Not only had Bernadotte given me his word that he was "determined" to send us his resignation, but he had actually tendered it to me, had almost written it out under my very eyes, and I was under the impression that he had gone home

for the sole purpose of inditing it officially and then addressing it in due form to the Directorate; but, on returning to the Ministry, he learned that General Marescot had put in a brief appearance there in full uniform, in order to take possession of it. Nay, on leaving it, he had said that he was doing so merely to call on the Director Sieyès, after which he should return to his Ministerial residence, *i.e.* the Ministry. Bernadotte was informed of the circumstance by his confidential secretary, who was at the same time his secretary-general, and to whom Marescot, in his Ministerial ingenuousness, had addressed himself. Bernadotte confided to his secretary what had just passed between him and myself; he confided to him with the deference of esteem due a man of sound judgment and of tried character the act of his resignation, not as a thing accomplished, but as a project not yet resolved upon. The secretary, a man of spirit and of strong mind, and of a strongly tempered political character, said to him: "Have you really tendered or merely promised your resignation? In the former case, you are outflanked; you lose in a single moment all the dignity and glory you have won through your military victories, your political behaviour, and your administrative talents. All of the power you have won in public opinion will vanish. If, on the contrary, your resignation is merely a promise and an hypothesis subordinate to conditions which have not been respected, then you can marvellously well get out of it, by fighting out the battle you have entered

upon with the Directorate, by refusing to tender your resignation to it, or to hand it in with *éclat* save to the nation alone."

Bernadotte held in his hand the rough draught of his projected resignation; it was not expressed in any very proud and independent fashion; in a word, it was not in conformity with the character revealed by his virile physiognomy and his military forehead. "You are," said the youthful secretary, "in a position which will determine the honour of the remainder of your life. General, you are not Henri IV. and I am not Sully, but that Minister tore up the promise made by the Béarnais to Mme. de Verneuil; as for me, I dare to tear up a resignation which is colourless and insignificant, unworthy of you on the whole, and this is the one I propose to substitute for it."

The young secretary, whose pen was as lively as his character was positive, had no sooner spoken than he had written:

"I have received, citizen President, your decision of yesterday and the civil letter accompanying it. You accept a resignation which I have not tendered!" Following upon this, Bernadotte went on to explain that "if he had perhaps spoken about returning to the troops in the field, it was on finding himself powerless to ameliorate the cruel situation of his brothers-in-arms, when seeing with deep pain the insufficiency of means placed at the disposal of the War Department. Such are the facts," he went on to say, "and it has been incumbent on me to set forth the

facts, to the honour of truth, over which we have no control, citizen Director. It belongs to our contemporaries, to history which awaits us." Bernadotte concluded his letter with the pure and simple request that he should be placed on half-pay, which he needed as much as he did rest.

Bernadotte, whose mind was full of tact and perspicacity, at once saw from what danger he had escaped. He snatched the letter from his secretary, and warmly embraced him, saying: "My friend, you have more political strength than I have; you are more than my pen, more than my brains: you are my soul, my bowels; that is what I ought to say, and what I meant to say."

Sieyès, persisting in his spleen, saw fit to reply to so keen an epigram by another, and made the Directorate render the following decision:—

30th Fructidor, Year VII.

Considering the letter of the citizen Bernadotte, general of division, of the 29th of this month, whereby he asks to be placed on the retired list, half-pay is granted to the citizen Bernadotte, general of division.

SIEYÈS, *President.*

This reply in epigram, although Sieyès considered his own far superior, could not extinguish that of Bernadotte. The latter's letter, as dignified as it was witty, avenged him fully of those who, according to his belief, had not done him justice.

Although this letter of Bernadotte's may have done us a great deal of harm as a Directorate, by

giving the ex-Minister a victory in the eyes of public opinion most cruelly superior to our own, I was far from feeling any resentment against its author, because I esteem and honour character wherever it is to be met with, even among our enemies, because character is the primary guarantee of man's life in all its private or political bearings. The secretary of Bernadotte here mentioned has since married one of my cousins,[1] one of the most distinguished persons of our time, as well by all her charms of beauty as by the qualities of her soul and all her talents. She preferred the man who owed all to his intellect, and who promised to develop great faculties, to what are commonly called the most brilliant matches. The choice of her heart has been justified by a reciprocal attachment; personally, I have felt satisfied with and flattered at an alliance honourable in its purity. Our friendship, based on esteem, has become through a long acquaintance more intimate and more sure than that of many relations united only by the bonds of the law. I have since learnt that this secretary of Bernadotte's, whom he in those days called his "bowels," and who was truly devoted to him unto death, had by reason of this devotion to Bernadotte been hounded down by Bonaparte, under whose notice he had fallen; that he had been completely forsaken, one may say sacrificed to power, by the man who, having attained all its elevations, should not have forgotten, much less suffered to be immolated, the sincere friend who

[1] Mlle. de Montpezat, M. Rousselin de Saint-Albin's first wife.

had while so young contributed to the inscription of a few noble pages in the history of his life. It would nevertheless be thought that the justification of so great and astonishing fortune would lie in doing some good to others, even to one's friends. Bernadotte became marshal, prince, king, and is still king. Is memory then a quality denied to kings? Had Bernadotte suffered it to reach his heart, he might perhaps have thought he was lacking in what was due to royalty. He is, moreover, credited with a *naïveté* which would explain a system which seems to have been that of his fellow-countryman Henri IV. The latter, who often favoured the Huguenots to the detriment of his faithful followers, was wont, good Gascon that he was, to say: "I am so sure of my friends, that I need not in any way trouble myself about them. As to enemies, they must be treated with consideration." I will answer the *naïveté* of the compatriot of Henri IV., nowadays his brother in royalty, two hundred years after his death:

> Quand sur une personne on prétend se régler,
> C'est par les beaux côtés qu'il lui faut ressembler.

General Jourdan, in the Council of Five Hundred, spoke of Bernadotte's dismissal as a public calamity. The general consensus of opinion was against the Directorate, and it became impossible not to recognise that the irritability of Sieyès was a fresh source of embarrassment to us, one added to so many that needed no supplement.

On Gohier's learning all the particulars of the affair, terminated without having been communicated to him, he upbraided us in lively fashion for having acted unknown to himself and in the absence of Moulins. All this had been carried and precipitated by Sieyès; I had chosen what I considered the lesser evil for the time being, in order to escape fresh intestine commotions. I therefore deemed it meet to reply to Gohier that "in the Directorate the majority constituted right, as in all collective authority; that therein lay legality; and that outside of this principle there could be nothing but disorder."

Gohier replied, with good grounds, that "the dismissal of a Minister like Bernadotte was one of those grave questions about which it was not superfluous to consult all the members of the Directorate." "And yet the rules which govern us," I replied, "state that to the President belongs the right to determine the subjects upon which the Directorate is to deliberate."

Gohier and Moulins, seeing that there was no possibility of undoing what had been done finally and beyond all appeal, agreed to call upon Bernadotte at once and express their regrets to him. They went to his house in full costume, escorted by their guard of honour, in order to give to their step a character more than friendly and solemnly official. In so doing they erred, since two members of the Directorate could not represent the official expression of an authority composed of five. I did not, of course blame the sentiment guiding their action, but

I disapproved the method, because, considering the times and after so many violations of order, I thought we could not too soon return to it, if we wished to avoid the greatest misfortunes. We were threatened with them from every quarter—not only the Directorate, but the Republic itself. The symptoms of dissolution were there. It could already be believed that the die was cast; it was no longer possible to make any retrograde movement towards the re-establishment of the laws, by having recourse to this or that precaution or by showing respect to certain forms so often neglected or trampled upon.

The triumph of shuffling obtained by Sieyès on this occasion by the dismissal of Bernadotte had added to the daring and tenacity of his temper to such a degree that it led him to the perpetration of other deeds. He dismissed all the officials of the department of the Seine, and threatened those of all the other departments; to sum up matters, the feeling of uneasiness which had spread from the functionaries to the nation had become general, and nothing but fatal innovations was to be expected.

Bernadotte having gone into honourable retirement, Sieyès believed that his *protégé* would surely follow the *ad interim* of Milet-Mureau. Gohier and Moulins did not admit the basis on which Sieyès had so strangely done the honours of the post to Marescot. It was not their opinion that nullity of character was the quality necessary at the present juncture. Sieyès, having in the first place recognised this nullity in

Marescot, had in advance justified by his own avowal the opinion and opposition of his colleagues; "it was he himself who had said it."

In order to give the casting-vote that would dispose of this fresh subject of dissension, I thought I could not do better than submit the name of Dubois-Crancé, one of the most ancient patriots of the good kind—I mean one of the patriots of the Revolution, and not of the ultra-Revolution, nor, so to speak, of the citra-Revolution. Dubois-Crancé, an old soldier, had been brought up in the Administration, which had engaged his attention in the several assemblies succeeding one another. Both in the Constituent Assembly and in the Convention he had shown himself daring in reforms and a wise organiser. It was truly to him that was due the great fusion resulting from the division of the army into brigades—a system which had swept away the last vestiges of the army of the ancient *régime*. Dubois-Crancé was, moreover, possessed of a firm character and a positive knowledge of the *personnel* of the Revolution. Unable to deny justice to the real merit of Dubois-Crancé, Sieyès only held back his consent to his appointment from the strange reason ever existing in his eyes—to wit, "the new Minister would once more be a man possessed of character," he said to us, "and that is not what we need. We need," repeated Sieyès, "mere instruments under our control, mere hands to affix signatures"; and he quoted the example of the Minister Reinhard, who had succeeded Talleyrand

in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This Minister had, it is true, the essential merit required by Sieyès of having no will of his own; but he had not been appointed for his own sake: Sieyès had caused Reinhard to be appointed, while greatly regretting that he could not maintain at his post Talleyrand, who had long since been deprived of his office and dismissed by public opinion. Reinhard, a very easy and accommodating person, was perfectly content to restore the portfolio to Talleyrand, whenever any particular circumstance would admit of his being recalled, as will be seen later on. Whatever might be Sieyès's objections to Dubois-Crancé, as he had used up his resources for discussion through all he had so lightly decided and executed of his own accord against Bernadotte and on behalf of Marescot, I succeeded in getting Dubois-Crancé accepted.

A few days after his appointment, it fell to his lot to bring us the news of the victory won over the Anglo-Russians by the French army in Holland commanded by Brune. The flags captured from the enemy were presented to the Directorate in public session. A few days later followed the news of the terrible and memorable battle of Zürich. Masséna, on whom pressure had been put by Bernadotte's repeated orders, fearing to be punished more severely than by a mere dismissal (for he was already dismissed), and under the threat of being placed on trial, had made up his mind to give battle, and had certainly won it with *éclat;* but he would have won it still more completely had he attacked

earlier, *i.e.* immediately after the departure of the Prince Charles and his 25,000 picked men, and ere the arrival of the Russians. The story of the battle of Zürich has been told from Masséna's account and from the admissions of the enemy himself. I content myself with giving the result as it was sent me by Masséna.

RESULT OF OPERATIONS OF THE ARMY OF HELVETIA ON THE 3RD AND 4TH VENDÉMIAIRE, YEAR VIII.

Operations.	Losses of the Enemy in Killed, Wounded, & Prisoners.		
The third division of Lelarge crosses the Limmat; the enemy's camp is carried.			
On the same day, the enemy is driven back under the walls of Zürich	1200	3000[1]	
The division of General Mortier and the reserve commanded by General Klein make a front attack on Zürich, defeat the enemy, and make a few prisoners.			
On the 4th, the division of General Lelarge breaks through the enemy on all points and enters Zürich	4000	2000[2]	3000[3]
On the 3rd, the division of General Soult crosses the Linth between the lakes of Zürich and Wallenstadt; it attacks the enemy			

[1] Wounded. [2] Wounded.
[3] Of whom three were Russian generals.

Operations.	Losses of the enemy in Killed, Wounded, & Prisoners.		
on that day and on the following day, and defeats it completely	3000[1]		3500
Totals . .	8200	5000	6500
General Total .		19700	

In addition to this, 6 flags and 150 cannon were captured from the enemy.

When bringing us the immense and important news, Dubois-Crancé was straightforward enough to say: "Citizen Directors, this is a matter which does not pertain to me; I have had no part in it; this victory is entirely due to my predecessor, who prepared everything, and did everything that has been accomplished." At the same moment we receive the news of the final capitulation of the Anglo-Russian army under the Duke of York, and the evacuation of Holland. The Minister of War, when laying before us this series of good news, again repeats that "all this is due to his predecessor; that Bernadotte has sown victory with his stupendous labours; and that he is merely reaping the results."

While the reassured Directorate and France in a state of emotion learn with delight this news, which gives new strength to the Republic and removes all fears as to its destinies, while tears of joy and emotion are streaming from the eyes of President

[1] Among the killed were General Hotze and the chief of his staff.

Gohier, the happy president of all this glory, Sieyès seems to be more melancholy and morose than is his wont; he calls to mind the following lines depicting the envious man:—

> Rufin désespéré, que ce bonheur outrage,
> Pleure aussi dans un coin; mais ses pleurs sont de rage.

Each time the name of Bernadotte is unavoidably and prominently mentioned in connection with these scenes, both by the military men who have come from the armies, and by the President, who must fain be the interpreter of the public gratitude and transmit our felicitations, Sieyès wears a look of being personally attacked. He remarks: "Had Bernadotte remained, we should not have made such progress." "Our progress would have been still greater," is my reply; "moreover, we have nothing to complain of. Here is a new coalition routed and exterminated on the principal points where we were most vulnerable. The Republic is no longer, as you imagined and said a few days ago, a problem."

Just as these discussions were taking place in the Directorate, and seemed to presage fresh combats, comes the announcement of the landing of the Egyptian Bonaparte at Fréjus. He is accompanied by Berthier, Lannes, Marmont, Murat, Andréossy, Monge, and Berthollet. He has left Egypt without any permission from the Directorate, and has landed on French soil in violation of quarantine. The immense resources he took with him to Egypt

fifteen months ago are known to all, as well as what has been achieved by the conqueror whom Sidney Smith and a wretched pasha stopped before Acre. In order to cover all his political weakness as a military man, and forestall the questions which are justly to assail the man who returns as a rebel and a fugitive, Bonaparte has won a battle over the Turks at Aboukir, and has caused himself to be preceded in Paris by an announcement far more brilliant than the victory itself.

This is not the place to write the history of the expedition to Egypt from the Year VI. and its results up to date. But at the time when the general of this expedition is about to enter upon a *rôle* to which he will seek to give the authority of all his anterior merits, I feel it right, without going into results, to make known the means he employed; I content myself with a simple extract from his correspondence, which has become an integral part of the autograph monuments the art of printing has preserved. From it will be seen the rights acquired to the esteem of his friends by the man whom his hired assassins still seek to present as a hero. Here are a few specimens of his style. My quotations can be verified by official documents, and are to be found also in the letters since collected.

To General Kléber.

[1] It would have greatly pleased me had you cut off the head of the *reis* of the Dzerma, who was the bearer of letters written by Barbary pilots.

17th October 1798.

To General Marmont.

It would give me pleasure were you able to get the intriguing Abdala, the intendant of Murad Bey, hanged. I would gladly give a thousand *écus* for his person. If the word could be spoken to a few Arabs, those fellows would do a great deal for a thousand sequins.

It has since been asked whether by any chance Kléber's Arab assassin received them.

18th January 1798.

To General Verdier.

The sheik of Mit-Massout is most guilty. You will threaten him with the bastinado, should he not point out the place where he is said to have hidden other Mamelukes and other cannon. You will procure every possible information as to the cattle belonging to the Arabs of Derna which may be in his village, after which you will cut off his head. You will also cut off the heads of the Mamelukes. Inform the consuls that if they do not henceforth deliver to you the letters they receive with unbroken seals, you will have them shot.

16th January.

To General Marmont.

The officer of the visiting patrol will at once cause to be shot in the hospital yard all attendants or employees guilty of not having given those sick all the food and help they stood in need of.

18th January 1799.

To General Dugua.

You will cause to be shot all Maugrabins and Mecquents who have come from Upper Egypt to bear arms against us. You

will cause to be shot the two Maugrabins Abdala and Achmet, who have incited the Turks to rebellion. You will cause to be shot all Maugrabins who have behaved badly.

To the same.

The man who boasts of having served fifteen pashas, and who comes from Upper Egypt, is to remain in the fort and be made to work in the galleys.

To the same.

Saïd Absalem and Mahmet-Etar, charged with having expressed sentiments hostile to the French, are to be shot. Emir Ali and Mahmud, Mamelukes who have come from Cairo without passports, are to be shot, as also the Mameluke Hassam. You will cause to be shot one Joseph and one Selim, both prisoners in the citadel.

To the same.

You will cause to be beheaded Abdala Agar, the former governor of Jaffa, a prisoner in the citadel.

To the same.

You will cause to be shot Hassam, Jousset, Ibrahim, Bekir, Badier, Salch, Mustapha, Mahomet—all Mamelukes.

To the same.

You will cause to be shot all prisoners if they but stir.

To General Murat.

Had you fortunately remained another day below Natron, it is very possible that you would have brought us the head of Murad Bey.

To General Desaix.

Murad Bey has become so insignificant with his few hundred men mounted on camels, that you can follow him into the desert and destroy him.

To the same.

I leave you free to grant Murad Bey any terms of peace you may see fit. I will give him his old farm near Gizeh; he is not to be allowed to keep more than ten armed men; but if you could rid us of him it would be a great deal better than all these arrangements.

To General Dugua.

You must take advantage of the present moment to subjugate all the villages of your province. Take hostages from the seven or eight which have shown bad dispositions, and burn the one which has behaved the worst. Not a house is to remain standing.

To the same.

Make a terrible example; burn the village of Subat, and do not suffer the Arabs to inhabit it until they shall have delivered ten hostages, which you will send me in order that they may be imprisoned in the citadel.

To the same.

I believe you have inflicted a severe lesson upon the big village of Mit-el-Lhordi; it is necessary to make severe examples, and to take advantage of your division being in the provinces of Damietta and Mansurah to subjugate them entirely, and to that end disarming, cutting-off of heads, and hostages are necessary.

To General Fugières.

Try and subjugate the Arabs. Let them furnish hostages; if they do not submit, try and inflict all possible harm upon them.

To General Reynier.

The way to punish the villages in revolt is to take the Sheik-el-Beled and cut off his head.

To the same.

The insurgents of Cairo have lost two thousand men. Every night we cut off some thirty heads, and those of many chiefs. This will, I believe, teach them a good lesson.

To General Murat.

You will proceed to the village of Gamaseh, in the province of Alfieti, where dwell the Agdeh and Maseh tribes, which have one hundred men mounted on camels, and which are hostile tribes. You will so arrange your march as to fall unexpectedly upon the camp and capture camels, cattle, women, children, old men, and such of those Arabs as are unmounted. You will kill all the men you cannot bring away with you.

To the Citizen Poussielgue.

I have urged upon General Dugua the necessity of striking hard on the earliest opportunity. Let him cut off six heads a day; but continue being of good cheer.

I will now stop quoting from this authentic correspondence, which has since come to light owing to so many unforeseen circumstances, and which, had we known of it at the time, would have enabled us to form an opinion of this genius of the civilisation of Egypt, one day to become that of Europe. Is it not clearly demonstrated that all the fatalities which pursued our troops in Egypt were merely reprisals for the fearful treatment meted out by the ferocious chief of the expedition to the unfortunate natives?

Just as we learn of Bonaparte's landing at Toulon and of his defection from the army—a

defection indeed, since the Directorate had not granted him leave to abandon it—Sieyès, speaking to me with frowning mien, and hurt at the sensation caused by the news, remarked: "Well, it is one general more; but, first of all, has this general received permission to return from his government?" These words were caught by those present, especially by Boulay de la Meurthe, who chanced to be at Sieyès's house; he merely remarked: "Very well, I undertake to denounce him to-morrow from the tribune, and to have him outlawed." "But," replies Sieyès, "this is tantamount to having him shot, which is no trifling matter, although he deserves it." "Those are details into which I do not enter," answers Boulay; "if he is outlawed by us, I care little how he is executed—whether guillotined, shot, or hanged."

Nevertheless, in spite of what Sieyès may think, and in spite of what Boulay de la Meurthe and those echoing his words may say, the man who has landed at Fréjus, the violator of quarantine, is about to arrive in Paris. He is already within the city while the news is still doubted. He has doubtless received during his journey many compliments and felicitations in connection with the recent victories, the news of which he has caused to precede him. Great is the sensation caused by his arrival in Paris. In spite of all this, he does not feel that his position is a sure and decisive one. The brothers Bonaparte have gone to meet the man whom they still call "the General." They have come up to him on the road,

and informed him that the greatest agitation reigns in France at the present time; that the parties are face to face; that the authorities are divided. Here is much food for thought. It is the very subject that has occupied his mind ever since his departure from France for Egypt, just as it has done since his return from Egypt to France. What course is he about to adopt in the face of such complicated circumstances?

At the same time, Bonaparte's thoughts are seriously occupied with many strange things about his domestic establishment which his brothers have just told him in regard to his wife. Mme. Bonaparte has, during his absence, given herself up to expense and all kinds of pleasures. She has several times renewed her lovers, after having made the fortune of each of them. Briefly, she has dishonoured the nuptial couch. The Corsican, so scrupulous, so full of delicacy, cannot re-enter it. The brothers Bonaparte have so worked upon the mind of the newly-arrived one, that he will not even go to his own residence, "where he will find Madame; were he to find her there, he would not speak to her; at all events, he is determined to procure a divorce." (M. de Bonald's law of 1815 had not yet rendered this impossible.)

After all, Mme. Bonaparte was not in the Rue Chantereine at the time of the arrival of her husband, as he dreaded, or as he desired while appearing to dread it. She is on the road, having gone to meet him, and has been unfortunate enough not to

come up with him—which fills with joy the brothers Bonaparte, and enables them to calumniate the very eagerness which Mme. Bonaparte has displayed in flying to throw herself into the arms of her beloved husband.

When several passions are agitating us at one and the same time, and when there is one which sways us more than the others, it becomes necessary that they should arrive at some understanding among themselves, in order not to harm one another. Thus Bonaparte, a prey to many worries, could not suffer his jealousy or his self-love to take precedence of his ambition. This is the principal one of all his passions; the others are subordinate to it; indeed, they are never to be suffered to come into play except as auxiliaries and means. Hence it is that the Luxembourg Palace, which is the hearth of politics and the centre of power, is constantly before the eyes of Bonaparte as more deserving of his attention and care than whatever is or is not in the Rue Chantereine. It is certainly due to the perplexity in which Bonaparte is, that I am the first on whom he calls immediately and without ceremony as soon as he has set foot in Paris. He makes his appearance accompanied by Marmont, who seems to serve him in every capacity, even in that of a valet, for he performs all the duties of one towards General Bonaparte when they call at the Luxembourg. Marmont gives his arm to his master as he steps out of the carriage; he helps him to ascend the stairs; he removes his

cloak on his entering, and covers his shoulders with it on his taking his departure.

Bonaparte, who has immediately on arrival called on me after the dinner-hour, returns next day to dine with me. The meal over, he asks to have a talk with me in my study; I grant his request, when, on my speaking to him about Egypt, about France, in brief about matters of paramount interest, he speaks to me of himself and of his domestic sorrows, which he attributes as much to his brothers as to his wife,—and he can hardly be blamed for entertaining such an opinion. All these folks are hungering for his carcass; they are so many birds of prey.

In the early days of his return from Egypt, I was justified in believing that Bonaparte was on the same confidential footing with me as in the early days when his promotion and his marriage were at issue. For, as if renewing a conversation interrupted on the preceding day, he told me all that a friend should know of what had happened in relation to these matters during the past four years, entering into the most intimate details about his conjugal position, in connection with the behaviour of his "fair one" during his absence. It did not seem to me that he felt perfectly secure of her fidelity during that absence, which had lasted over eighteen months. I told him that philosophy was needed in such a case; that I too had been absent from my wife; and that while not suffering my feeling of security to be dependent on the virtue

of my wife, although I considered her the most virtuous of her sex, I should not worry my brain and make myself wretched, did I entertain a contrary opinion. I dwelt strongly on the necessity of philosophy, mindful of the *mot* of Kléber to an officer of his army who spoke to him of the uneasiness he felt at being separated from his wife: "Comrade, the husband who is at a greater distance than six inches from his wife, must make the best of it."

On my telling him that "philosophy was necessary," he replied: "That is easy to say," sighing deeply the while, although it was not his wont to give way to this kind of demonstration. He then unfolded to me a number of strange particulars, telling me that at the time of his marriage he had not been ignorant of the fact that Mme. de Beauharnais had been separated from her first husband, Alexander; that she had lived with Hoche, with his aides-de-camp, and even with her inferiors; that when marrying her he thought there would be an end to all this, and that she would not begin such a life again. She had been a widow; well, a widow is like a girl who is free; each is mistress of her actions. This does not apply to a woman who marries again; she should be true to her vows; therein lies an obligatory discipline towards the social order, one more indispensable than military discipline: for the consequences of an infringement of these vows is the subversion and annihilation of all social order.

After having forgiven his wife all her antecedents, he had believed she would behave better and turn over a new leaf. In lieu of this, her scandalous conduct had never ceased even when with the Army of Italy, whither he had summoned her in order to have her at his side, to give her in the intervals of fighting every amusement, and to make her participate in all the felicitations likely to cause her joy and give her pleasure. She had ever sought her happiness in love affairs; it was either a cavalry or an infantry officer, or even conscripts; the latest had been one little Charles, on whose behalf she had committed every kind of extravagance, giving him enormous sums of money, and even jewellery, as if to a woman of easy virtue. All that Bonaparte was confiding to me he had learnt, so he said, from the reports of Joseph and Lucien, who had conceived the idea of separating him from his wife, in order to alone remain in possession of all the advantages of his fortune. The brothers Bonaparte had perhaps exaggerated Mme. Bonaparte's misconduct, but in the main all this was but too true. It was a source of grief to Bonaparte; and as in the matter of follies only the shortest lived are the most excusable, "he wished to end the folly he had committed in marrying." The divorce law furnished him full scope for so doing. Joseph and Lucien, who had been the first to see him on the road, had so instilled this idea into his brain, that they had almost succeeded in preventing him from seeing his wife, and in getting him to condemn her without a hearing.

I pointed out to Bonaparte that, however broad the scope of the divorce law, I did not know of any persons in society having the slightest respect for themselves who had taken advantage of it, or who would like to avail themselves of it. "Beginning with myself, who am not a saint," I remarked to him, "and even were I less of one, I would never have exposed myself to a divorce, nor would I have consented to one, much less petitioned for it. I considered it an indelible stain in the eyes of all people composing the best society; that however much right might be on one's side, it was a scandal public opinion did not forgive, and which was essentially harmful to both husband and wife, each one in his or her sphere; that it was a serious and unanswerable injury to do a man who held a public position to view his public from the standard of his private morals, and to always deny justice to misfortune. The more real the domestic misfortune, the more is it to be endured with courage; it is an additional guarantee given to society. Is not everything a compromise in private life, just as in the highest domains of politics? Why are we here below if not to practise resignation unceasingly?"

The latter ideas, especially those dealing with the scandal and unfavourable opinions of the public, and "the obstacle likely to be thrown in the way of a career" so gloriously begun, seem to furnish Bonaparte with food for deep thought. He thinks, moreover, that the woman, with whose resources in the matter of intrigue he is fully acquainted, will

certainly wag her tongue, and make mischief with all their mutual acquaintances, for the purpose of doubly dishonouring him, and that the progress of his ambitious plans may thereby be completely retarded. "Come, I see full well," he remarks, "that a divorce is out of the question, and, that I must resign myself to things. However, my dear Director, I beg you will not forsake me, and that you will give my wife, since wife she is, every advice likely to make her reflect seriously, and to preserve the decorum which persons of our class owe to the public and to ourselves."

Bonaparte seemed to chime in with my remarks in no wise from any motives of the heart, but, as ever, in the interest of his ambition. He did not wish to run the risk of losing in a single minute all he had sowed for several years in the soil of this ambition. "Well then, I am one with you, citizen Director; you married me for the first time four years ago; you marry me again to-day with your good advice; I will follow it."

So it was that, married a first time from motives of interest, he married again, so to speak, from the same motives. He swallowed his cuckoldom, just as he was wont to swallow everything that stood in the path of his ambition. Thus was the conjugal union of Bonaparte and his wife partly patched up again. Moreover, he had convinced himself that Josephine could still be of service to him in his combinations.

No sooner is Bonaparte in Paris than the

greater number of the generals call upon him. They allege as reason of their action what they call "military religion" towards their superior officer, although he is really such only as a general-in-chief, and merely in regard to those under his command. It is proposed to give him a public dinner; a subscription-list is handed round for this purpose; two members of the Council of Five Hundred present it to Bernadotte. The latter, frankly consistent with his utterances before the Directorate in regard to the Corsican, says to them: "I am of opinion that this dinner should be postponed until Bonaparte has satisfactorily explained the reasons which have caused him to forsake his army. Moreover, a man who has violated quarantine may as well as not have brought back the plague, and I do not care to dine in the company of a plague-stricken man."

Bonaparte's position as a deserter from his army was invaluable to those who, like Sieyès, were desirous of making him subservient to their own ends, in that it placed him at their mercy by depriving him of the faculty of refusing his services. In order to escape the sentence not yet pronounced but duly expressed against him, it was necessary for him to make a revolution.

For the purpose of setting aside the question of his personal position and the investigation of his conduct in leaving Egypt without permission and violating quarantine — a matter which was much commented upon — Bonaparte made pretence of in-

teresting himself solely in our military situation ; and his first words were that he would "be happy to co-operate with us at the head of an army, were its command entrusted to him, but that he was ready to go as an artilleryman as in the early days of his military life, which he had in no wise forgotten ; he would still know how to load and point his gun, as at Toulon." He would have had us believe that therein lay all his ambition, for the time being at least.

Bonaparte frequently received at his house men like Rœderer, Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Maret, and Volney, who discharged towards him the functions of political brokers, and kept him informed of everything that was taking place ; ostensibly, he talked to them of France and politics only as accessory subjects. Monge and Berthollet were the two *savants* whom he had taken as his breastplate, and with whom the sciences were always the text and pretext for the conversation he cast at the head of the common herd, in order to throw it off the scent of his actual meditations. He was often, while indulging in this comedy-acting, caught smiling at the deception with which he surrounded himself as if with a cloud.

Naturally jealous of everything that was not accomplished by himself, he was doubly so of the victory of Berghem won by Brune over the Russians and English, and of that won by Masséna at Zürich ; reflecting that both these generals might serve him in the usurpation he was meditating, he pocketed

his pride, and wrote them letters of congratulation. He felt safe about Masséna. In his letters to Brune he flatteringly styled him the "valorous Patagonian." This was the name Danton had given to this general six feet high. His friends would sometimes laughingly call him by this sobriquet, which Bonaparte had remembered; but for him to let himself descend to like affectionate familiarities Bonaparte must have been closely pressed by the conspiring passion of his ambition, for he was never amiable nor affectionate except from motives of interest.

Nevertheless, if his adulations were calculated, and if, acting accordingly, Bonaparte saw fit not to spare nor be chary of his kind attentions towards the military men of whom he thought he might very shortly stand in need, he would have liked to have remained at least on the reserve towards civilians, who were in those days commonly called *pékins* by those who did not even except the members of the Directorate from this coarse appellation.

The stiffness of character of Sieyès, and certain utterances of this Director in regard to Bonaparte which had been repeated and improved upon, had kept the two personages apart up to the first days of Brumaire. Finally, Bonaparte was the first to make advances and call upon Sieyès. His visit was the height of flattery. Did he not allege his timidity as the reason for having delayed it? Bonaparte timid! The joke was a little too strong; yet Sieyès accepted it as it had been played. The love of Fatherland could not fail to unite men who like

themselves harboured no other thoughts or sentiments, so they said.

No sooner had the two personages spoken of the love of Fatherland, than it was fully agreed between them that it meant the overthrow of the established order of things. It but remained to take the necessary means, each one to furnish those he possessed. Bonaparte was already imbued with the idea that Sieyès was in the highest degree vulnerable in his vanity; he had discovered this at this first interview, when he had laid down his arms, meeting him half-way and making all advances. He said to Monge and to Berthollet: "I have seen Sieyès, and it was I who took the first step. In politics it does not do to be too hard to please; it is necessary to rally to oneself those whom one loves and esteems the least. He who keeps house must utilise everything, and welcome the halt and the blind, as the Gospel says."

While Bonaparte was preparing his affairs at home, he did not overlook what might interest him on the frontier; it was of great importance to him that he should be on good terms with the generals commanding armies in the field, especially those who had just won such signal victories. It has been seen how he had already managed matters with Brune and Masséna. What was really of essential importance to him was that the members of the Directorate should be divided among themselves; hence it was that on coming together with Sieyès he lost no time in inspiring him with distrust

of me. This was no difficult task, in view of the mind of the man whom his nature rendered accessible to every suspicion and every irritation; hence it was that no sooner had Bonaparte and Sieyès come to a final understanding and settled upon a plan of deep dissimulation, wherein they were well seconded by the composition of their faces, doubtless well trained in imposture, than it became impossible for me not to recognise that they were meditating something which could not but engender in me a feeling of uneasiness.

The history of Sieyès, which is for the greater part composed of his published works, is not so well known in so far as his character is concerned. Character, which follows man in all he does, supplies, in the case of Sieyès, traits which it is not unimportant to recall, in order to throw a better light on his political conduct. In the Constituent Assembly, where he had presented his ideas, Sieyès had endured the mortification of seeing them only half understood, and of being unable to make them prevail in dominant fashion. He had endured the same mortification in the Convention when, on the occasion of the debate of the Year III., he had not deigned to join the committee of distinguished men who had drawn up the Constitution, and had presented his ideas unsupported. It was a fit of bad temper which had made him refuse the place of Director on his first appointment; when accepting the second one, which recalled him from Berlin, Sieyès was reputed to have resigned himself to

being a member of the Directorate created by the Constitution of the Year III., merely in the hope of substituting for this constitution the one he thought he had meditated, and which his vanity placed above all others. This record of his vanity was well known to Bonaparte. Hence his first words, on making up his mind to approach Sieyès, were: "We have no government because we have no constitution, at least such an one as we need. It appertains to your genius to give us one. This done, nothing will be easier than to govern." This was tantamount to saying: "Citizen Sieyès, you shall be the legislator of France, and I, Bonaparte, its government." He even went so far as to say to him in more precise terms: "You are the brains; I am at most your arm."

Up to the time of this political fusion they had been conspicuous, in regard to their mutual relations, by their hostile manifestations; Bonaparte had been wont to speak of Sieyès in an insulting fashion, without vouchsafing any explanation of his conduct, while Sieyès pursued the same methods; it was plain that the two personages were reciprocally jealous of each other's celebrity, and that each one begrudged the opportunities this celebrity gave the other, should the time come for one of them to seize upon the most prominent position. Besides, these two men, of whom one since the return from Egypt called the other "a rebellious soldier who ought to be shot," while the other styled Sieyès "a priest sold to Prussia"—these two men, I say, had

always at their disposal gross insults for the persons towards whom they bore a grudge. I had good grounds for believing that their reconciliation as soon as they had come to an understanding had only taken place at the expense of others. I learnt that, as far as I and those of my friends whom they believed their adversaries were concerned, Sieyès and Bonaparte styled us "corrupt," nay, "rotten." Of course Sieyès and Bonaparte, together with Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, were fully entitled to be scrupulous in the matter of morality and accuse others of lacking it!

If, in the determined calculations of his policy, Bonaparte did not neglect any steps conducive to the attaining of his aims; if he did not consider it beneath him to write to Masséna and Brune, victorious generals in active service; if he became reconciled to Sieyès; if, to put it briefly, he resigned himself to everything which a good courtier of the existing power must do in case of need—on the other hand, he would have liked to have found in his path some compensations for his haughty temper, and revenge for his enforced pliability. Such are the consolations which have been called the ricochets of courtiers. Thus Bernadotte, a Minister in disgrace, a general no longer in active service, nay, almost retired as a result of his discussion with the Directorate—Bernadotte minus his popularity did not seem a very important person in the eyes of Bonaparte, or one whom he should take the trouble of treating with regard. But the popularity of Bernadotte, who had

been a soldier only up to the time of his taking office, had, during this period so brilliant for him, extended through all classes of citizens. Bernadotte was no less adored by the people than by the soldiers, and this was made patent under various forms to Bonaparte, who was extremely jealous of it. Hence it was that he inveighed in derogatory terms against this general, whom he affected to class in a very secondary rank, while nevertheless continually plying his visitors with questions about him.

Bernadotte, informed of this malevolence, fresh traits of which were daily communicated to him, was in no hurry to meet Bonaparte; the latter had, it is true, been his general-in-chief in Italy, and this relation, according to military hierarchy, doubtless imposes some deference towards his superior on the part of one who has served under his orders. But this subordination of duty does not go beyond an active command. Bonaparte was no longer Bernadotte's general-in-chief. Moreover, the latter had since those days been general-in-chief and Minister. Thus, no longer compelled to see in Bonaparte a superior, he had the right to treat him on equal terms. It is for the new-comer to make advances, if needs be; it is for those who arrive to pay the first visits. Given this alternative, some twelve days rolled by without Bonaparte and Bernadotte coming together, Bonaparte ever expecting a visit from Bernadotte, while the latter persisted in not paying one. In the midst of this uncertainty, which constituted a source of daily embarrassment to Bona-

parte, and kept him as if suspended in mid-air among all the parties he was seeking to rally to himself, Joseph calls on Bernadotte on behalf of his brother, and reproaches him with "not having so far gone to see the one whom all military men and the best patriots, those whom he held in highest esteem, had already visited since his arrival." This reproach, made in a friendly way by Joseph, seemed to leave Bernadotte unmoved, when the sister of Bonaparte—since Princess Borghese, then simple *citoyenne* Leclerc, whom Bonaparte and his family called Pauline and Paulette—made common interest with the wife of Bernadotte to induce him to call upon Bonaparte. The two women united for the success of the intrigue so worried Bernadotte, that his delicacy was overcome and he consented to call upon Bonaparte.

The conversation of the visitor could hardly begin, according to the rules of politeness, except on the country from which Bonaparte had just returned. Bernadotte, who had followed the whole course of the expedition to Egypt both from a military and an administrative standpoint, spoke about it "almost as if he had taken part in it": such was the compliment paid to him by Bonaparte, who, although he spoke with a tone of feeling of "his remembrance" of Egypt and the brave comrades-in-arms he had left there, would have liked it to be possible for him to be as completely separated from them by public silence and oblivion as he was by the seas. This was perfectly grasped by Bernadotte, who quickly saw that it would be showing a want of tact were he

to dwell upon Egypt when Bonaparte was so anxious to leave it far behind. The latter at once broached the subject of France, and pouncing upon it like a tiger upon its prey, he compelled Bernadotte to follow his ideas. Bonaparte, quickly disposing of a goodly number of intervening facts relative to the state of the Republic, immediately proceeded to speak of "the necessity there was for a change of government." In order to so abruptly reach this idea, it was necessary to exaggerate France's difficult circumstances, ferret out wrong-doings, and multiply dangers; since he claimed to save everything, it was indispensable that he should say that all was lost, and even feign to believe it.

With his quick sagacity, Bernadotte soon saw that the way to escape these incriminating tactics of Bonaparte was to set forth the actual facts. "But, general," he remarked to him, "although you have left Egypt, you would make me think that you are still there from the manner in which you show your ignorance about France. Learn then—and it gives me pleasure to tell it you—that the Russians have been defeated and exterminated in Switzerland; the remainder have taken refuge in Bohemia; a line of defence has been established between the Alps and the Ligurian Apennines; we hold Geneva. Holland is saved; the Russian army which occupied it has been destroyed; the English army has considered itself fortunate to be able to rejoin its ships and return to England. The insurgents of the Haute-Garonne are dispersed, and have been compelled to

seek refuge in Spain. At the present moment a levy is being raised of 200,000 men, who, under the name of 'auxiliary battalions,' constitute a regular reserve force; to these must be added 40,000 cavalry. In three months at latest this multitude of men will constitute a source of embarrassment to us, unless we hurl them like a torrent on Germany and Italy. No doubt, general, had the Army of Egypt but returned with you, the old soldiers composing it would have been most useful to us in forming our new corps; while looking upon this army as lost to us, unless it returns by virtue of a treaty, I am far from despairing of the safety of the Republic, and I think it strong enough to get the better of its enemies both at home and abroad." When uttering the words "enemies at home," Bernadotte believes he looked Bonaparte squarely in the face, and even so filled him with confusion that he remained silent, and Mme. Bonaparte, who was present, hastened to direct the conversation into another channel, in order to dissipate Bonaparte's ill-temper, which seemed to be his whole answer. Unwilling to abuse the advantages he had won in the course of the conversation, Bernadotte went home, his mind greatly occupied with the utterances which had escaped Bonaparte, and which furnished plenty of food for thought. Mme. Bernadotte, who was anxiously awaiting the return of her husband, greeted him with: "Well, what happened?"

In order to better understand the scene and the actors, it is not useless to state that Bernadotte's

wife, whose hand had been promised to General Duphot (killed at Rome), had previously had a proposal, at Marseilles, from the general of brigade Bonaparte, to whom a dowry of nearly 100,000 francs would in those days have been an immense fortune. The parents of Mlle. Désirée Clary, then a minor, had declined the honour, remarking, as some folks have since related, that "one Corsican was quite enough in the family." Joseph had already married the elder daughter. Of this rejected proposal there had remained for Mlle. Désirée Clary, now Mme. Bernadotte, a flattering recollection, especially since Bonaparte had become general-in-chief and had filled the world with the fame of his exploits. This recollection had left in the heart of the young woman a kind of interest, studiously fostered by Joseph; as a result, Mme. Bernadotte, in all relations to which the respective positions of the parties gave rise, although in those days passionately fond of her husband, yet, deceived and fascinated by Joseph, was fully disposed to view as a family interest the standpoint from which things were presented to her by him, in conformity with the suggestions of Bonaparte, his brother. Mme. Bernadotte's leaning towards the Corsicans was an actual dependence which led her to a dangerous frankness in regard to all the personal particulars of the intimate political doings of her husband. "What did Bernadotte do yesterday? Whom did he see? Whither is he going to-day? What does he say and think of all this?" Joseph and Lucien were in the

habit of asking her. Mme. Bernadotte would reply to all these questions, which she looked upon as having their source in brotherly interest, with all the readiness inspired by this sentiment; and this is how Bonaparte through Joseph, and Joseph through the wife of Bernadotte, did detective work in the very marital chamber of Bernadotte. Bernadotte, who is shrewdness personified, but whom an expansive soul has led into committing more than one blunder in the course of his political career, after having in the first instance placed faith in the friendship of his brother-in-law, ended in realising its object, and judging its demonstrations at their full value. Having on more than one occasion perceived the harm this alliance was doing in his home, he resolved on exercising a strict watch upon himself, so that his expansive nature should place him as little as possible at the mercy of his wife. Was he unbosoming himself freely to his private secretary and Mme. Bernadotte entered his study, he would close his mouth or change the conversation, even signing to his secretary to remain silent in the presence of the indiscreet creature, whom he would sometimes call laughingly "the little spy."

None the less did Mme. Bernadotte, continuing to exercise or extend her wifely prerogatives towards a good-natured and easy-going man, worry her husband with questions. Having entered into the combination resulting in the interview which had just taken place with Bonaparte, she thought she had the right to know its outcome, and on Ber-

nadotte not replying at once to her impatient question, it escaped her to exclaim: "Well, if I do not learn it from you, I shall surely learn it from him!" Bernadotte capitulated for peace's sake, and told her that "everything had gone off very well, and that they had parted promising to meet again."

All that Bernadotte did not see fit to confide to his wife on this occasion he told his secretary, instructing him to communicate the particulars to me, in our common interest and for my personal guidance. He informed me at the same time that "the dangers besetting us were hourly becoming more threatening; that the Directorate should be on its guard; that not merely individuals but the institution itself was about to be attacked; and that it was not a mere question of subjecting it to modification, but of overthrowing it."

While all these negotiations were going on with me, Bernadotte continued to be the object of the solicitous care and kindly attention of Bonaparte; he was invited over and over again by Joseph to call again upon "the General"—the name by which he was always designated in the family. "The General" did not merely mean the soldier of the family, but signified the General of generals, the Agamemnon of the Republic; and the most distinguished of our generals resigned themselves to call him thus—Bernadotte either from reasons of interest or from a circumspection which might be called timidity in regard to Bonaparte, which made him view with apprehension his exposing himself to

fresh crises. Seeing this perplexity, his secretary, whose superiority of character Bernadotte freely acknowledged, proposed to accompany him when he called upon Bonaparte. Moreover, personally and most intimately acquainted as he was with Mme. Bonaparte, he would naturally be introduced by her to her husband. The man I speak of was Hoche's youthful historian, who at the death of this general, having been the depositary of his papers, had made the most noble use of all Hoche had entrusted him with confidentially, and had, with much delicacy, handed to Mme. Bonaparte her own letters, which on their side the brothers Bonaparte had in vain tried to obtain, in order to ruin the wife in the eyes of her husband.

After the customary brief compliments, the conversation turned on France's situation. Bonaparte, as if personally questioning Bernadotte's companion, entered upon a virulent declamation against the authors of what he called the effervescence then disturbing France, and the origin of which he traced back to the *Club du Manège.*

Bernadotte believed at the time, and has since told, that he had replied to Bonaparte that "an impetus once given, it was not easy to arrest its progress; that he had himself been foremost, when commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, to recognise this difficulty, when once he had started that army in the paths of ardent patriotism. Had he in those days been able to restrain it? As to the *Club du Manège*, its birth, its formation, its very effervescence

were due to the brothers Bonaparte, to the deputies their friends, such as Saliceti *et al.*; that the Minister of War had, at the time, had too many duties to perform to have found any leisure to be a club-man; that none of his friends had contributed to the *Manège's* funds or set foot in it; that everything that had taken place in that club was looked upon as having drawn inspiration from the brothers Bonaparte; that people had even gone so far as to look upon such inspirations as connected with the instructions they had received."

These direct and forcible replies were reported to me by Mme. Bonaparte, whom I saw next day; but she attributed them not to Bernadotte, who had remained silent when in the presence of Bonaparte, but to the secretary, who seemed to stand much less in awe of the General than Bernadotte. The discussion got so warm between the secretary and Bonaparte, that the latter, taking him to task, remarked to him: "Citizen, you have written a history of Hoche, wherein you have put much wit and enthusiasm, but you have made a Jacobin of him." "For the very reason that he was one." "How do you make that out?" "Just as our enemies do, as a sincere friend of the liberty of his country." "Hoche had doubtless capacity, and would have accomplished something, but the 18,000 men given him for his expedition to Ireland would have been better employed had they been sent to me in Italy." "It seems to me, general, that you did not lack anything." "I was compelled to provide for

everything." "It was an honour left to your genius."

All this was in no wise the subject Bonaparte wished to deal with; still, he did not know how to revert to that of his Jacobins and his *Manège*. "As regards myself," he exclaimed, "I should prefer life in the woods to returning to a society affording me no security." Again the secretary replied, Bernadotte giving him little or no support. Bonaparte was working himself up to the pitch of insolence, when his wife, addressing Bernadotte's secretary, inquired about me and my cousins of the fair sex, whom she had often had the honour of meeting at my house. On hearing the name Barras, Bonaparte could not refrain from remarking: "There is another for you who dreams of his Republic only; we should go far indeed with such relics." "But," smilingly replied Bernadotte's youthful secretary, "is it necessary that we should go much farther? Is it not better that we should remain close to the wise liberty which is beginning to be organised? Are not the first elements of tranquillity embodied in it?" He went on to say that "moreover, when mentioning the name of an old friend, he was convinced that were Barras attacked, he would have no better defender than Bonaparte." Bonaparte was losing all patience. Mme. Bonaparte quickly threw herself into the breach. Bernadotte put an end to the political conversation by talking of insignificant matters. "He greatly hoped for fine weather on the following day; for, general, do you

not meet us at dinner at Morfontaine?" "Not only am I dining there," replied Bonaparte, "but I shall breakfast with you, if, as I pass the place, you allow me to drop in and ask you for a cup of coffee."

It thereupon occurred to Bernadotte that Bonaparte's aim in thus meeting him half-way in his own house was to render him an object of suspicion to the Directorate, and to prevent him from joining forces with me to thwart the plans he was meditating. Bonaparte was true to his word; he was shortly followed by Lucien and Joseph, who vied in showing Bernadotte every sort of attention. After dinner at Morfontaine, Bernadotte found Rœderer, Talleyrand, Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Joseph, and Lucien engaged in a most animated conversation, which ceased whenever he approached the group—whereupon it became plain to him that plotting and dissimulation were in the air.

The next day, on Bernadotte's meeting General Moreau in the house of a third party, the latter asked him "whether he had been at the Morfortaine gathering, and whether he had spoken with Bonaparte. On Bernadotte's replying in the affirmative, Moreau said to him: "There's the man who has already done more harm to the Republic than the Austrians, Russians, and English." Bernadotte replied: "He is getting ready to do more harm than he has already done." "We are there to prevent it." The two generals clasped hands and vowed "resistance to the deserter from the Army of Egypt." Such was the name they gave him in the presence

of a large number of witnesses, among them the ex-Minister Pétiet. Later on will be seen which one or which set of those men who then sincerely swore resistance to Bonaparte's encroachments, will remain faithful to their oath.

A couple of days after this scene I invited Bonaparte and Moreau to dine at my table. The two generals had never seen each other; they learnt of each other's existence on my introducing them. Gohier is under the impression that they had already become acquainted at his residence on the previous day. I was cognisant of all the evil they thought or at least said of each other. I amused myself, if so it be that one can amuse oneself on the brink of an abyss, witnessing how false each one played the other. Any one not knowing them, or even knowing them, would have even then been justified in believing that of these two men, equal as to position, there was one greatly inferior to the other, and no doubt can be entertained but that it was Moreau.

For some time past I had been beset with suggestions, and on my attempting to unravel the reasons which made certain personages more assiduous in calling upon me, I had quickly realised that those who dogged me most closely were Talleyrand, Réal, and Fouché. They seemed to come to me as if by virtue of a rendezvous which would give them, so they thought, a better opportunity of rendering secure the relations they had already formed. The one who spoke most rarely, and who did so after a

long preparation only, Talleyrand, hardly knew how to set about it. He began by telling me in the most simple and natural tone, as if it were a matter already agreed upon among ourselves, that "the arrival of Bonaparte was likely to be favourable to an improvement of the representative system; that still, this system should be preserved; that he had conferred about the matter with Bonaparte, who was of the same opinion, while complaining of my persistency in believing that the opinion of the people alone could bring about certain changes without danger: most important ones, he said, had first and foremost to be made in the Treasury. As to the Directorate itself, instead of five members there should be a president invested with the right of dissolving the legislative Chambers, and of communicating with them through his Ministers, who should be allowed a seat in the Chambers. Bonaparte," Talleyrand went on to say, "will act in concert with you, and is not desirous of acting otherwise."

Réal called on me on the morning of the 13th, and said to me: "Fouché and I had a talk with Bonaparte yesterday; he believes that we should not wait for a more definite expression of public opinion." My reply was: "I will not pronounce myself except to stipulate that the Republic shall be maintained intact, and to declare my irrevocable resolution to withdraw entirely from public affairs. I desire merely to retain the quality of member of the *corps législatif* to which I was, at the recent election, called by several departments." Réal went on to

say: "I next had a special talk about you with Bonaparte, who sincerely likes you; your cause is his; changes should be made at once; there was nothing to be expected from a Moulins, a Roger-Ducos, or a Gohier; he agreed to a president, on condition that you should be the one." I repeated to Réal that "no considerations would alter the decision I had just revealed to him." Réal retorted: "It is unfortunate that you should be so stubborn. I know you better than I know Bonaparte; I am under obligations to you which I will never forget; you must see Bonaparte. You have held him at arm's length; he thinks you no longer entertain the same feelings towards him; you must become friends again; he is desirous of winning back your friendship; he entertains a tender affection towards you." "Well then," I said to Réal, "since you thus put matters before me, you may tell him that I will receive him."

A few minutes after having left me, Réal wrote to me that "Bonaparte will come to see you at nine o'clock in the evening." Bonaparte was already cognisant of my conversation with Réal. He did not fail to renew to me the sentimental portion of it, assuring me "of his deep attachment towards me, even unto death. He had been informed that I was mercilessly seeking to send him back to the army. Attempts were being made to set us at variance; he entreated me not to hearken either to the jealous people or to slanderers who sought to part us. This is what I am doing, as far as I am

concerned," he said. "My interests are yours; our causes are so bound up that it would spell ruin for us to take different paths. You can see how everything is going wrong; it is impossible for the Government to accomplish anything, considering the people composing it and constituting its majority. What does that blackguard of a Moulins, what does that cripple of a Roger-Ducos, a nonentity, an unknown man, amount to?" He spoke to me with even less consideration of my worthy colleague Gohier, and ended by saying, in order to separate me from the rest: "There remain but Sieyès and yourself; now he has played all parts. What did he mean by his balancing forces, which were ever Greek to me, during my stay in Paris previous to the expedition to Egypt? Who can take command of armies with such men in power, and where is my guarantee? You perhaps attend less assiduously than formerly the sittings of the Directorate; fortunately, however, you have followed the course of things for five or six years. I see no way out of the difficulty except the regeneration of the representative government. The Directorate requires a president, and it shall be you, if so you wish, provided you bind yourself to devote your attention solely to the administration entrusted to you. I have seen you at work; I know that you religiously and punctually fulfil your duties. Do not make a mistake," continued Bonaparte, "both citizens and soldiers know as well as we do of the difficult position we are in; all are aware that the Government has fallen into

disrepute, is trammelled, and that a change is indispensable."

"It may be," I replied to Bonaparte, "that the Directorate has misgoverned of late; it is unfortunately true that five wills seldom agree, and that for several years past division has resulted in *coups d'état* which have shaken the Republic; but in order to supply a true remedy for the evils afflicting our Fatherland, the military must in no wise be allowed to interfere in our affairs once more; this prætorian interference is the sign of the ruin of an empire. We must frankly address ourselves to the *corps législatif*, and come to an understanding with it in regard to the measures which all the great bodies of the State united might together take, then submit them to the nation. As for me, I shall consider it my primary duty to take upon myself such a step; I shall undertake to proceed in person to the *corps législatif*, and to enlighten it in regard to the dangers public liberty is running. I shall explain to it how to assure this liberty by means of a few changes in the institutions; I shall take care to consult with the wisest patriots; I shall ask as a matter of urgency the provisional appointment of a president, to be chosen from among the most distinguished plebeians. My step will, as a matter of course, be preceded by the tender of my resignation as a Director. I shall take part, as a deputy, at the installation of the president appointed by the nation; I shall then go into retirement into the country, to find rest after all my tribulations and take care of my

shattered health. You, Bonaparte, you shall once more go and take command of one of the armies which await you; and you have the certainty, and you shall have the happiness, of adding to your glory the final triumphs which shall consolidate the Republic."

Had there been the slightest element of sincerity in the *début* which Bonaparte's conversation with me seemed to indicate, it might be believed that we would have agreed as to the means; but it would have been necessary to agree as to the end. Now great was the divergence of ideas between two men, one of whom would have liked to reorganise the Republic at the expense of his power and fortune, whilst the other sought, on the contrary, to overthrow and annihilate it. Now, subsequently to the interview I have just recorded, I did not see any more of Bonaparte. He hastened, in consequence of what had been said, to summon the committee of the conspirators—Talleyrand, Rœderer, Sieyès, Maret, Réal, and Fouché. I have from the last-named the following words of Bonaparte: "If we do not act at once, Barras will forestall us; he is naught but a dangerous democrat, a genuine demagogue, who would revolutionise France for the purpose of establishing the indivisibility, liberty, and equality of the Republic, and we would be his first victims."

It was resolved to act on the following day; still it was agreed that in order not to stir up the partisans of Barras, they would be told, "Barras is with us, but he is not to show himself until all is over." This

lie was employed in the case of General Lefebvre and all those who inquired "Where then is Barras?"

While Sieyès was, on his side, lulled with the idea of playing the first part and the adoption of his constitution, it was there and then agreed among the bosom companions that the person and handiwork of the constituent high-priest should both be put aside; that Bonaparte should be called to the head of the Government as First Consul; that two other consuls should be appointed to supply his place in case of need; that considerable changes should be made, especially in the prerogatives of the *corps législatif;* that modifications should be made in what was too popular in the institutions of the previous constitution, for the Constitution of the Year III. was already spoken of as an institution which no longer existed.

The majority of the military men upon whom Bonaparte had bestowed places subsequent to the 13th Vendémiaire, both in the Directorate and in the 17th division, were still there on his return from Italy. He had given them many proofs of his friendship previous to his departure for Egypt. On his return from Egypt, he found himself enabled to start on a level with his old acquaintances, who came and did him obeisance with the deference which military men consider they should always show to the power from which they expect something. Bonaparte, when receiving them in a far more demonstrative fashion than appertained to his nature, would ask each one "where he stood in

the matter of promotion"; he even commiserated them "on their not having obtained more of it, and on their having remained in the same positions, in which they had, nevertheless, rendered great services, since the city of Paris had been maintained in a state of order up to the present time. But things did not seem to go so well nowadays; the Republic required saving once more and he depended on them." All the military men of the 17th division were, owing to these speeches, as in a daily expectation of orders, recognising Bonaparte as the chief authority, and ready to obey him at the first sign.

While Bonaparte, his wife, and his publicists were going from point to point in order to ensure the execution of the meditated plot, the subordinates, taking the password from the Rue Chantereine, took also each their special mission from it. Eugène de Beauharnais, from that time trained by his mother in the duplicity of which he was subsequently to give much finer instances, was persistently coming to the Directorate to find out what was taking place within its bosom, ever alleging as a pretext that he came to make inquiries as to the state of my health on behalf of his mother. Bonaparte, who did not consider that Eugène's reports were sufficiently interesting, assigned to him as coadjutors Murat and Lavalette, who, owing to the footing of intimacy on which they stood with my aides-de-camp, could always discover excellent reasons for entering the Luxembourg at all hours. On the 13th Brumaire,

Eugène and Murat even went so far as to ask my aides-de-camp to invite them to breakfast on the following day. In my usual easy-going way, I gave orders that they should be welcomed, as was customary with us, in a friendly and comfortable fashion. I did not attend the breakfast, as I was summoned to a sitting of the Directorate. First Eugène, then Murat, proposed and drank to my health toasts which might be considered an expression of the most sincere feeling for, and of the most genuine gratitude towards, their benefactor.

Bonaparte, who felt his ground in regard to everything likely to further his designs, could not omit sounding the general of the 17th division. He therefore approached Lefebvre, and asked him "what his action would be in case of any change in the Government in the near future." And Lefebvre, a simple and natural man in his movements, had been unable to refrain from one of astonishment, and had merely answered Bonaparte with a "What does Barras think of it?" The faithful soldier, placed in an uncertain position, sought his conscience in the thoughts of the man who had placed him in the position he filled; unable at the time to meet my gaze, he considered it his duty to leave the matter to my thoughts about it. Bonaparte replied to Lefebvre: "Barras is with us."

On the 15th Brumaire, Joseph Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and Fouché once more called upon me; they informed me that "Bonaparte would have accompanied them but for his being unwell and compelled

to keep his bed." They were desirous of knowing my ultimatum in regard to the changes demanded by the position of the Directorate; again did they assert that "what was needed was a president. The United States were setting us an example and demonstrating the advantage that men enjoying a high reputation alone presented any guarantee; if I persisted in not undertaking the charge of a Republican government, no other than Bonaparte, with his well-acquired glory, could be called to take my place in this position." I repeated to the negotiators that "in order to obtain the confidence and assent of the Republicans, the first to be clothed with this eminent office should, in the first instance, be a plebeian, and perhaps less a man shining and resplendent with glory than some worthy citizen who, in a less elevated sphere and possessed of the necessary capacity, would above all things afford a guarantee of probity and virtue. Since you quote the United States to me," I said, "look at their first presidents, Washington and Jefferson, and those who have followed them: they are not transcendent men or dazzling geniuses, but men of virtue and character. These good men were in America, it is true, supported by genuine morals, by the Republican atmosphere of their country. In this France of ours, placed as she is in the middle of old Europe, the virtue of a president will have greater obstacles to contend with." While nodding approval of my remarks, Joseph, Talleyrand, Fouché, and Réal did in no wise look

content; they informed me that "as Bonaparte's health would probably be better on the following day, he would doubtless call upon me." He came not; I learnt that on that very day he had at his dinner-table Generals Jourdan and Bernadotte, and a few deputies whom he wished to sound. He sent me his excuses, begging I would receive him the next day; I got ready for his visit, hoping for and confident of an explanation which should make plain all things that each of us might sincerely desire. Bonaparte had sent word to me that he "would come late, and that he desired that we should be left alone." Shortly after eleven o'clock, I was surprised to hear not Bonaparte but his secretary Bourrienne announced. The latter, keeping up the comedy of the indisposition of his master, informed me that "a severe headache had compelled the General to take to his bed; that he hoped to recover from it very soon, and come and take my orders on the following day." I was, I confess, unable to retain sufficient control of myself to display the sharpness which is said to be the cleverest of all—that which consists in pretending to be the dupe of the sharpness of others. I said to Bourrienne, in a tone of displeasure which could not be mistaken, "that I did not believe in the indisposition of his master; that, moreover, I would find out and give news about him ere forty-eight hours had gone past." All the information in my possession went to show that the 22nd was the day on which matters were to come to a head. The words which escaped

my lips may have caused the day for the execution of the plot to be anticipated.

Beset as it had too long been my misfortune to be ever since my advent to power, I was in the habit of receiving in regard to events in preparation information as to confidential communications made with the object of deceiving by the conspirators, who at the most had hinted at a change of persons, but in no wise at a change of things; they did not refer to even a modification of existing institutions, although Bonaparte had two years previously let this idea come to the surface in his speech to the Directorate on his return from the Army of Italy. I here subjoin, as a proof of the divergence and, if one may so speak, of the confusion of men's minds at the time, a few of the warnings which reached me from various quarters.

LETTER FROM THE DEPUTY TALOT.

As I am unable, my dear Director, to get access to you, I shall faithfully enlighten you as to public opinion in Paris, and inform you what gives joy to some, while it affects others.

The nobles and the Royalist bourgeois, who two years ago vomited all the shocking things imaginable against you, affect to-day, in their gatherings, in their walks abroad, whenever they think they will be heard, to place you on the highest pinnacle of glory, to look upon you as their firmest mainstay, and to loudly proclaim that the opinion of honest folk is with you; that you are an honest man; that your true character has not been known until to-day; that if on the 13th Vendémiaire and on other occasions you acted as you did, it was because you were carried away by the whirlpools of the Revolution, directed by wicked and rascally men; that at present you are truly playing a great part;

and that if the question came up of appointing you protector, or etc., of France, they would all signify their assent with pleasure. They give it to be understood, either by the joy which they affect or by their equivocal utterances, that something is to happen ere long, and that the Republicans will be brought to their senses, for the reason that you will none of them.

The true friends of the Fatherland, who are yours, fear that your life is in jeopardy, and are deeply affected at the praises uttered about you. They do not conceal from themselves that the enemies of the Commonweal are unable to accomplish anything except by destroying you, or in succeeding, if it lies within their power, in robbing you of the trust placed in you by the friends of the Republic, a trust to which you have so many claims; then would they be sure of victory, because all would unite against you.

Since a few days, one no longer sees isolated patriots; they meet and say to each other: "It is absolutely resolved upon to get rid of Barras; they pet him in order to be better able to strangle him. He should beware of his enemies; they have been unable to vanquish him, either by calumny or otherwise, and now they seek to get rid of him under the garb of friendship. Barras should rally to his colleagues, if he has not already done so, and together they should thwart this abominable plot."

A sort of anxiety or fear is to be noticed in the faces of almost everybody. Trade has been at a standstill for a few days; no one dares embark on any venture, or do anything; people are saying to each other: "Where do we stand? I dare not undertake anything, as I do not know the turn affairs may take; it is said that a fresh *coup* is being meditated."

A *fête* is announced for the next *décadi;* it is said that Bonaparte and the Directorate are invited to it; your friends cannot advise you to be present, Barras. I leave it to your wisdom to appreciate this warning.

I beg your pardon, my dear Director, if I address you with the frankness which is known to you; friendship alone dictates my step, and I venture to flatter myself that you do not doubt the lively interest which I take in everything concerning you; you are sufficiently well acquainted with my character.

I do not know whether you believed in the warning I sent you about a month ago.

I now repeat to you: certain folks have made up their minds, aye, and for some time back. They are merely hesitating as to whether they will act at once on the offensive, or dissemble more or less longer. They are determined, in the latter case, to play all kinds of parts in order to better deceive you.

Bear in mind what you already know—to wit, that the most daring are always in the right. The day following potations is always a sad one.

Do not reckon too greatly on forces at a distance, but rather on those at hand.

If public opinion carries any weight, you cannot find a better moment.

The Duc de Guise was duly warned that he was to be assassinated at the États de Blois; he showed courageous contempt for the warning; he did wrong. A terrible plot is being formed against Barras; Bonaparte, Sieyès, Merlin, and Company are at the head of it; the partisans of the Constitution of '93 are bestirring themselves:

"*Væ dormientibus in margine gurgitis!*"

SECRET BULLETIN.

17th Brumaire, Year VIII.

The secret committees of deputies of the Opposition are multiplying themselves to a considerable extent, and in proportion to the advances they claim to have made. One on which they most pride themselves is that the Director Barras has fallen into their trap; they say that this was necessary for the success of their projects, but that they will be careful to render unto him such justice as is his due when they shall no longer need him.

They also congratulate themselves on having been able to separate his cause from that of the Director Sieyès, although they bear both of them an equal hatred, as will be shown in due time.

The deputies of the Opposition say, in regard to the dinner of the 13th, nothing but what is already known; but they have said also that the interview which they had had, had borne the result they expected; that it was nevertheless necessary to carry the intrigue to the end; that there still remained work to be done; and that the iron should be struck whilst hot. They say that Bonaparte is favourably disposed towards them; that he would oppose any treaty of peace having for its object the surrender of any of the conquered countries; that, on the contrary, it entered into his views to reconquer Italy and to re-establish the Roman, Cisalpine, and Neapolitan Republics, besides establishing a republic in Piedmont.

The deputies of the Opposition are indefatigable, and are labouring unremittingly for the purpose of preparing the means of attack and defence in regard to the impending affair; they say: "We hold Bonaparte, but the essential part of the business is that events should turn to the advantage of the democracy, and that we should know how to dissemble to the last; once the affair set agoing and the patriots astir, Bonaparte must needs view things as we do and let himself be swept along by the torrent; besides, he is working only for glory and to make his name pass down to the remotest posterity. Well then, the cause of democracy and the happiness of the people will open to him a career more brilliant than any other, and he will gather as many laurels as he can wish for. Our hardest and most troublesome task is to throw him off the scent, and not to wound his self-love; were it not for this fear, all would be over by this time; but it requires supernatural skill to make a man possessed of so penetrating a mind fall into the trap. Although a Republican, he will have none of democracy; but when once we have him safe, he will have to do like the rest.

The deputy Fabre de l'Aude, who had already shown me so much obsequiousness, never ceased petitioning me on behalf of himself or his own. This father of twelve or thirteen children, which numerous progeny have furnished him in the course

of his career with the pretext for so many base acts, the object of which was to provide for them, was perhaps making light of his interests in order to conceal his policy, or, feeding with an equal appetite from several cribs, made all his political combinations and interested speculations go abreast.

PARIS, 16*th Brumaire, Year VIII.*

Fabre de l'Aude, Member of the Council of Five Hundred, to the Director Barras.

CITIZEN DIRECTOR,

I wish to remind you of the request preferred by me some time back on behalf of my son-in-law Frances, who begs for active employment as commissary of war. You then promised him your support, adding that you would recommend him to your colleagues at the time of the new organisation. He was, in days gone by, included in the reforms carried out by Aubry. He comes back with the best testimonials, and I feel sure that preceding Ministers must have mentioned him in their reports.

I am not rich, while burdened with a numerous family; my son-in-law is very poor, and his wife, who is only sixteen, has just presented him with a first child. You must see, citizen Director, how much I have it at heart to secure a position and means of existence for my son-in-law. I reckon on your kind favours and on your promise. I shall never forget so great a service.

Greeting and fraternity. FABRE.

Continuing, up to the very last moment, to make sure, by every possible investigation, of the true state of affairs, Bonaparte invited Bernadotte to dine at the Rue Chantereine on the 16th Brumaire. Jourdan and Moreau were there, together with Talleyrand, Volney, Rœderer, and the

cortège of civilians and alleged *savants* with whom it was Bonaparte's policy to surround himself, for the purpose of making them serve as supports to him against the military men who were not *savants*, while imposing on these same *savants* by the military prestige. The conversation turned on war, and Bernadotte, wishing to do honour to the French Fabius, Moreau, by crossing swords with Bonaparte, remarked, alluding to the conquest of Egypt, that "it was generally harder to preserve than to invade." Bonaparte took good care not to follow the discussion to which this maxim led; he at once directed the conversation to the affairs of the West, where the Vendeans still dared to show their heads; it was a way of leading up to the following jocular remark addressed to Bernadotte, while looking at Talleyrand: "Well then, you see in General Bernadotte a Chouan." Bernadotte replied, without taking offence: "The day before yesterday, general, you charged me with being a Jacobin; according to you I am to-day a Chouan: this is not very consistent." Thereupon Bernadotte withdrew, just as a large number of guests were flocking in.

It has been thought that Bernadotte's somewhat incisive replies, which did not leave Bonaparte any hope of having him on his side, may have delayed the movement twenty-four hours. Others have supposed that the 17th Brumaire falling on a Friday, Bonaparte, out of superstition, postponed the execution of the project to the 18th. As for me, in regard to what has been believed of Bonaparte's

superstitions, I have never seen in them aught but an additional artifice used to deceive those who went so far as to believe that he himself believed in anything. It entered into Bonaparte's calculations to appear superstitious occasionally, in order to impose upon those who might be really so; but he himself never was so to such an extent as might allow one to find herein the principle of any of his actions. Bernadotte immediately sent us word of what had just taken place at the Rue Chantereine.

Still, the most direct avowal which I received on this occasion was from Saliceti. He called on me on the 15th, and without wishing to enter into any particulars as to what was being planned, and which he assured me was being concealed from him, he said to me: "There is no one you have so good a cause to fear as the man who has fled from Egypt; he is bound to vindicate his desertion by a crime. I have known him and all his brothers since their childhood, for Joseph received wages from me, literally as my major-domo, and waited for me at table. I have known Bonaparte since the day of his birth. I have supported him, advanced his interests, defended him, as you are aware, before and since the 9th Thermidor, and previous to the 13th Vendémiaire. I know him through and through; he is a perfect knave; he is a machinator, a conspirator, an atheist; he is all that is bad in this world. Add to this that he is a Corsican to the core; yes, I say so because I am cognisant of the full import of this quality: if

we do not kill him, he will kill us. The choice rests with us."

"How is it," exclaim those who still have liberty at heart, "that you have not devoted your attention to forestall the conspiracy which is about to break forth? What are the scruples restraining you? Where is your courage, Barras? Are you forgetful of your past exploits? Are you no longer the man of the 9th Thermidor, of the 13th Vendémiaire, of the 18th Fructidor? You still possess the authority if you only have the will to lay hands on these conspirators, to transport them at the very least, and to send them to join those who less than they have deserved such a fate."

Although the greatest of the dangers of the Fatherland was undoubtedly the internal enemy which it nourished in its bosom, and whose dream was nothing less than the destruction of the laws, the Directorate, albeit victorious in Holland and in Switzerland, had matters sufficiently important to divert its mind from machinations closer at hand. The *chouannerie* was once more a source of much trouble to us, and was intercepting communications; it was nearing Paris, and penetrating into the very heart of the Republic. The Directorate had, it is true, taken some steps to prevent the spread of the contagion. The Minister of War, Bernadotte, had established in this direction a zone of defence, not to say a veritable rampart. General Guidal had been sent in the direction of Alençon, where the Comte de Frotté was actively bestirring himself.

This Vendean was not a double-faced man, capable of treachery, like Bourmont *et al.*; these, every time they made a show of rushing to arms, simultaneously entered into negotiations, the issue of which was always decided according to their material interests. M. de Frotté was an upright and intrepid man, whose shrewdness was circumscribed by the limits of war, which he waged with as much skill as courage. Having several times since the beginning of the war won substantial advantages owing to his personal endeavours on several points, Frotté had always seen his successes dissipated by the weakness and defection of the men of his party who ought to have supported him—such as Bourmont, whom we have already seen, when opposed to General Hoche, surrender to the Republic, then go to England in order to raise funds, then return to France to run through them and once more betray her plans against us, then return to England in order to inform her of our defensive resources against that country. Frotté, seeing in the Minister of War, Bernadotte, a Minister truly wide-awake and resolute, who was not going to tolerate any further progress on the part of the *chouannerie*, but on the contrary press it hard—Frotté, after having once more raised his standard, determined on surrendering to the Republic, in order to obtain better terms of peace. He had let me know that he was sincerely resigned to the existing order of things. The fresh victories won, in Holland and Switzerland, the good administration, and the strong

impulse given to the war by Bernadotte, made the state of the Republic appear imposing to Royalists, while most reassuring to Republicans. I was quite surprised when the commanding general of the division of the Orne, transmitting to the Directorate the latest insurrectionary attempts of Frotté, and announcing that this Vendean was resigned to lower his arms to those of the Republic, or rather to surrender them definitively, informed me that he had it from Frotté that "the Vendean had received from Paris propositions of reciprocal assistance and harmonious intercourse against the Directorate, if he was desirous of coming to an understanding on this point—with whom? Will it be believed?—with Bonaparte himself, who, back from Egypt, and no longer willing to remain obedient to the authority of the Directorate, sought to enter into communication with the Vendean party, in order to overthrow the Republic."

This dual conduct of Bonaparte ought not to have surprised those who, bearing in mind the fact that it was consistent with that of the man who on the 13th Vendémiaire was in negotiation with the rebellious "sections," and was offering to take service against the Convention, a few moments before sweeping them away with the cannon of the 13th Vendémiaire. When sending me this information through Guidal, M. de Frotté caused me to be told in the most positive manner that "he treated with contempt and rejected all connivance with traitors like the Corsican, whose propositions

had been communicated to him; that he (Frotté) intended to treat with the Directorate through me alone."

But who can assign limits to Bonaparte's treachery in all matters? Against whom did he harbour the greater grudge at that time—against the Directorate or against M. de Frotté? At whom were his premeditated combinations more positively aimed? Doubtless everything he suspected as standing in the way of his ambition was from that very fact the object of his hatred, which, however, left him master of his calculations sufficiently for him to give the preference in the first instance to the one who could rid him of the other, reserving unto himself to subsequently dispose of the survivor.

In the meantime Mme. Bonaparte, whose share in the affair was playing the spy on the Directorate, concealed her applications to me under the pretext of fidelity to her old *liaison*, and her detective work was exercised not only on me but on my aides-de-camp, with whom the familiarity of her manners gave her the right to proceed by way of questions; but, as I and my friends had got on the track of this interested questioning, and as she often saw herself thwarted, she adopted the course of deriving additional strength from the intimacy which the easy-going nature of Gohier furnished her the means of forming with his wife, and, in order to deceive everybody at one and the same time, she would say to Mme. Gohier: "My

intimacy with you will constitute a reply to every calumny." Soon will be seen the benefit which Mme. Bonaparte had calculated upon deriving from Mme. Gohier on the day of a great crisis.

The outrage meditated against the national representation and the Directorate was one difficult to execute in the very heart of Paris, where all the constitutional authorities had their seat and exercised their rights—in that very seat of which they controlled the police, and wherein no stranger could penetrate without exposing himself to the punishment of the law. It was therefore necessary to displace the political bodies on and through whom it was sought to act. A stage was required where there should be neither tribunes, public, nor national guard; for the civic guard might with one common accord have lent assistance to those who had the law on their side against their iniquitous aggressors. It was in remembrance of the violent deeds of the Revolution, and in order to protect the national representation against those of which it might once more be the victim, that the Constitution of the Year III. had empowered the Council of Ancients to transfer the national representation outside of Paris. This estimable foresight of the legislators of the Year III. is about to become a treacherous weapon in the hands of the conspirators, to deprive the national representation of its foothold, to remove it violently out of Paris, and to entrust General Bonaparte with this removal. Such is the idea akin to genius which is to preside over

the conspiracy. This having been fully agreed upon with Sieyès, it has been believed that the execution had been fixed for the 18th Brumaire, because of the similarity of date between that and the 18th Fructidor.

In order to prepare the execution, a secret rendezvous was made for the forenoon of the 16th Brumaire, at the house of Lemercier, at that time president of the Council of Ancients. The principal conspirators were Lucien Bonaparte, president of the Five Hundred, Boulay de la Meurthe, Régnier, Courtois, Cabanis, Villetard, Cornet, Fargues, Chazal, Vimar, Frégeville, Goupil, Herwin, Cornudet, Rousseau, Le Harry, Delecloy, etc. It was at this satanic gathering that it was settled that the Councils and the Directorate should be transferred unawares to Saint-Cloud, and that the transfer should be proposed by the committee of the *inspecteurs* in the Council of Ancients.

The Council of Ancients was to be convoked for seven o'clock in the morning, but that of the Five Hundred for eleven only. Thus the decree of translation was to be rendered before the Five Hundred should be in session; and as all deliberation was prohibited by the Constitution, the promulgation of the decree of translation closed the tribune of the Five Hundred, and an embarrassing debate was thus avoided.

In order to have at hand a body of troops to assist in the execution without giving the alarm to the Directorate which might prevent their

assembling, a review was ordered by the commander-in-chief Lefebvre, who did not even suspect its object.

Bonaparte was to be present at it as a military amateur to whom this courtesy was being shown. But in the combination of the conspirators, so artistically devised, the parts changed on the stage itself. Bonaparte was given the command of the 17th division, taking Lefebvre's place, thus becoming the manager-in-chief commanding the whole action, of which it was believed he was only to be the spectator.

The decree of translation agreed upon, it was decided that, in order to give it the semblance of an actual decree, a convocation should take place of those members of the Council of Ancients who, by a thoroughly devoted complicity, were to ensure the success of the measure about to be proposed to them. In accordance with this, the committee of the *inspecteurs*, presided over by Cornet, met during the night, being careful to close the shutters and draw the blinds, in order to conceal from the public the work that was going on in their offices. The *inspecteurs*, having looked into the degree of reliance they could place on each member of the Council of Ancients, arranged to distribute the letters of convocation at different hours, taking into account the valuation set upon the sentiments of each one of those to whom they were addressed—in other words, in respect to the degree in which they might likely participate in the execution of the plot. After

having coolly studied and decided upon the individual distinctions to be made, the *inspecteurs* excepted from the convocation from sixty to eighty members whose daring, *i.e.* probity, was dreaded.

The author of the convocation, Cornet, is under the impression that, on seeing his manœuvre completed by eight o'clock in the morning, he made a speech, which, in the history which he subsequently wrote of the affair, he has had the modesty to style "energetic" and even "eloquent"; in this speech he retraced what he called "the dangers of the Fatherland and the necessity of saving it." In order to save it, the Council of Ancients, by virtue of Articles 102, 103, and 104 of the Constitution, should take upon itself to decree the translation of the *corps législatif* to Saint-Cloud; it should entrust General Bonaparte with the execution of the decree and with all measures necessary to ensure the security of the national representation. In accordance with this, the Council of Ancients was to place under Bonaparte's orders, as commander of the 17th division, the Guard of the *corps législatif*, the stationary National Guard, the troops of the line then in the municipality of Paris, in the constitutional *arrondissement*, and throughout the extent of the 17th division. All these corps were to be required to recognise General Bonaparte as their commander, and give him every assistance. The Council of the Ancients was moreover to summon General Bonaparte into its presence, to receive a copy of the

decree, take the oath, and concert with committees of *inspecteurs* of both Councils. The president Cornet also proposes that the decree shall be conveyed by a messenger to the Directorate, that it shall be printed at once and promulgated in all the municipalities of the Republic by special messengers. Cornet was endorsed by Régnier, since Chief-Justice and Duc de Massa, who there and then gave pledges to the man whose elevation was subsequently to reward his treasonable and base acts. All this succeeded wonderfully, has since said the "citizen Cornet," when "Count Cornet" and cynical historian of his own handiwork.

According to the convention agreed upon, Bonaparte has gathered at as early an hour as seven in the morning, in his house in the Rue Chantereine (recently named Rue de la Victoire, because of its illustrious resident), all the generals on whom he can depend. Most of them are under the belief that they are simply invited to breakfast. Bonaparte has extended the same invitation to all the adjutants of the National Guard; all are present in full uniform. He is waiting in his private study for the decree of the Ancients.

His wife Josephine, who had so far shown her ability in the matter of intrigue in secondary details only, is now about to develop herself on a larger scale. It has been seen how she had trained her guns beforehand on Mme. Gohier; already beginning to play the part assigned to her by

Bonaparte, she had been entrusted with the duty of inducing the president Gohier and his wife to breakfast with her at eight o'clock. This was a way of taking possession of our president, and thus beginning the disorganisation of the Directorate. A kind of instinct having caused Gohier to decline this singularly early invitation, Mme. Gohier came alone. Bonaparte, greatly put out at seeing the president Gohier escape him, tried to make his wife write to him, in order to draw him into the trap; but she declined to co-operate to this machination, and, in lieu of inviting her husband to come, she wrote to him on the contrary that he had done quite right in not leaving the Directorate, as everything went to show that extraordinary preparations were being made against it. Mme. Bonaparte sought to detain Mme. Gohier, who was asking permission to withdraw; she told her cunningly that by sending to her by her son the letter of invitation at midnight, she had shown her the store she set upon having her; that it was a question of the highest interest to her, because it was Bonaparte's intention that Gohier should form an integral part of the new government about to be established; that on rejoining her husband she should urge him to ponder well over the wish she was authorised to express to him. The influence which Sieyès might throw in the scale in regard to events in preparation depended greatly on the course pursued by the president Gohier. Mme. Bonaparte added that "by this time I had prob-

ably tendered my resignation, for every means, even force, were to be resorted to against me, did I refuse to do so."

Mme. Gohier was about to leave the Chantereine house, when she saw Bernadotte, brought thither by Joseph, enter it. The latter, continuing to fill the mission long since imposed on him of watching Bernadotte, and to be answerable for him, as he was wont to say to the general, had called Bernadotte from his bed, and had brought him without delay to see his brother, under the plea of urgent business. Bernadotte was somewhat surprised on seeing the military apparatus which filled the kind of courtyard leading from the Rue Chantereine to the house of Bonaparte. Officers and soldiers seemed to be in a state of effervescence resembling that produced by wine. Joseph led Bernadotte into the study, where Bonaparte, his aide-de-camp Lemarois, and General Lefebvre were assembled. These two were standing. For a moment Bernadotte thought Lefebvre a prisoner; he at once took a chair, making sign to Lefebvre, who was hesitating, to do likewise. A glance from Bonaparte reassured him, and he sat down respectfully, with his eyes fixed on Bonaparte. Bonaparte thereupon said to Bernadotte: "How is this? You are not in uniform." On Bernadotte replying, "I am not on duty," Bonaparte resumed, "You shall be in an instant." "I do not think so," answered Bernadotte. Bonaparte rose, took him by the hand, and led him into an adjoining room. "The Directorate is governing

badly," he said; "it would destroy the Republic were we not to guard against its so doing. The Council of Ancients has appointed me commander of Paris, of the National Guard, and of all the troops of the division; go, don your uniform; you will join me at the Tuileries, whither I am just going." On Bernadotte's refusing, "You perhaps believe," said Bonaparte, "that you can reckon on Moreau, Macdonald, Beurnonville, and a few other generals? They will come to me, for they are here already, and have been waiting some time for me in my ante-chamber." Speaking volubly, he named some thirty of the members of the Council of Ancients whom Bernadotte had believed faithful friends of the Constitution of the Year III. "You do not know men," he added, "they promise much and perform little." On Bernadotte's persisting in his refusal to co-operate to the overthrowing of a constitution which had cost a million men their lives, Bonaparte remarked: "In that case, you shall remain here until I receive the decree of the Ancients."

The idea of seeing himself made a prisoner in such a fashion exasperated Bernadotte, who furiously exclaimed: "I may be killed, but I am not a man to be detained again his will." While uttering these words he brandished in a lively way a sword-cane he held, and his gesture seemed to imply that he was about to use it in such an ambuscade. Bonaparte was not Cæsar threatening Metellus, nor sufficiently strong to say to him: "It is as easy for me to kill him as to speak the word." With all

his audacity, Bonaparte never possessed the firmness required for holding his own in a personal debate, when he did not have the strength of others at his call. He actually trembled when Bernadotte exclaimed with the truly resonant voice of an old drill-sergeant: "And I too have shown what I am made of in the service of the Republic. I have the right to defend against another my share of military honour!" Bonaparte, at once changing front, and with his caressing suppleness, protested to Bernadotte that he was "entirely free; that never had it entered his head to detain him; that he respected him as much as he loved him; that he had always loved him, even when, a few days ago, he called him his Chouan of the Army of Italy. All I ask of you, General Bernadotte," he said to him with still more affability and with a smile, "is that you should pledge me your word of honour that you will not undertake anything against *me*." (This word "me" already rose to his lips, and it was truly the expression of his egotistical thoughts, to be so frightfully developed in the future. This language of "word of honour" is one military men consider themselves most entitled to use, for the purpose of subjecting to it or eluding certain difficulties of their position whence they could less readily extricate themselves without this evasion.) Bernadotte answered: "Yes, as citizen, I give you my word of honour not to act." It is not easy to understand the distinction of citizen here made by Bernadotte on an occasion when, if it was a question of being and showing oneself to

be something, it was assuredly to be a citizen; this very quality conferred the greatest rights, just as it imposed resistance as a duty.

Animated by a sentiment probably far different from that of the man who has recalled these facts to us, Bonaparte was greatly astonished; but, uneasy as to what Bernadotte might mean by the expression "as citizen," he inquired: "What do you mean?" "I mean that I shall not go into the barracks and public places to work on the minds of the soldiers and of the people; but, should the *corps législatif* or the Directorate give me the order to defend them, and entrust me with the command of their Guard——" "Oh, I feel quite easy on that score," replied Bonaparte; "they will not employ you; they dread your ambition more than mine; as for myself, I feel sure of having no other than that of saving the Republic. I wish to go into retirement at Malmaison with a few friends."

While carrying on this conversation Bernadotte was making his way towards the door, and Bonaparte, far from seeking to detain him, seemed to be showing him out with the pleasure of getting rid of a man whom one fears physically. He nevertheless said to Joseph in an agitated tone: "Accompany him." As he went away, Bernadotte passed through a crowd of generals who already filled the courtyard and a portion of the street; for it is indeed true that already, as Bonaparte had stated it to be the case, Moreau and Beurnonville were prominently present, as well as Macdonald, awaiting the orders of

their master. Bernadotte is under the impression that he showed them by his looks how much he disapproved of their conduct. It is indeed most true that the looks of Bernadotte, especially when accompanied by his words, have oftentimes exercised a powerful effect over the military men to whom he has addressed them. Hence it is scarcely possible to explain their nullity on this occasion except by their absence. It may indeed be that Bernadotte left far more quietly than he has pretended; and what gives confirmation to this idea is that Joseph, who was by Bernadotte's side in the courtyard, asked him to come and breakfast fraternally at his house in the Rue Rocher, where he had gathered together several members of the *corps législatif.*

Just then the citizen *inspecteur* Cornet, who could not leave to any messenger the honour of bringing the decree to Bonaparte, made his appearance. A triumphant messenger, he came to personally offer to his master, as an unexpected gift, the decree which the latter was awaiting with so much impatience and agitation. He had time to say loud enough to be still heard of Bernadotte: "To horse! Let us go to the Tuileries!" Macdonald courted the honour of holding his stirrup and of being his first aide-de-camp. His attitude and his *rôle* were truly beneath this subordinate rank.

It has been seen that on Bernadotte's entering Bonaparte's house, on this morn of the 18th Brumaire, he had found him in his private study with Lefebvre and Lemarois. Bonaparte had previously

received Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Macdonald, who had risen at an earlier hour than all the rest. It has been stated that Bonaparte had just made these mere tools swear on a crucifix not to reveal anything; that on Bernadotte, whom Joseph had brought, being announced, Bonaparte had hurriedly concealed the crucifix under his coat, had pushed Talleyrand, Rœderer, and Macdonald hastily into an adjoining room, in order that they should not come face to face with the new-comer, and had kept with him only Lefebvre and Lemarois, to defend him in case of need, should any contest ensue with Bernadotte. Bernadotte, who on entering the study noticed some confusion and the astonished looks of those present, did not actually see the crucifix; and indeed he could not see it, since, according to this version, Bonaparte had already hidden it under his coat.

Although the truly or hypocritically superstitious character of Bonaparte, ever engaged in deceiving others while never deceived himself, allowed one to believe everything from a comedian of this kind, I do not assert that this comedy actually took place at the time. It fully suited the character of Bonaparte, of the man who, to quote the Italians, was always playing *commedia in commedia*. That which did not escape Bernadotte's observation was, that during the whole of his discussion with Bonaparte the latter displayed an extreme embarrassment apparently connected with some other matter than the one agitating them, that this embarrassment seemed to have

some connection with the persons waiting in his ante-chamber, and that his looks appeared to enjoin upon them to remain silent in regard to what had just taken place between them. But on Bernadotte's withdrawing after their wrangle, when Bonaparte no longer had cause to dread any indiscretion on his part, he had looked at those present with a greater feeling of security and with a complacent eye, which plainly told Bernadotte that all these men were his accomplices and props in the event about to occur. He even smiled on the band of conspirators; this smile may well have been the one which, according to Milton, contracted the lips of Satan when reviewing the host of rebel angels with whom he hoped to destroy the Eternal.

Bonaparte reaches the Tuileries followed by Macdonald, Moreau, Beurnonville, and the whole of the new staff formed by treachery, and which servility will subsequently exhibit under other phases. The troops assembled under pretext of a review were there in readiness. The face-about of the soldiers was not long in taking place, and did not bear the semblance of even a transition. Whether it was that the majority of the chiefs of the troops of the line were in the secret, or whether they were overawed by the presence of the staff composed of the *élite* of the Republican generals, they at once surrounded Bonaparte, congratulated him, and drew their swords in sign of fidelity and devotion to the orders they were about to receive. Assuming respect for the civil authorities, Bonaparte informed them that

"he would obey the orders of the Council of Ancients, from which he had received his appointment, and to which he owed obedience." Then, with his customary audacity, which was however so far merely trying its flight, he began by appointing as his first lieutenant General Lefebvre, whose place he had just usurped so impudently.

On seeing me relate in so detailed a fashion circumstances which seem to affect other individuals, the reader may perhaps be surprised at not seeing me appear on the scene ere this. He would be making a strange mistake were he to believe that I am seeking to put others in the foreground in order to efface myself, slink away from my part, and escape the responsibility of it. I have never sought to shrink from this responsibility, or to cover my political conduct with the mantle of infallibility; my fellow-citizens have the right to look into it; I even admit their right to scrutinise my private life, which I in no wise claim to defend on the grounds of its being "walled in."

It is very true that I felt a twofold security. In the first place, in regard to the idea of the absolute overthrow of our fundamental law, I believed that the desire for a change, and even the ambition of the most daring, did not and could not go beyond a few modifications and a change of persons in the Directorate. I had met this wish half-way by the sincere offer of the most voluntary abdication, and I had made up my mind not to seek a return to any power whatsoever. In the next place, I believed

that, whatever the movement meditated, it would not be attempted ere the 22nd Brumaire.

During all the foregoing days, and even on the 17th Brumaire at midnight, I had received visits I was entitled to call acts of homage of all the men of noté, both civilians and soldiers. General Lefebvre, Macdonald, and Beurnonville came to me to renew, as was their custom, their respectful compliments. The two last-named had especially insisted on renewing to me an oath of devotion unto death. After them came Colonel Sébastiani, who, from the distance at which the inferiority of his position as well as that at which his supple and grovelling character kept him, loaded me with the most humble protestations.

Although I had gone to bed after two o'clock, I had none the less risen at five, and had attended to my correspondence of the previous day; I was not in my bath, as it has been stated, but shaving myself, when at seven o'clock Victor Grand, my aide-de-camp, came to me for orders. But a moment before he had no idea of what was preparing; he found the Luxembourg without any guard except a veteran, who said to him: "I am here alone; all have left." Victor Grand brought me this news, which, I confess, surprised me greatly. I ordered Victor Grand to don his uniform and to have our horses saddled, telling him our destination was the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

Just then came General Debelle, the brother-in-law of Hoche, to whom, owing to this connection more perhaps than to his personal qualities, I had

always shown consideration, and who professed great devotion to me. He informed me that he was "at my orders, happen what might," following up this remark by saying that he had "neither uniform nor horses in Paris." I told him I would give him horses. "As to my habiliments," he said, "I shall go to the Piliers des Halles and purchase the uniform of a general officer, whatever it may be like. I shall immediately return to the Luxembourg, and be your aide-de-camp." That was the last I saw of him.

I was awaiting the return of Debelle and the coming of several military men for whom I had sent, and on whom I thought I could reckon in consequence of all the protestations of devotion they had renewed to me during the past few days, when I received the following letter:—

CORPS LÉGISLATIF.

COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED.

PARIS, 18*th Brumaire, Year VIII.*

The Representatives of the People, Members of the Committee of the "Inspecteurs du Palais" of the Council of Ancients, to the Director Barras.

The committee hastens to inform you of the decree of translation of the residence of the *corps législatif* to Saint-Cloud.

The decree is to be sent to you; but measures of security demand details which we are attending to.

We invite you to come to the committee of the *inspecteurs* of the Ancients; you will find there your colleagues Sieyès and Ducos.

Fraternal greeting.

(Signed) BARAILON, FARGUES, CORNET.

This strange letter finds me in the state of perplexity into which I had already been thrown by the desertion of our troops, that of two colleagues, and the absence of all attached to me. I send Botot out to reconnoitre, commissioning him to go direct to Bonaparte, wherever he may be, in order to fully satisfy himself as to the part he intends playing in this affair.

Gohier and Moulins call on me; they have no positive information as to our situation; they are only certain of the fact that everybody has deserted us. "We must not desert ourselves," I say to my two faithful colleagues, and we mutually promise this. "There are three of us; consequently the Directorate is still in a majority." We agree to meet in our council-chamber in an hour.

At this juncture Botot returns; he has seen Bonaparte at the Tuileries; 'tis myself they thought they had got as a result of the letter of the Council of Ancients. Bonaparte is surprised at my daring to disregard his summons, just as Gohier has done. "Where is Barras? Why is he not here? Here are his two colleagues Sieyès and Roger-Ducos; the two others are coming; can he be the only one to hold aloof?" At first he speaks these words in a low tone and almost with an air of friendship, when, on Botot's seeming to have his doubts as to my two colleagues being any more disposed to come than myself, Bonaparte flies into a rage; and it is then that he indulges in the diatribe of which the newspapers have given various accounts, while, however, agreeing on the

point of Bonaparte's insolence. Did he not ask Botot "what had been done with France, her armies, and the riches he left previous to his departure for Egypt; what had become of his companions in glory." He closed his invective by saying contemptuously: "Whether Barras is or believes himself to be Republican, we do not require any better patriots than my brave men who have been mutilated in the service of the Fatherland." It was the man whom France was entitled to call to account in so many respects, who had just expressed himself so audaciously. Moreover, if I was somewhat justly astonished at such impudence, what troubled me most was how these utterances had been listened to by those present. When Botot told me "with stupor and adhesion," I could not help giving way to a deep feeling of melancholy at the state of things.

Since misfortunes always seem a kind of predestination to the bringing about of which everything co-operates, so it is that, just as I stood in such great need of those who enjoyed my confidence, the bravest as well as the most faithful of my aides-de-camp (Avy, who since died a general in 1814, in the Army of the North under General Maison) had an apoplectic fit culminating in a hæmorrhage. Soldiers sent by Moreau go into his room, and tearing him from his bed, throw him on the floor, where he wallows unconscious in his blood.

Talleyrand and Bruix were announced just as I was expecting to see General Debelle, who had left me "to return presently," so he had said. "The

greatest and sincerest feeling of interest in me brings them to me; it is dictated by gratitude for all I have done for them. Both owe me their lives, their fortune. If ever they hope to be able to wipe off their obligation and prove to me the full extent of their gratitude, it is truly on this occasion, for it is not merely a question of my existence, but of that which they know is dearer to me than that, viz. the maintenance of the Republic, which would be incurring the greatest dangers if one did not come to its rescue; no other thought fills the heart of Bonaparte, of Sieyès, and of Roger-Ducos, who have handed in their resignations,—those also of Moulins and Gohier, who have just been informed of the state of affairs, and who are about to proceed to the Council of Ancients for the purpose of joining Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, who have been there since morning." "What," I exclaim, "Gohier and Moulins, whom I saw but a moment ago, and who were not to act in any way without me!"

Bruix and Talleyrand repeat that "Gohier and Moulins have left for the Tuileries; that the Council of Five Hundred is in harmony with that of the Ancients; that all the troops under Bonaparte's orders enthusiastically welcome the coming change; that this change is, moreover, of little importance; that it will in no wise touch the bottom of things, nor even remove individuals; that the chief position is still reserved for me, if I will accept it; but that in order to arrive at all that is to follow without shock or misfortune, it is meet that I should resign."

I throw open my window, cast a glance on the Rue de Tournon and its surroundings; I see the soldiery marching in the direction of the Tuileries, accompanied by the populace, who follow it with signs of adhesion and even cries of encouragement; I can no longer conceal from myself "that which is." I at once make up my mind, with the resoluteness I have often shown in critical moments. I consider that my resignation is tendered *de facto*, and that my *rôle* is at an end, so I resolve upon writing the following letter:—

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,

Having entered public affairs solely from my passion for liberty, I consented to accept the chief magistracy of the State merely to support it in its dangers by my devotion, to preserve from the outrages of its enemies the patriots compromised in its cause, and to secure to the defenders of the Fatherland the special care which could be bestowed on them only by a citizen of old a witness of their heroic virtues, one ever moved by their needs.

The glory accompanying the return of the illustrious warrior to whom it has been my fortune to open the paths of glory, and the striking proofs of confidence bestowed upon him by the *corps législatif*, have convinced me that to whatever position public interest may henceforth call him, liberty's dangers will be overcome, and the interests of the armies secured. It is with a feeling of joy that I re-enter the ranks as a private citizen, happy, after so many storms, to hand over entire and better respected the Republic's destinies with which I have been trusted.

Greeting and respect.

BARRAS.

I hand this letter to Bruix and Talleyrand, who find it perfect; Talleyrand repeats this encomium, adding that my conduct is "generous and sublime, that it is reserved to me to ever be the first patriot

of France." The two messengers withdraw with tears in their eyes, Talleyrand kissing my hand, and repeating that he expresses his gratitude to me on behalf of the Fatherland, of which I was once more the saviour.

A very few moments after my letter had left, I received the following one :—

PARIS, 18*th Brumaire, Year VIII.*

The President of the Council of Ancients to the Citizen Barras.

I acknowledge receipt, citizen, of your letter of to-day's date, wherein you resign the position occupied by you in the Directorate of the Republic. I have laid it before General Bonaparte, who will give orders enabling you to proceed in all security to Grosbois.

Greeting and fraternity.

(Signed) LEMERCIER.

I am in a critical state, wherein any effort seems to me plainly fruitless, when Merlin de Thionville makes his appearance. He is armed to the teeth. "We must swoop down on this rascal," he says, "kill him as a usurper, and make his head roll at the feet of liberty." "No doubt," I reply; "but can it be done to-day? Could it have been done yesterday? Are public opinion and force with us? Have they not on the contrary forsaken us?" The brother of the *conventionnel* Fonfrède follows in the steps of Merlin de Thionville; he too offers himself in case of any disposition to act, while at the same time giving every reason tending to prove that "nothing could be done." Mme. Tallien followed, and said to me with charming vivacity that I "should once more be worthy of myself." "Considering the

point matters have reached," I replied, "we are forsaken; in vain would we cry out: there would be no echo; no one would follow us. All whom we believed on our side are either discouraged or traitors." I then read to those present the letter I had just written. I shall keep my pledge of going into retirement and leave for Grosbois.

After having resolved upon this line of conduct —dictated perhaps by weakness, but which I considered henceforth in conformity with the laws of honour—shall I confess what I did? Yes, I shall confess it, even if it is for ever to be cast up to me in shame. I considered that I should be false to the first engagement of honour, of my resignation and retirement, had I kept within my bosom and not disclosed a fact revealed to me in confidence by my colleagues. Moulins, in the course of our last interview with Gohier, had spoken to me of an officer on whom he could depend for vigour of character and political capacity; it was a major who, in the absence of the brigade commander, could dispose of the movement of his troops; he promised to station his brigade in the evening in the Chaussée d'Antin, and take possession of the approaches to the Rue Chantereine; during the night an entrance would have been obtained into Bonaparte's house, when he would have been killed while abed or where he stood.

There can be no doubt that, considering the point things had reached, such a decisive measure would have been quite lawful and defensible; but

—must I confess it?—owing to I know not what agitation, which in me was neither the fear of failure nor the regret of conscience, owing perhaps to the idea of finding myself inconsistent at the very time when I had tendered my resignation and had delivered up the fasces of the State from a dislike of seeing myself burdened with the responsibility of a fresh lease of power—a dislike arising from either disinterestedness or weariness of exercising power —and feeling quite content at seeing it placed in the hands of others, even in those of Bonaparte, provided he had been endowed with sufficient honesty not to abuse it, and had been as generous as able: yes, I confess, I there and then sent a warning to Bonaparte of what had been plotted against him, although I did not consider anything more legitimate than his being put to death. I could have thought myself able to deal him the fatal blow myself, and yet I gave way to such inconsistency.

While, influenced by the troops and the people forsaking us, and owing to my being deceived by Bruix and Talleyrand in regard to the conduct of Gohier and Moulins, I was withdrawing to my country-house at Grosbois, what was becoming of the men who proclaimed themselves no less than myself the opponents of Bonaparte's designs, and who possessed better means than myself to thwart them? Bernadotte, animated doubtless by the best of intentions, had gone to Joseph's gathering. At the head of it was Salicetti; Joseph, continuing to play his hypocritical part, repeated again and

again that "his brother desired nothing but the consolidation of liberty, in order to live in security as a philosopher at Malmaison. The true, the only ambition of this anchoretic philosopher was to be at the very outside the mayor or justice of the peace of his locality."

The gathering convened by Joseph had a two-fold object: the first, that of preventing the members of the Council of the Five Hundred who cared for the Constitution from proceeding to the Council, in order to defend it ere the decree of translation was issued; the second, that of getting, by means of all the seductions of hope and fear, General Bonaparte's impending actions acquiesced in.

On leaving Joseph's breakfast-table, Bernadotte proceeded to the garden of the Tuileries, where, on being noticed and questioned as to what was about to occur by the officers of the 79th half-brigade who had served under him, he replied to them in general terms, so he believes, by expressing the wish that the public tranquillity would not be compromised by the movement about to take place. So it was that the result of the good dispositions which Bernadotte had noticed merely resulted in his considering that he "should go and report on them to his former chief," and so he went to General Jourdan's. There he found Augereau and several deputies who had come to inform their colleagues of the decree of translation. During this time Moreau was sending to Bernadotte's house Rapatel, his adjutant-general, to invite him to "join" his

friends at the Tuileries. Bernadotte might, above all, have asked Moreau to what friends he referred. Bernadotte did not ask him anything; in other words, he considered himself justified in following the line of conduct pursued by him during the days preceding the 18th Fructidor and Prairial—*i.e.* in observing a kind of neutrality which, while not compromising him in an ostensible fashion, left him in a position to reap the fruits of victory.

Meanwhile Bonaparte is distributing his commands; he sends Moreau with three hundred cavalrymen to keep Gohier and Moulins prisoners in the Luxembourg.

Bernadotte has told that at the close of this day (the 18th) Moreau, already dissatisfied with Bonaparte, feeling ashamed of the post to which he had suffered himself to be appointed, and thinking already of forsaking the cause which appeared to him as an act of treason to the nation, had sent a second time to Bernadotte to invite him to come to the Luxembourg to devise measures likely to ward off Bonaparte's imminent dictatorship. Bernadotte states that he replied to these overtures that "he had given his word of honour not to undertake anything as citizen, but that he was free to act, if so required by the public authorities; that if Moreau would leave the Luxembourg at the head of the detachment under his command, come to him, and summon him in the name of the public welfare to make common cause with him to defend the liberty and the Constitution to which they had sworn allegi-

ance, he, Bernadotte, would mount his horse together with his aides-de-camp, place himself under Moreau's command, address the troops, and immediately have Bonaparte arrested and brought to trial as a deserter from the Army of Egypt, as a violator of the quarantine and of the Constitution by the alleged acceptance of a command conferred on him by only a fraction of the *corps législatif*."

This narrative, which I am justified in believing communicated by Bernadotte himself to those who have told it, adds that "Moreau, bound fast by the laws of military discipline, according to which he was under the orders of General Bonaparte, did not do as Bernadotte proposed, while the latter did not consider himself at liberty to go to the Luxembourg."

I recall all these facts, the truth of which is attested by the one of the survivors of that period whose position is to-day the highest, to show what was the extent of the opinion of the military men, looked upon as the strongest in France, in regard to the bearing of a citizen's rights in connection with military discipline. I have always thought that all their arguments, or rather their sophisms, were far less due to their conviction in regard to these delicate points than to their embarrassment at frankly emerging from the position wherein their weakness of character, not to say their political cowardice, has always left them. The greater part of them always feel the need of sheltering themselves behind a command in order to determine their slightest actions; they tremble at any spontaneous

act which would leave them exposed. This would, nevertheless, be true conscience.

Again, according to Bernadotte's version, he is supposed, from seven to ten o'clock at night (on the 18th), to have held a conference with Saliceti, Augereau, Jourdan, Garreau, and a dozen of the most influential members of the Council of Five Hundred. It is alleged that at this conference it was decided that on the following morning Bernadotte should be appointed commander of the Guard of the *corps législatif* and of all the troops in the capital, and that the conspirators, or those thinking themselves so, separated after having taken this intrepid resolution.

As to Saliceti's keeping up his *rôle* of traitor to the Fatherland and of fidelity to Corsica, he is alleged to have hastened to the Tuileries to inform Bonaparte of what had taken place; and the latter, who feared "an adversary as dangerous as Bernadotte" (it is Bernadotte who says this), is alleged to have commissioned Saliceti to be present next morning at five o'clock at the preparatory assembly which was to be held previous to the departure for Saint-Cloud, and to tell each one of the deputies that he (Bonaparte) "had made the greatest efforts to prevent the rendering of a decree sentencing to transportation the deputies who had conceived the design of giving to Bernadotte the command of the troops." True to his machinating and intriguing habits, Bonaparte, in the thick of the fray and just when it was least expected, did not

cease having recourse to the use of tittle-tattle, which sets men at loggerheads, and prevents them from explaining themselves.

Bonaparte's aim was plain when inspiring on this occasion the deputies of note and Generals Jourdan, Bernadotte, and Augereau with fears as to their personal safety by means of threats of transportation. It was necessary to prevent them from proceeding on the following day to Saint-Cloud; for it was impossible for him to ignore their natural hostility to him, based on the ambition he could now no longer deny at a time when his passion was bursting forth in his attempt to overthrow everything to put himself in the place of everything.

On the 19th, at seven o'clock in the morning, Generals Jourdan and Augereau, accompanied by eight or ten deputies of the Council of Five Hundred, among them Garreau and Talot, went to Bernadotte's in the Rue Cisalpine. They told him that "Saliceti had informed them, on behalf of Bonaparte, that Sieyès had proposed the arrest of a certain number of deputies of both Councils, to prevent their appearing at Saint-Cloud. They asked Bernadotte for his opinion in regard to the event of the day.

All these particulars (which, I repeat, are merely Bernadotte's version) incessantly reveal Bonaparte's spirit of machination, to which I have called attention. He already soars over all subordinate machinators. Bernadotte was not deceived in this instance, and he says that the above communication afforded him but an additional proof of a desire to render

these deputies favourable to Bonaparte. Several of them indeed, whether from credulity, hypocrisy, or cowardice, made it a study to display their gratitude for the service Bonaparte seemed to have rendered them on the previous day. Bernadotte was provided with too much natural shrewdness and sagacity, perfected in his relations with the Bonaparte family, to show so ingenuous an appreciation of this imaginary act of generosity; but the Béarnais, who did not wish to rest satisfied with ordinary shrewdness, and who in this connection always claimed superiority, states that he shared the opinion of the deputies in regard to conciliatory measures; it was a way of getting his opinion excused on the main point, which he had expressed in the following terms: "Let one of you ascend the tribune; let him depict in a few words France's internal situation and her successes abroad; let him say that the departure of an army for Egypt, by exposing us to the hazard of a war, deprived us of more than 30,000 seasoned soldiers and of a large number of experienced generals; that, in spite of this, the Republic is triumphant; that the coalition is broken up since Suvaroff has returned to Russia; that the English, with a prince of the blood at their head, have left the Batavian Republic, and have sailed back to England; that the line of defence is maintained between the Alps and the Ligurian Apennines; that 200,000 conscripts are being drafted into battalions as fast as possible for the purpose of reinforcing the armies, and that a levy of 40,000

cavalry is being made; that the insurrection in the West is confined to a few isolated bands, and that a Royalist army has been destroyed or dispersed in the Haute-Garonne; that, in order to obtain a peace just as honourable as that of Campo Formio, it is sufficient for France to preserve this formidable attitude; that to preserve it, union and confidence are indispensable; that, although the Council of Ancients has violated the Constitution by appointing Bonaparte general-in-chief of the 17th division and by conferring upon him the command of the National and Directorial Guard, the Council of Five Hundred is not called upon at this juncture to deliberate on this violation of the Constitution, but rather on the means of providing for the security of the French people, of the two Councils, and of the government of the State; that, with this object in view, the Council of Five Hundred appoints General Bernadotte General Bonaparte's colleague; that these two generals will concert as to the use to be made of the armed force and the distribution of commands, in case it becomes necessary to have recourse to such force; but that the tranquillity reigning in Paris and its vicinity is a pledge that there will be no necessity to bring the troops into play. Send me such a 'decree," said Bernadotte; "twenty minutes after its receipt I shall be with my aides-de-camp in your midst; I shall take command of the corps I meet on my path, and we shall then see what there is to be done. If it is necessary to proclaim Bonaparte an outlaw, you will have at

your side a general and, at the very least, a great portion of the troops. The deputies," Bernadotte went on to say, "will leave for Saint-Cloud immediately. The unfortunate custom of delivering set speeches from the tribune cost the loss of much valuable time; the debate waxed warm, the calling of the roll for the solemn taking of the oath to the Constitution resulted in the loss of another hour and a half, and to no purpose. No other resolution was taken: Bonaparte appeared."

After having been repulsed by the Five Hundred, Bonaparte, trembling with agitation, asked the soldiers, "Are you on my side?" "We are on the side of the Republic," came their reply. It was at this juncture that Lucien, President of the Council, harangued the troops. "What would have become of them," says Bernadotte in his narrative, "had Bernadotte been there?" Bonaparte felt this himself, for he said at the time: "I do not fear Bernadotte's consenting to my being assassinated; but he will harangue the troops, and that is what I dread."

When giving in all its *naïveté* Bernadotte's own narrative concerning the 18th Brumaire, I have not made any comment thereon; the reader has been able, without the aid of comments, to recognise full well a man solely occupied with his own interests, and almost seeing in Bonaparte merely a personal enemy, while hardly giving any attention to the enemy of the Fatherland. The man who is only thinking of himself is again to be met with in the

following lines. "Bonaparte," he says, "was informed the same evening of the words spoken by Bernadotte to the deputies assembled in his house in the Rue Cisalpine. The ideas expressed by him, although of a nature to be distasteful to Bonaparte, especially in what concerned his flight from Egypt and his designs against the liberty of France, were exaggerated by evil-disposed persons, and presented to Bonaparte as evident proof of a personal hatred." It may be asked of Bernadotte what grounds of complaint he has in regard to any exaggeration of his sentiment and its expression against the future tyrant of France—nay, her tyrant even then.

That which is to be deduced with as much pain as truth from this narrative of Bernadotte's, is how far from the thoughts of this so rabid a Republican then, and who has since then so well reconciled the compatibility of his royalty to his Republicanism of those days, was the great and lofty question of France's general liberty; how in all Bonaparte's usurpation he sees only that which is personal to him; how he is offended only at what affects him personally; how, while being offended and irritated, he does nothing of his own accord; how he seeks to screen himself behind Moreau, of whom he asks orders when Moreau is himself asking for orders; how he next asks them of the Directorate which no longer exists, then of the deputies who no longer exist themselves; and all this in order to make show of a courage which he does not possess, to parade an audacity which is not his,

and all this to escape his conscience and even stifle it.

This version of Bernadotte's, which confirms perfectly the idea enounced by several historians, who see in the whole of his political conduct no other principle than ambition and jealousy, seems to me to constitute the strongest accusation ever brought against him. He is, indeed, the ever-shrewd man whom Sieyès called "*feez et cortez*," but he is also the man who was there on the 18th Fructidor, on the 30th Prairial, ever waiting, while pushing others forward. Is this character proper to Bernadotte only, as a native-born Béarnais, or is it perhaps typical of the military character? We are destined to see many other developments of it, beginning with this fatal day.

Does not Augereau, on the 19th Brumaire itself, just as Bonaparte has consummated the decisive act of which Augereau has been the first to proclaim himself the adversary in so pretentious a fashion, come and say to him: "What's this, general? You make a *coup*, and you actually forget to call in the aid of your little Augereau"? The childish epithet "little," given to himself by the giant Augereau, is perhaps a mockery compared to the deserts of this man with so vulgar a soul; but his face-about, his advances to and his prostration before Bonaparte on this occasion constitute facts unfortunately too sad and too true. To resume the history of the scenes composing the 19th Brumaire, a worthy complement of the 18th.

The decree of translation was placarded in Paris, which was plunged in the gloomiest uneasiness, as the Councils were about to proceed to Saint-Cloud, where two chambers were prepared—the Orangerie for the Five Hundred, the Gallery of Mars for the Ancients. At early morn the two chambers were surrounded by the soldiery, but the officers commanding it did not know the object of the movement of which they were the instruments. Such was the melancholy fate of these soldiers—destroyers of the liberty which they believed, and still perhaps believe, they were serving. For it is in the name of liberty, in the name of the Republic, once more uttered with more enthusiasm than ever, that the final blows are going to be dealt against its existence!

On reaching Saint-Cloud the deputies strolled in groups about the garden, previous to assembling, seeking an explanation of the situation to which they had been brought. But their extraordinary removal, which was beginning to disconcert them, found them unprepared and incapable of any determination against a premeditated conspiracy; they felt unsettled and helpless in the face of a precise and prearranged aggression. Some of them heard with some awe Bonaparte, who, clothed in his military insignia, repeatedly remarked to the civil and military courtiers who came to watch Power: "I will; I intend that."

The two Councils opened their sittings, the Five Hundred being presided over by Lucien; one of the conspirators, Émile Gaudin, from that time one of

the most disgraced of men, and who was to be still more so as a member of the tribunate, ascends the tribune, and coupling cold and wicked irony with treachery, whose agent and mouthpiece he was, moved a vote of thanks to the Council of Ancients for the measures taken by it for the salvation of the Republic. At these words the most violent indignation manifested itself in the assembly, striking the deputies, who remained silent, with stupor. The deputy Grandmaison moved to renew the oath of maintaining the Constitution, and the Assembly as a body took it with an enthusiasm of which the conspirators themselves felt the effect.

Informed of what was taking place in the Council of Five Hundred, Bonaparte, fearing that his fellow-conspirators in the Ancients would not remain masters of the majority, entered their chamber and addressed them in the most confused fashion. To listen to him: "He had only been notified when entrusted with the decree of translation which he had just carried out; he and his comrades had merely obeyed; it was calumniating him to speak of military government, to assimilate him to Cæsar and to Cromwell; liberty had no stronger defender than himself. Moreover, four of the Directors having resigned, and the fifth being under surveillance, there was no longer any government." This in no wise improvised but deeply prepared falsehood was the basis of all the trickery and violence which were to lead up to the display of force necessary to the accomplishment of his outrage. "Moreover, he,

in his simplicity, was merely the executor of orders; he was awaiting those of the Council of Ancients."

One member sought to take Bonaparte at his word, and said to him: "Swear then with us obedience to the Constitution." The name of this deputy deserves a place in history; it was Linglet; this man, until then and subsequently little known, was one of the many who, bound by their conscience as well as by their oath to the Republic, considered it a crime not to be true to what they had sworn. Bonaparte, disconcerted for a moment, did not know what answer to make; but quickly recovering his audacity, he said that "the Constitution, having been violated at three different periods, no longer existed, and that fresh guarantees were required." At these words the conspirators applaud loudly enough to screen with their cries the astonished silence preserved by the other deputies who were not in the secret. Bonaparte, as if acquiring authority from the general assent of the Council of Ancients, and strong in his triumph, proceeds to the Council of Five Hundred; it will not be any more difficult for him to subjugate it by his eloquence than it was for him to subjugate the Council of Ancients; but, whatever Bonaparte's faith in his eloquence, he does not think it can dispense with an accompaniment of soldiers.

No sooner does the Council of Five Hundred perceive the General with his grenadiers, when it rises in a body by a spontaneous movement. "Down with the tyrant!" vociferate a number of deputies. Seizing the new Cromwell by the arm,

Bigonnet says to him: "Away with you, you audacious man; you are violating the law's sanctuary"; and the new Cromwell is hurried away by his grenadiers.

Is the Council going to declare itself *en permanence*, or return to sit in Paris? Sieyès is of opinion that no time should be lost, and that force should be resorted to. Lucien is in turn taken away from the Council by the grenadiers; he has, a few minutes ago, tendered his resignation, but audaciously resuming a title no longer his, he bestrides his horse, and tells the soldiery that, as President of the Council, he orders them to turn out of the Orangerie the brigands armed with stilettoes who call themselves representatives of the people, but who are merely representatives of the dagger. Bonaparte addresses the soldiers after his brother, in order to overcome their hesitancy; the deputies further paralyse them by the firmness of their demeanour and the liveliness of their words. Murat—he who has in the first days of the Directorate, and since then on several occasions, solicited by my influence the command of the Directorial Guard or that of the Guard of the *corps législatif*—now gives proof of the fidelity he has so repeatedly sworn with so much emphasis: he enters with a detachment at double-quick time and with levelled bayonets, and tells the deputies to leave the chamber if they value their lives; he is still met with cries of indignation and rage. The majority of the deputies keep their seats, and protest against the abuse of

force. How is he going to get the better of unarmed men whom the display of armed force does not disturb, who defy it, and who are prepared to face death? Even Murat's levelled bayonets no longer command respect; the effect of his military movement is cooling off; there is not a moment to be lost. Lucien, in his name and in the name of the General, orders the charge to be sounded. A reinforcement commanded by General Leclerc, Bonaparte's brother-in-law, enters immediately afterwards, in close column. "In the name of the law," says Leclerc, "the *corps législatif* is dissolved; let all good citizens go their way. Forward, grenadiers!" The noise of the drums redoubles, the grenadiers advance with fixed bayonets, and the deputies yield to force, exclaiming once more, "Long live the Republic!"

Too many others have described with cruel prolixity this lamentable scene, of which this is only the first day, and the consequences of which will be so fatal to the liberty of the world. The majority of the historians of this scene, which nevertheless had almost no other witnesses than his accomplices, agree in saying that Bonaparte stuttered and stood thunderstruck; that pallor overspread his countenance; that a cold sweat trickled down his face; and that he was more dead than alive when his grenadiers carried him away and saved him from the hands of the representatives of the people.

No one will charge me with seeking to exalt the conduct or to extol the courage which it is

believed the man lacked at the critical moment. While fully agreeing with those who have accused Bonaparte of weakness that the courage of the soul was not always his, and that in this respect of the soul he was on the contrary very weak, I will say that this is not at all the question at issue; the matter must be considered as a whole from the standpoint of the result.

The saddest feature about the 18th Brumaire is the triumph of blind force over reason, of the military over the civilian element. On this occasion perished the national representation, the freedom of the press, the popular institutions, all the guarantees which the French nation believed it had gained, the riches of the Republic, the lives of a million citizens; had anything remained of the Revolution, Bonaparte would have been wanting towards the principle of the day. The counter-revolution is launched; its basis is laid down.

To keep up for a few days more the phantom of the national representation, alleged legislative committees were appointed to draw up a constitution. Three provisional consuls—Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Roger-Ducos—were to govern until the alleged new social pact should be framed. But henceforth there was nobody but Bonaparte in France. Sieyès, whose vanity led him to expect the first place, at least as legislator, did not get even the second as ruler. The ideas of Bonaparte were those which prevailed in the debate.

The work of the alleged framing of the consti-

tution over, Bonaparte appointed himself First Consul, and took unto himself as coadjutors Cambacérès and Lebrun, with the title of Second and Third Consuls. The conspirators in the two Councils then divided among themselves the power and the wealth of the State under various more or less serious appellations; some called themselves senators, and called the others tribunes and even legislators. It was a way of making people believe that the national representation still existed in France, at a time when the nation was no longer to elect its functionaries.

While all this was taking place at Saint-Cloud, Fouché, guessing as usual who would be victorious, but having on this occasion nothing else to do than to be the fly on the wheel in order to be agreeable to the victor, had the barriers of Paris closed, doubtless to awe the inhabitants who might feel inclined to leave, but especially to be agreeable to Bonaparte, by placing all his subjects within his grasp; meanwhile others, animated by a similar sentiment, albeit differently expressed, towards their general-in-chief, all had coaches in readiness, in order to take their departure in case of a failure. Talleyrand's coach is perhaps the same as will again be in readiness for his departure on the 30th of March 1814, when the allies, gathered at his house after Marmont's capitulation on that day, will still be engaged in deliberating about the destinies of France. There is no occasion for the coaches to convey the conspirators to the frontier; they can

remain in France and carry the insolence of Talleyrand and his accomplices through the streets; they have triumphed; they are the masters.

However great my experience of men in the various countries wherein I had been and the circumstances wherein I had found myself, I must confess that I in no wise expected that the men who had on the previous day so voluntarily prostrated themselves before me, and protested their devotion to me—Macdonald, Moreau, and Beurnonville—should be the first to pursue so different a course on the following day; but that which astonished me over and above all was not only to see Bonaparte first and foremost in all this treachery, but to see him be the first to raise his voice against all the acts of the Revolution—acts in which he had not only participated, but of which he was the chief author. Had we the right to talk of the Constitution, he argued, when we had violated it on the 18th Fructidor? The scoundrel! Who then had fomented and created the 18th Fructidor, if not Bonaparte the very first, and he now accused us of it as of a crime; and this crime, indisputably his handiwork, gave him what he called the right to overthow the constitution of a country to which he owed fortune and education, and I might almost say birth.

It was not new to me that Bonaparte was, as Saliceti had told me, "capable of all things, in craftiness as in violence," but I confess that his treachery filled me with amazement. Imagine this

man, no less than myself, I may say, the primary author of the 18th Fructidor, reproaching us with the doings on that day, and drawing from it conclusions against us and in his favour; add to this impudent treachery his audacity, so well coupled with that of Lucien at the time he was strangling the national representation, in attacking the representatives of the people as assassins, in daring to give them this odious appellation, as if it could have been likely that unarmed deputies would have dreamt of attacking regular troops, and then in further calling them "representatives of the poniard." Keeping up this infamous comedy, did they not proclaim saviours of the Fatherland, *i.e.* General Bonaparte, two grenadiers who were totally ignorant of the fact. They gave them pensions as a reward for a thing they did not do, when the poor fellows did not themselves know what it was all about. With her customary candour, Josephine united with these knaves to give one of the alleged saviours, Thomé by name, a diamond worth 6000 francs, and to embrace him in the most effusive way for having protected the precious life of the husband she abhorred, and of the brother Lucien whom, if possible, she abhorred still more. Here we have a conglomeration of perfidious acts and audacity which in all these people, who are only at the outset of their careers, can give a fair idea of what they will do hereafter. What can France not expect of them?

Bonaparte has said that "all parties came to

him." This is another imposture added to so many others; it is he who on this occasion, as on every other, appealed to all parties, deceiving one through another, embittering them against one another, in order to push his way through the division thus created.

Like all great political events, the 18th Brumaire cannot of course be viewed as having its origin in a single cause; although the ambition of the man who is to derive benefit therefrom is a principal cause, it might perhaps not have been as decisive had it not been for the co-operation of the persons and circumstances Bonaparte came across, and which he knew how to turn to his advantage. Thus it cannot be overlooked, when surveying the principal authors of the 18th Brumaire, that the primary elements were to be found in the men who had brought about the triumph of the system of division through the *coup d'état* known as the law of the 22nd Floréal. The 30th Prairial, coming next as a revenge on the 22nd Floréal, had indeed smitten the authors of the divisions; but the deputies who had taken advantage of the triumph of the electoral divisions to make a forcible entrance into the *corps législatif*, in spite of the majority, had been branded and humiliated from the very outset; some of them had even been repeatedly subjected to threats, and threats engender and foster resentment. This resentment had been further increased by the act of the 30th Prairial, the consequences of which they had feared they would

themselves feel; they lived in constant dread of seeing them arise once more; hence all these individuals, whose false position was a source of uneasiness to them, yearned for a revolution which should overthrow and renew everything, thus concealing their political origin and securing impunity to them.

One of the most honourable of modern historians (M. Laurent, a lawyer) has accurately depicted the nature of the men surrounding Bonaparte, in order to exploit the fatal passions they had discovered in him. There existed in France at that time, he says, a faction composed of all the ambitious mediocrities, who looked upon the Revolution as merely an opportunity of making their fortunes. Tired of allowing itself to be dragged in the wake of the victorious ones succeeding one another but too rapidly on the political stage, this faction's most earnest desire was for a definitive dominating power affording a haven to its complaisance, and securing to it irrevocably the rewards of servility; this redoubtable faction was swayed to a great extent by three apostate priests, Republican deserters, who will continually be found mixed up with France's misfortunes. The triumvirate of Sieyès, Talleyrand, and Fouché can assuredly not be better described. When we add to them their lieutenants or sub-lieutenants, Rœderer, Réal, Regnaud de Saint-Jean d'Angely, and H. B. Maret—all these fellows opening wide their hungry maws for the purpose of swallowing the

national loaf, which their voracity had so long kept its eyes on—the melancholy fate prepared by these ravenous monsters for the Republic may well be guessed.

Among the executive agents claiming their share of merit in the doings of the 18th Brumaire is one more personage, who would doubtless consider himself very badly treated were history to omit recording his glorious feat of arms. Hence I must mention the episode of Colonel, later on General, Sébastiani.

Sébastiani met General Lefebvre, commanding the 17th division, who asked him by virtue of whose orders he was bestirring himself. Sébastiani replied most respectfully to him that it was "pursuant to an order of the superior authorities, the Directorate and the Council of Ancients"; this answer quieted Lefebvre, and he considered he was obeying a higher authority, which justified and prevailed over the infraction made to his, in accordance with military hierarchy. What further helped to deceive Lefebvre was that Sébastiani having asked him humbly and with an air of the most faithful devotion "to call on Bonaparte, general-in-chief," Lefebvre having consented to do so, in order to obtain information, had his eyes opened to the continuation of the comedy, and saw Bonaparte's imposture supported by the apparatus of the kind of army and some of the civil functionaries already grouped about him. Colonel Sébastiani, believing that since the victory of the 18th Brumaire was consummated, has thought it

important that the event should be crowned with a kind of aureole of braggadocio, has seen fit to state in social circles where he could speak with an assurance unexposed to denial that "not only did Bonaparte give him orders to sabre all who might have opposed the march of his regiment, but that he had himself resolved to do so of his own volition, because he would have been equal to the great deed of the 18th Brumaire,—he, and he alone,—had Bonaparte perished through some accident."

While not denying that Colonel Sébastiani sufficiently enjoyed the confidence of his Corsican compatriot to be commissioned by him to perpetrate a crime, I am enabled, both by my acquaintance with all that happened at the time, and by a certain personal knowledge of the man Sébastiani, to tell him that he has strangely deceived himself when arrogating to himself, in the affair of the 18th Brumaire, a *rôle* of posthumous intrepidity and superiority over General Lefebvre. Had Sébastiani dared to speak in the slightest equivocal fashion to his superior, General Lefebvre, the latter was sufficiently alive to his rights in the military hierarchy, and was endowed with so determined a character, strengthened by warm and choleric blood, that, in a matter about which he had not been deceived, the pigmy who nowadays boasts in full security would have there and then received the price of his impudence, and would have fallen dead at the feet of the intrepid commander of the vanguard of the Army of Sambre-et-Meuse, a fearless

man if ever there was one. Colonel Sébastiani was doubtless able to deceive a simple and sincere man, who in no wise expected a Corsican imposture, but it is false that he dared to speak, as he claims he did, to his very face, and utter any threat whatsoever; once more, Sébastiani would have been a dead man, and this is what General Lefebvre has since told me repeatedly, on recalling the fatal day in which he had played only a "secondary part," and "when, on the affair being settled," he found himself placed under the orders of General Bonaparte, as a result of the decree of the Ancients, and when the latter had the impudence to proclaim him his lieutenant. I have heard say that owing to his small stature, which he vainly tried to increase by holding his head up and elevating his nose, Sébastiani imagined he was sharing in all grandeurs, first and foremost in that of his master, Napoleon, with whom he claimed kinship while the latter was in power—a thing which, in parenthesis, he forbade him do. I have learnt that he boasted of many other feats of arms or misdeeds in which he prided himself. The matador has grievously deceived himself in regard to his share in the 18th Brumaire. Sébastiani did not show any daring on that day any more than he ever did on the field of battle. His fortune, his old and new nobility, his marriage which the Coignys have called a *mésalliance*—all these things are in no wise the reward of his courage, but of intrigue; this is what Bonaparte appreciated doubly when this faculty was coupled with nullity

of talent and of character. However much Colonel Sébastiani's prosperity may still grow, it will be impossible for him to give his fortune, and that which he has believed he might dare call his glory, any other genealogy than that derived from subordinate intrigue.

CHAPTER II

My conduct on the 18th Brumaire—Embarrassing position of a new government—Falsehood uttered by Talleyrand and Bruix—The men then able to save France—Reasons for their nullity—Bonaparte's superiority—A plea for mankind—A clever policy—My Odyssey—I go into retirement at Grosbois—Bonaparte desirous of employing me—His envoy—My letter—Fouché's admiration—His ignoble style—Another visit—Washington and Bonaparte—Death of Washington—His funeral oration—M. de Fontanes—Bonaparte's profound hypocrisy—Mme. Bonaparte at Grosbois—The *fermière* of Grosbois—Bonaparte's praises sung by his wife—She seeks to induce me to accept a public office—My reply—Our correspondence—Strange disinterestedness of Sieyès—Bonaparte's corrupting system—Sieyès accepts, asks, and takes—His rapacity causes an estrangement between him and a woman of wit—I send back my Directorial furniture—The Secretary Lagarde—Infamous act of treachery—Guidal, Frotté, and Chamberlac—The First Consul's gratitude towards Baudoin—Bonaparte's first machinations against me—M. La Bernadière—Talk between Bonaparte and Guérin—Calumniatory accusations in regard to the letters-patent—Indignation of my colleagues and of Sieyès himself—Monstrous defamation—Fournier, "the American"—Delicate souvenir of Bernadotte—A review of his Ministry—Bonaparte disparages it—What should be thought of it—A general-in-chief—Preamble of the review—Brune president of the War Committee—Bernadotte a simple councillor—Honourable trait of his life—A conscription law—The two articles—The attack and the defence—Bonaparte's fury—He regrets that he did not have Bernadotte's secretary shot—Aim of Lucien and the other conspirators—They gorge themselves with gold.

Brumaire, Year VIII.—I have narrated truthfully, I may even say with candour, all that I did in the course of the events leading up to the 18th Brumaire; nor have I concealed that on the day itself I may perhaps have incurred grave censure,

whether I be charged with having forgotten all my revolutionary experience and with having been wanting in foresight, or whether it is argued that I lacked firmness on the day itself by appearing not to resist the actual event. Nevertheless, those who possess an accurate knowledge of the state of things and of persons at that juncture are capable of themselves estimating the bearing of any efforts I might have made. I was perhaps really tired of a lengthy tenure of office, and even of the result of the victories I had found myself in the necessity of winning over the various factions opposed to us. Moreover, the instantaneous ascendency conferred by civil victories is not and cannot be durable; when those who have won them remain in power, it is difficult and almost impossible for them not to make many malcontents by the mere fact of the organisation of a new social order, wherein so many wounded interests meet with disappointments. When these malcontents, whose existence is in the very nature of things, are joined by all those who having succumbed see their ambitions frustrated by their defeat, it will be seen how many troubles are in store for the government which has remained on its legs. All these troubles smoulder and are in preparation more or less in silence, pending the time when they will burst forth; when this moment arrives, and the secretly-conducted workings of opinion have reached their term, where are the human resources which will be able to oppose it?

Hence, to speak in a precise fashion, and without

seeking to conceal anything of my individuality in this affair, I ask my most persistent accusers what they imagine I should have accomplished had I ridden into the Faubourg Saint-Antoine or to the *corps législatif.* Who would have followed me when all the civil, military, and even suburban populations, for so long worked upon, were rushing towards Bonaparte as if towards a fresh existence? Will those who had for so long brought me into disrepute and rendered me unpopular, blame me for not having employed the forces they had deprived me of? These forces, I confess, I felt I no longer possessed; if they supported and accompanied me in all preceding revolutions, I have always recognised that I had been victorious only because I had the people on my side and went onward with them.

At the time of the 18th Brumaire where can the people be said to have been, when the Council of Five Hundred itself did not know whither to turn, and lost sight of the fact that revolutions, like all human things reaching their maturity, cannot be begun over again as on the first occasion—in short, that the river has flowed down to the sea, and does not flow back to its source?

No, I was not in the least in my bath, as has been stated, although it would have been a most likely and readily explained thing, considering the shattered state of my health. I was up and very much awake on the morn of the 18th Brumaire; I confess the explosion took place forty-eight hours

before I expected it; then, having calculated all possible chances, I could but see that any man riding through the streets of Paris and calling upon the citizens of the town and suburbs, would no more be listened to than was Cleomenes when he went through Egypt calling the Egyptians to liberty.

It was in this state of calm and firm reflection over our internal and external position, in this rigorous analysis of truth and the true inwardness of matters, that Talleyrand and Bruix found me. They were, it is true, two extremely cunning individuals, and I was fully aware of it; but between craftiness applied to private interests, a craftiness sometimes defensible even on moral grounds—between such craftiness and a betrayal of all that is most sacred, I thought there was not only a shade, but an incommensurable distance. These two men, who had obtained my confidence and protection through their attachment to the Republic, doubtless feigned, but expressed in so many demonstrations, and whom I was justified in believing grateful by reason of all the benefits they had received at my hands, came to me with a genuine ascendency in order to deceive me, when they told me on their honour that, quite apart from Sieyès and Roger-Ducos, Gohier and Moulins had tendered their resignation, which left me all by myself: what then could become of me as a solitary fraction? I will admit that, considering the engagement entered into but a few moments before with the two last-named worthy colleagues, I ought to have placed faith in them, and not have suffered

my mind to be governed by what was told me in their name rather than by what they had told me themselves.

Now, after having shown that I was not afraid of laying bare my personal conduct, or of denying anything with which I might be reproached, I am assuredly entitled to examine what was, on the 18th Brumaire, the behaviour of the men of that period most important by their names and the reputation attached to their antecedents, of the men, in short, who were in a position to resist the audacious promoter of the counter-revolution—to wit, the men whom the confidence of the people had awarded the highest place in public opinion, such as Jourdan, Augereau, and especially Bernadotte, all in Paris at the time and relying on the authorities of which they formed an integral part. I do not speak of Macdonald, Beurnonville, or even Moreau, in spite of his military talents: these gentlemen, having adopted a course hostile to liberty, rank here only in connection with treason. What would not have been the ascendency obtained by all these famous personages, all these children of the Revolution, these glorious parvenus, had they in the first instance declared themselves in the *corps législatif*, where they had the right to make themselves heard, if they had but harangued the troops then under arms! There can be little doubt that had such men, collectively and individually known to the population of Paris as well as to the whole army, showed themselves hostile to Bonaparte's undertaking, the soldiers, by

whom they were held in honour and respect, appealed to by Bernadotte, Jourdan, and Augereau, would have rallied to them—in other words, to the national representation. Yes, I will do these men, who were truly on the same plane as Bonaparte, the honour of repeating that, as between them and him, the soldiery and the people would have remained faithful to the Fatherland, of which they had until then been the representatives, and there would have been nothing for them to do but to put into execution the decree of outlawry.

But shall it be denied, or shall it be confessed? Yes, it must be confessed: these men so truly brave and intrepid on the battlefield, when the voice of a superior or civil command made it a law unto them, had not in them the spontaneity of a primary decision; they knew but to wait for orders, as Bernadotte has explicitly stated in the words since recorded by himself: "I shall do nothing as a citizen; but if the Directorate or the *corps législatif* gives me an order . . ." Well, unfortunate man—and none the less unfortunate although seated nowadays on thy hyperborean throne—when was it ever more necessary to be truly a citizen than on the day when the fate of the city was in the scales, when it was a matter of saving the established social order from a violent attack made by main force against it, when it was a question of opposing the crossing of the Rubicon, and preventing the entry of the usurper into Rome, and saving the liberal civilisation of the world from the encroachments of Cæsar? Was it ever

more necessary to be a citizen? When were our chief duty and our chief rights more plainly indicated for those who would have been willing to understand? Victorious men of Fleurus, heroes of the bridge of Lodi and of Castiglione, will the greatest of your glories ever equal the one which awaited you on this occasion?

Well, in spite of the deep sorrow, and, I dare to add, in spite of all the humiliation which these recollections arouse in me, I should consider myself wronging my conscience were I, in presence of the tribunal of history before which we are all arraigned according to our deeds, and where our reticences are judged as well as our confessions, to hesitate to admit that there was on this occasion a man truly superior to all the others, not only by audacity, activity, and talent, but still more so by his high degree of intelligence and his strength of will. Born with this will, which on many occasions previous to his elevation he had been compelled to curb, Bonaparte knew how to conceal within himself this superior power, to which he felt he had owed his early successes, and to which he would in the future entrust his destinies. He had taken the measure of the human herd, as he had so often said, and in particular when he remarked to Bernadotte: "They promise much and perform little." It was owing to his will-power that he had previously, both on revolutionary and on military days, been the man of action and of decision; this will was going to secure victory for him during a long time, until the day

when it would be broken by his protracted abuse of it.

With his prompt sagacity, Bonaparte had seen all that was uncertain about and prejudicial to his designs in the matter and even in the form of the affair of the 18th Brumaire; but feigning not to believe in any opposition whatsoever, in order better to deceive the vulgar herd by placing his opponents themselves in a false position, he affected to be convinced, in order to better convince the others, that everybody was on his side; he gave all the military men who were pointed out to him as having been least favourably disposed to him, swords of honour bearing the inscription: "18th Brumaire." Pursuant to his policy, it was necessary that a man should have compromised himself in his service.

During the course of all the revolutionary events which I have reviewed, I had for a very long time been fortunate enough to be the spectator of the triumphs of the Republic only—triumphs for which I may claim my share of honour. From the very outset, I was fully alive to the regrets and sorrows following in the wake of victories won in civil wars. It was Frenchmen, fellow-citizens, nay, even patriots whom, in the various battles of the Revolution, it was necessary to fight and smite to the ground, in order to make the great cause prevail; for in revolutions, as in war, there is no third party. "One does not fight in triangular fashion," said an old comrade-in-arms to Carnot, who sought to create a third party previous to the 18th Fructidor. There are

never but two contending armies; those who are not with us are against us; it is the very force of things which suffers no other distinction, since one must either vanquish or be vanquished, *i.e.* vanquish or perish.

But if it was impossible to make such distinctions at Toulon, on the 9th Thermidor, on the 13th Vendémiaire, and on the 18th Fructidor, even when victory crowned our side, is there anybody to believe that the very thought of these victories does not inflict a certain pain on him who has won them—a pain the actual source of which lies in the feeling of humanity? Joined with this feeling is that of the kind of moral exhaustion rather than the physical one, which makes one recoil from renewing battles which one has always survived, not to say with honour and with a clear conscience. All the battlefields strewn with the *débris* of defeat, all the measures which have followed and which have been indispensable to maintain the triumph, all these things bring with them an actual attenuation of our forces, and cause one to despair of things human. Hence it is possible that, even with the probability of a fresh triumph had I made the effort, I did not feel in me the desire of once more putting a hand to the wheel. I was far from believing that the Republic could no longer be sustained, and that its time had now come. I believed that its constitution might at the very outside be modified in regard to certain portions, the weakness of which experience had demonstrated; that perhaps the Republic needed rejuvenating, especially by the

renewal of individuals, beginning with myself, who was fully determined to withdraw voluntarily and to abdicate all power most sincerely; but I have ever been of the opinion that the victorious principle of Europe should constitute the object of the respect of all Frenchmen, who were destined to the lowest opprobrium were they to betray or to forsake the principle of the noble cause for which they had made so many sacrifices.

I now reach private life: it is no longer a proud Iliad I have to narrate, but a real Odyssey, since for a long time to come I shall not be suffered to return to my Fatherland.

I had been hardly twenty-four hours at Grosbois when Bonaparte, who had in the first instance seemed to treat my existence with contempt, thought he could no longer treat it with the indifference he had manifested, and so caused me to be asked what place would be to my liking in the new government. Fouché, who was entrusted with this mission, offered me everything on behalf of his master, even the title of *connétable*, which should be re-established for me. I led Fouché into my garden, and said to him: "This is the only place I wish to occupy henceforth." On Fouché pressing me, and telling me I must reply to Bonaparte in writing, so as to testify to his having fulfilled his mission, I wrote the following letter:—

GROSBOIS, *20th Brumaire.*

Since you see fit, pursuant to I know not what political interest or to what personal feeling, to follow my existence in my retreat,

I have the right, not only as former chief of the Republic but as citizen, and further because of our early relations, to deliver a few remarks on the state of things.

You have just overthrown the government established by the will of the nation and sanctioned by the consent of Europe. This government may perhaps have lost the means of protecting the constitution which had instituted it; these means should have been strengthened, and this was no reason for such an outrage as the one you perpetrated the day before yesterday, by calling to your aid the enemies of the Republic and your own, the very enemies against whom the Directorate had protected you when they were attacking you. You have compromised your glory, you have justified the most sinister presentiments of the friends of liberty, by overthrowing more than men, institutions. The ambitious man who should seek to re-establish a throne, would gain but an ephemeral enjoyment; a few days more perhaps than that of Masaniello and Rienzi would not save him from the same destiny. France's perfidious enemies, the partisans of tyranny and of the foreigner, are grouping themselves around the new-born power, in order to lead it astray to their advantage. Their oaths are on a par with their praises. Liberty and equality constitute the needs of the French people, and representative government is their expression, more or less modified by reason and experience: place therefore the edifice on a more solid basis. Washington made it his glory to preserve the Republic. My decision not to return to public affairs is irrevocable; my last wishes are that the Republic should emerge triumphant from this political crisis: honour is in store for the founders of the liberty of nations, opprobrium for the tyrants and slaves. Can a lofty soul hesitate in its choice?

BARRAS.

I read to Fouché, who was waiting for my reply, this letter, written with all the emotion of a heart which had not yet despaired of liberty and of Bonaparte's final intentions. Fouché not only signified approval, but even used the word "admira-

tion"; he told me I was "truly eloquent in my feelings and in the expression thereof; that it was impossible for Bonaparte to remain indifferent to such true and penetrating arguments; that therein lay the right path for him to tread; that beyond that or on either side of it yawned an abyss wherein Bonaparte and his flatterers would perish wholly, crew and cargo; that those who were of the same opinion as himself (Fouché), liberty's veterans, although not in great numbers about him, these veterans were certainly a power from the fact of their true character; that although they had been unable, in the midst of the turmoil, to lay down their conditions in writing, there nevertheless existed most real conditions anterior and posterior to any 18th Brumaire; that we required liberty, not merely civil liberty, the only one mentioned, with a view to restriction, but political liberty in its entirety; that we would have it; that were Bonaparte and Sieyès to oppose this, they would soon be brought to their senses, and killed like toads."

Such was Fouché's language, which I have in no wise embellished. I have never in the course of the Revolution known anything more ignoble than the conversation of this man, whom it has been sought to credit with so considerable a fund of wit. At all events there is a certain kind of wit which cannot be denied him, as the English would say, but it is a fact that the externals of this wit were extremely coarse.

Fouché leaves me after all these protestations,

which he renews again and again: he is mine and the Republic's unto death; it is a real pleasure for him to deliver my letter to Bonaparte, and he will not let that slippery eel escape him should it try to glide out of his hand.

A couple of days later Fouché returns to Grosbois to see me, out of friendship and out of fidelity to one no longer in power; my friends believe that he comes more especially to make sure of my person, to ascertain who my visitors are, to concert police measures which will be taken subsequently, and to plant his spies in advance. On my questioning him in regard to my letter, in short to Bonaparte's reply, he appeared hardly to remember that whereof we had spoken, and with so convinced an air on his part. I was compelled to ask him several times "what Bonaparte had thought of my letter." After seeming to seek for an answer, he burst into a laugh, and taking me by the hand and by the arms, and patting me affectionately, he said: "My dear Barras," once more "thouing" and "theeing" me as in the past, "I did not, on the spur of the moment, recollect that thou hadst used the name of Washington in your letter; it was on seeing this name that Bonaparte's face assumed the most grave and contemptuous mien thou didst ever see him put on. 'What has Washington to do in the matter?' he asked me. 'What does Barras mean by all this? There is no other way to establish a government than to seize it, and not let go hold of it when once in your grasp. Barras is still up to the neck in his

Republican ideas; he talks nonsense like an old woman.'" A month after this speech Washington dies; Bonaparte commissions M. de Fontanes to write his funeral oration. This suffices to show the extent of the individual's hypocrisy, which is now only beginning to show itself.

Fully acquainted with Bonaparte's ways, which consisted more frequently in appearing to disdain what he most desired, in order to divert attention from his real aim, I could believe either that he had not spoken his thoughts to Fouché, or that both of them had come to an understanding, the object of which was to make me accept some office, which acceptance would constitute a recognition of the new government, Fouché's tactics being not to appear thinking of his original idea. I was not giving a single thought to these people, and I was sincerely desirous that they should not trouble themselves about me, when, on the day following Fouché's second visit, I was informed just after dinner that a lady had arrived from Paris in her carriage, which she could not leave, as she was in poor health, so she urgently requested me to go out and speak to her.

Great was my surprise on seeing in the person alleging sickness and desirous of talking to me Mme. Bonaparte, wearing a black veil, and dressed in black from head to foot. "It is not mourning for your friendship that I wear; I am sure, my dear Barras," she said, taking my two hands, "that you are still my friend, and that you do not doubt my

friendship. Were it nothing more than gratitude, how much do I not owe you?" "But, madame," I replied, "you are well acquainted with the house to which you have come; it is the same where you once enjoyed a hospitality by which you seemed to me to have set some store. I do not know why you should wish to remain in your carriage and not enter the château, the premises of which you are very well acquainted with." She answered me that "she had come from Paris altogether by stealth, taking advantage of Bonaparte's being busily engaged, telling him that she was going out to make purchases necessary to her new position; that he was under the impression that she was in Paris, nay, in the quarter in which they resided; that she had taken upon herself to leave everything in order to see me for a moment, and to speak frankly with me about everything interesting us."

Since Mme. Bonaparte is desirous of speaking to me about things so essentially interesting us, I beg she will step out of her carriage for a moment, and enter the château which she knows as well as anybody.

Hardly has she walked into my room in mysterious fashion, than she flings her arms about my neck, then about my knees, which she tightly embraces, bedewing them with her tears. "My friend," she says, "why are we not man and wife? Why did you not marry me when I was free?" "But then, I was not free: my wife was merely absent; and if I have not always been strictly faithful to the matri-

monial contract, it is nevertheless a fact that I have never dreamt of getting separated from my wife, whom I esteem; although I am not the slave of prejudice, the idea of divorce has always been repellent to me." "But is there no way of arranging matters without a divorce, when friendship exists between two people who do not wish to stand upon ceremony? Briefly, I will be the *fermière* of Grosbois; I shall be happier than I am at present, and than I am going to be in the Palace of the Luxembourg and even in that of the Tuileries, for as late as yesterday Bonaparte spoke of our taking up our abode there: no longer will the Luxembourg suffice him. But no, Barras, it is not the question of divorce which separated you from me in the early days of the Directorate: it is Mme. Tallien, Mme. Mailly, and Mme. Château-Renaud, whom you preferred to me; when I saw that you had made up your mind in this respect, I gave up my place to these ladies, and I even think I displayed the resignation and accommodating spirit of a friend. I know that gentleness is the only weapon of our sex, that no other has a better chance of success; and so, Barras, I do not believe that you had cause to complain of me, for I uttered no reproach to you at the time; I wished that you should be happy through me; not having had the means of pleasing and retaining you, I would have been consoled with the idea that others would make you happy. But, had it not been for these cruel disappointments of my heart, I should not be bound with a chain of

iron. You know what made me marry Bonaparte, and whether I have ever been able to love a man so deceitful, so wicked, and so tyrannical. You know the truth in all this, as well as all I told you but a few months ago, when we were informed that he had died in Egypt." Mme. Bonaparte could see from my face that I considered the harangue somewhat lengthy, and especially very illogical, considering the pretext of her visit, the object of which she had told me I was. My lack of satisfaction plainly said to her what was actually passing through my mind, to wit: "What has all this to do with our position and your arrival at Grosbois, for after all you are going to return to Bonaparte's marital bed, and you do not intend to share mine to-night." "Ah, I see, my friend, that I am speaking to you at too great a length about myself; if my heart has led me astray for a while on seeing you once more, it is its duty to remind me at once that I have come on a matter which concerns you, and deeply at that, for your tranquillity and your very existence are at stake. Bonaparte, most ungrateful of men, is undoubtedly not grateful to you in his innermost heart, but he cannot shake off in the eyes of the people the appearances of a gratitude with which his heart is not burdened; he must therefore needs pretend to have preserved with you relations connected with such a sentiment; were people not to believe in them, he would be despised by all, even by your enemies. He must consequently keep up this *rôle*, and he can impose on the people only by rallying

you to himself and connecting you ostensibly with his government. Suppose for a moment that I have a mission in this connection (I give you my word of honour I have none, that Bonaparte is absolutely ignorant of my visit to you, that he thinks that I am at my dressmaker's and at my jeweller's, quite close to him, just at the time I am at your side), but what I am telling you originates with me: it is my attachment to you and your interests which makes me dwell on the necessity, the political necessity at the very least, of rallying to Bonaparte; he cannot, after all that has been said and done during the past few days, appear to be offering himself officiously to you, for he is the cynosure of all eyes, and, since he has overthrown the Directorate, he cannot say he did wrong, and he would seem to be confessing to this were he to run after you. You must therefore, my friend, lend yourself to the circumstances—not that it is necessary, I admit, to make advances to those who have just behaved to you in so outrageous a fashion. Far from me to counsel you such a step: it would be unworthy of your character; I will only say to you that you should accept something commensurate with your position, something which would not lower you, considering the magistracy you have just held. Then will Bonaparte feel easy in regard to you; it will furnish him the means of representing your reciprocal conduct as the best answer to those who may seek to accuse either of you; you will thus mutually defend each other. I do not draw from this the conclusion, and I do not ask, that you

will for that love or esteem each other any the more; but the public will accept and believe all that will be told to it, and this is what is of import to Bonaparte, who knows full well that nothing can be done without the support of public opinion, which ever needs to be mystified at the very least."

I thanked Mme. Bonaparte for all the eloquence she had just displayed in my favour, but I replied to her that my position was not any source of anxiety to me; that, both from motives of conscience and out of weariness, I had retired to private life, and that I did not wish to quit it.

I saw Mme. Bonaparte into her carriage, who might have preserved her incognito had she not been accompanied by a confidential valet whom all my servants knew, and who gossiped with them whilst Mme. Bonaparte was upstairs.

In no wise considering herself beaten, Mme. Bonaparte wrote to me, in her shrewd and crafty manner, a letter, wherein, with the measured terms of epistolary style, she renewed her request and even her entreaties that I should accept some important post in the new government. I replied to Mme. Bonaparte with the following letter:—

GROSBOIS, *25th Brumaire, Year VIII.*

I have received, Madame, the letter which you have taken the trouble of writing to me; my answering it would have given rise to discussions which I am compelled to avoid. I resigned the functions I exercised in the popular government because I had no means of defence to oppose to the power of the bayonets which overthrew it. Faithful to what I have sworn, I have

refused to swell the list of those who have betrayed the Republic, and to rally to the man who has seized upon the power, and who has constantly been under obligations to me.

The difficulty you found in feeding the mules which your husband left on his departure for Egypt, caused you to send them to me at Grosbois; they have been cared for there since that time; I have commissioned my stud-groom, Noël, to deliver the four mules to you. Please give him a receipt for them.

I have the honour, etc.

BARRAS.

Gohier, undoubtedly the most honourable of my colleagues, has made thoroughly known in his Memoirs all that had been personal in the conduct of Sieyès in those days: how, after having appropriated unto himself all the funds which remained in the Directorate, although they in no wise belonged to him, he obtained the estate of Crosnes as the reward of his disinterestedness. The mere enunciation of such facts, when they are patent, carries with them their own and full condemnation. I might, without showing myself as severe as I have the right to be on this occasion towards Sieyès, pronounce it curious that his accomplices and the *rapporteurs* of this strange proposition should have coupled with it words of praise, attributing delicacy and virtue to Sieyès in that he deigned to accept the gift. These words of praise might indeed have been looked upon as genuine irony, when it is taken into consideration that the apologists have, in this connection, compared Sieyès to the most virtuous legislators of ancient times. The comparison cannot be looked upon as otherwise than ironical. Whatever the examples,

ancient and modern, chosen as texts, it is neither Lycurgus, Solon, Numa Pompilius, Franklin, nor Jefferson who took or accepted money in payment of the legislation they gave their country. The most serious thing in my eyes in connection with this circumstance is Bonaparte's deep-rooted idea, not only to corrupt those whose opposition he had cause to dread owing to a somewhat high reputation, but to begin by sapping this reputation, to imprint the seal of corruption on all likely to stand in his way, and to set before all those whose services he had to call in aid, the example and the attraction of the fortune which would be the reward of their devotion to his ideas. The corruption exercised in the case of Sieyès was the continuation of the system already put in vogue by Bonaparte in Italy, and was a presage of the system which was to preside over the new reign. As for myself, far from adding anything to what may justly be said against Sieyès on this occasion, with which the ruin of the Republic is but too truly connected, that which I find saddest is to see in it one of the most notable successes of the corrupting system of Bonaparte, who, after having so easily encroached upon and destroyed one of the highest political reputations of France, will henceforth find no further obstacles when so often putting this system into application. Without seeking to diminish the wrong-doing of Sieyès, by looking upon him as having merely accepted and not asked—although he did more than ask and accept, since he had begun by taking the money remaining in the

chest of the Directorate, money which did not belong to him, and which he appropriated by virtue of a bit of most ridiculous sophistry, to say the least—I cannot help regretting that so remarkable a genius should have yielded to such a weakness, and should have suffered himself to be so unfortunately mystified by Bonaparte. A woman of great wit, who was then on a most intimate footing with Sieyès, openly broke off from him, saying to him: "If you wish me to speak to you again, begin by making restitution of the two millions you have taken from the nation." As to Sieyès, whose mind was made up, he replied: "At least, with a good carriage, I am not exposed to being elbowed and insulted by the aristocrats, when meeting them in the street; it is my turn now to bespatter them with mud." There is no one who will consider this an answer. Was the Revolution made to enable patriots to adopt the vices and take the carriages of the aristocrats? Such was not its primary object, and it should not have been its end.

If I have not been able to abstain from mentioning a fact which justly incurred Gohier's censure and universal reprobation, it is not because I was desirous of sharing that I regretted the seizing by one man of that which truly belonged to all, if the right of disposing of it is admitted in principle. I do not even conceive, on an occasion of such import to the destinies of the world, any one's dwelling upon the petty fact of a few *écus* carried away in the midst of the turmoil. When a whole house is the prey of flames, it is not the loss of a piece of furniture, how-

ever valuable it may be, which troubles him who loses all at one stroke. As for myself, indifferent to all details at the time of my departure for Grosbois, it was my opinion that I should care just as little about them when, a short time after, I was informed of what had happened. Like my colleagues, I had a coach and horses for my private use; they were even at Grosbois, owing to my hurried departure; they had been given to me, and great was the surprise when I sent them back to the Luxembourg. I was not desirous of retaining that portion of the furniture which was altogether personal to me, and the right to which could not be contested. There were likewise a certain number of works to which the Directorate had subscribed for the benefit of its members; the secretary-general to the Consuls, Lagarde, wrote to me, offering to send them to me as soon as they should be finally issued, and begging my acceptance of the remaining numbers to which I was entitled. I considered it beneath me to reply to him, even by a refusal, which I expressed by my silence. I would have considered that I was essentially lacking in all I owed to myself had I, by means of any connection whatsoever, even that of the most insignificant act of politeness, kept up an intercourse with the malefactors who had seized upon the Luxembourg Palace.

The 18th Brumaire is consummated; the 19th is a thing of the past; as is the case in revolutions, the audacity of the conquerors is increased by their first successes. The victors have taken possession

of all offices and posts; the vanquished seek retreats, and would even hide themselves in rat-holes. None dare sleep at home. Jourdan asks an asylum of his former lieutenant, Lefebvre, whose wife treats with every consideration the former general-in-chief of the Army of Sambre-et-Meuse; Bernadotte, although he is protected by Joseph, and has arranged for several means of retreat in case of need, believes he is not in safety at home, and sleeps elsewhere. He seeks refuge at Mme. Marbot's, the wife of the general recently deprived of the command of the 17th division, who lives at the corner of the little Rue Verte, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. All those who are suspected of having shown an inclination to resist the 18th Brumaire, and who certainly did not dare conspire, are charged with conspiracy by the conspirators themselves; they suffer themselves to be overpowered by this delation, and disperse as if indeed guilty. Are they entirely wrong in mistrusting the clemency so noisily proclaimed?

It has been seen how, a few days previous to the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte was causing advances to be made to the Chouan party, for the purpose of inducing it to act against the Directorate. Having now overthrown the Directorate, he is enabled to treat on his personal authority. He affects forgetfulness of the fact that his advances were disdained, when but a short while ago he sought out the Chouans. Now that he is master of everything, they can but place full confidence in him. He therefore sends word to M. de Frotté to proceed to

Alençon, in order to settle the terms of a treaty; the Vendean goes thither in all security, and with no means of defence. General Guidal was then in command at Alençon. Entrusted with the mission, which he thought genuine, of treating with M. de Frotté, he invited the valorous Vendean general to proceed, on the strength of honour and treaties, to Alençon, in order to discuss and settle a peace desired by all. Frotté arrives, tired out with a thirty leagues' journey; he asks Guidal to permit him to rest awhile on the lounge in his drawing-room; his aides-de-camp likewise enjoy a rest in adjacent rooms. Guidal was under the orders of Lieutenant-General Chamberlac; he informs his superior officer that Frotté is in his house, and that the conference could take place immediately. Chamberlac replies: "I shall be with you in a quarter of an hour." In the meantime Frotté and Guidal were chatting together, when the latter noticed that his house was being surrounded by grenadiers and gendarmerie. Guidal, trembling with apprehension, saw General Chamberlac enter his drawing-room followed by twenty grenadiers, who laid hands on Frotté. Guidal, driven to despair, asks the reason of this violation of good faith, and is answered: "That concerns me." Frotté, seized and bound, looks General Chamberlac in the face with as much indignation as contempt. As he is being violently removed he grasps the hand of Guidal, saying to him: "I believe you incapable of this act of treachery; I know the executioner who has deceived us both; I am resigned. Tell the tyrant,

my murderer, who will murder you just as he is going to murder me, that I died like a brave man." Frotté was shot; a short while after, Guidal was deprived of his command; a few years will show the fulfilment of the prophecy of the unfortunate Frotté. What a sinister omen! What a development of perfidy does not such an act of the consular government promise, almost the day after its installation! Such is Bonaparte's *début*.

Among the traits which are about to lay bare the character of France's new master, there has been quoted one revealing the sentiment which will govern his exercise of power. On the eve of the 18th Brumaire the necessary proclamations and circulars had been printed by Baudoin, printer-in-ordinary to the *corps législatif*. By co-operating to such an affair Baudoin believed he had given strong proofs of devotion, and that he could in full confidence ask Bonaparte if he was satisfied. Bonaparte's reply was: "What you have just done for me, you might do for another; I no longer require you." He caused his printing establishment to be suppressed, and ruined this tradesman, saying plainly: "The man who has had the printing of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety cannot continue to be the printer of my government."

Bonaparte was not long in venting his displeasure and resentment upon me, in every way and under every pretext which could be found to create trouble for me and make me lose the good opinion of the

Republicans, one most dear to me and earned by my life's behaviour. I have narrated what had happened in the Directorate, two months before the 18th Brumaire, in regard to the propositions made to me by one of the most subordinate of intriguers, one Fauche-Borel. It will be remembered that matters had been taken in hand by Talleyrand and his agent, M. Guérin; they had not achieved anything, but they had prepared everything, and we had thought we could do no better than[1] . . .

As a result of the first successful results of M. Guérin's mission to Fauche-Borel, it had been decided that he should continue it, and start again with fresh instructions. M. Guérin's mission was to go as far as Russia, there to discover that portion of the secrets of the Court of Louis XVIII. which had been merely outlined at Wesel, to undo the work of the royal agencies in that country, and lastly, to ascertain all that Fauche-Borel's mysterious announcement had conveyed; we were desirous of drawing to France all who were still in foreign parts, and M. Guérin, a man of great shrewdness and sang-froid, guaranteed he would do it. He had not got any farther than Mayence, a few days after the 18th Brumaire, when he was ordered to return immediately. It was from Reinhard, who had succeeded Talleyrand, that he had received his latest passport; but it was by Talleyrand, who had again become a Minister, that he was being recalled, and

[1] Two lines left blank in the manuscript.—G. D.

before whom he expected to appear, when he received from Talleyrand a notification, written by La Bernadière, one of his head clerks, then a request, in the name of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "to call that same day, the 25th Brumaire, on the citizen Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic. In order not to experience any delay, the citizen Guérin would state, on reaching his residence, that he came by appointment."

Bonaparte's object in sending for the citizen Guérin was to obtain from him words that might compromise me, by getting him to say that "he was in this matter my personal agent and not the Directorate's." The contrary was proved by the documents themselves, and by the secret register of the Directorate, wherein everything had been recorded after unanimous deliberations. But it suited Bonaparte, who wished for a little while yet to speak the language of the Republic, to spread abroad that I had betrayed it, and that he was there to defend it. Hence, as if the return of the Bourbons constituted a real danger from which the Republic was being saved by him alone, he began by saying, supplying, as was his wont, both question and answer: "So long as I reign, the Bourbons shall not return to France"; and without pausing to listen to any explanation from the citizen Guérin, who believed he had not been called for any other purpose, he dismissed him, remarking that "although he was strictly in order, he considered him an agent of Barras and of Louis XVIII., and that as such, he

would be watched. On the following day Bonaparte, noticing my former secretary, Botot, said to him in a tone of calculated fury, the object of which was to terrify and disgrace me by letting all those present hear his words: "Had I known on the 18th of the affair of the letters-patent of Barras, I should have had them placed on his breast, and had him shot."

My colleagues, who knew the whole truth of an affair whereof they were not only accomplices but actors to perhaps a greater extent than myself, remarked on hearing this sally that "the First Consul was mistaken; that I was as free from Bourbonism as any one in this affair." I have heard that Sieyès himself, against whom I had so much cause for complaint, and who had become my personal enemy from the fact of his act of treason, had been unable to refrain from openly doing me justice, and that he had gone as far as to say: "Barras may perhaps be censured for many things; in regard to the Wesel affair there is no sense in censuring him; he is as pure and blameless as ourselves." Fouché and Talleyrand, possessing all the circumstances just as well as Sieyès, held their peace, since they lacked any better way of flattering the passion of Bonaparte. In order to be able to kill me later on, it was necessary to render me unpopular and make me fall into disrepute in the first instance. Hence was the attempt made to calumniate me in regard to a circumstance the contradiction of which was to be found, not only in the official acts of the Directorate, but

in the confirming testimony of all my surviving colleagues in that body.

Beaten so thoroughly on this point, did they not conceive the idea of going back to the early days of the Revolution, and causing to be written against me outrageously libellous pamphlets, at one time on the events of the 6th of October 1789, at another on the September massacres, and even on those in the prisons of Orleans, wherein it was sought to implicate me, although I was not there, on the testimony of one of the most shameless scoundrels of the Revolution, one Fournier, otherwise known as "the American," who for a sum paid to him by the police signed the monstrous libels which he was asked to father.

But, in the very midst of the most odious acts of injustice, there sometimes come consolations which restore quiet to an honest soul.

Bernadotte, whom recent events, and perhaps to a still greater extent misunderstandings created by mutual enemies, had estranged from me, gave me a proof of remembrance to which I could not remain indifferent. He addressed to me at Grosbois a copy of his report on his Ministry; it was no longer to the Directorate, previously his natural judge, it was to a private citizen, to a patriot who had retired from public affairs, but one whose heart could not remain indifferent to them, that he was submitting his examination—his examination of conscience. He was right in believing that my quality of citizen was sufficient to make me feel a lively interest in his

honour. I could not but be doubly interested in the perusal of a report the value of which I could judge —one which had reference to events doubtless very recent and very near to us, but already far distant, owing to their so important consequences and the place they have taken in history.

According to the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène* (if indeed anything in it can be believed), Bonaparte, awarding to each one from the summit of his rock the meed of praise or censure which it suited him to award in view of his designs, has said that "during the three months that Bernadotte had been a Minister he had committed nothing but blunders, that he had not organised anything, and that the Directorate had been compelled to take his portfolio from him." I have narrated the facts which were the cause of Bernadotte's going into retirement; they refute the latter part of Bonaparte's statement, wherein he seeks to calumniate and depreciate the man who was Minister of War towards the end of the Year VII. It is a certain fact, among the many which contradict Bonaparte, that he carried out the Marengo and the German campaigns with the *matériel* and the *personnel* prepared for him by Bernadotte.

Bonaparte lived and made armies live for several years on the immense fund which Bernadotte, with his patriotic ardour and eloquence, had created by a few months' labour.

As for me, the daily witness of all that Bernadotte did in those days, I will say that he showed, during

his only too short tenure of office, the highest military, administrative, and political capacity; that he possessed all the fecundity and creative power which the Revolution had given or added to genius in the great days of its miracles, which will be the eternal talk of centuries. Battles won by one general or another who attaches his name to them, seem at first sight most brilliant deeds. Public opinion crowns them with all its applause. In the eyes of the common herd a general seems from afar a sort of superhuman being who, amidst the perils of war and the clashing of arms, accomplishes everything by the strength of his courage and the power of his arm. Thus, in consequence of the many commonplace pictures, and even the grandest which the art of painting has transmitted to us, the people see in a general-in-chief a paladin armed for the purpose of waging, as in the middle or in the heroic ages, single combats, the honour of which, hazardously disputed, is won at the cost of the greatest efforts. This altogether popular idea is far from being in any way a correct one. The general-in-chief, although on most extraordinary occasions, viz. when great battles are being fought, he must undoubtedly mount his charger and show himself, is frequently and for the greater part of the time merely a giver of orders, which his staff carry hither and thither; he receives, perhaps at a place the farthest from the scene of action, the news of the results, which are not always due to his combinations —news which he has the right to be the first to trans-

mit. Hence he who, in the eyes of the astonished world, seems to have influenced in the most direct fashion the most terrible events of war, and who would appear almost a forger of thunderbolts, as Bonaparte modestly styled himself in the scrimmage of the 18th Brumaire, he who uncontestedly, leaving Alexander, Cæsar, or Zenghiz Khan far behind, caused more men to be killed than any one in the world, this man very rarely exposed his person, according even to those most constantly with him; it is said that, physically speaking, he never drew a sword on a battlefield but once—and this in one of his last battles, since it is alleged that it was at Champaubert or at Montmirail that Bonaparte exposed himself. Making sport of the popular idea which attributes to a general-in-chief great strength and powerful physical action in war, Bonaparte has said: "Fools imagine that strength and physical dexterity give success in war, ignorant of the fact that it is in no wise with an arm but with a head, by my superiority of intelligence and my decision of character, that I swayed and triumphed over everything."

It is therefore fully demonstrated, so I believe, that a general-in-chief, instead of being the active agent in battles, is oftentimes nothing more than the directing spirit of them; that he is, so to speak, merely a local Minister of War. Hence if there is a Minister of War who, without being in the very localities in which engagements are fought, has decided upon the localities where they are to take

place, owing to an acquaintance with geography, coupled with a certain topographical knowledge which nature alone gives; who, brought up since his infancy in all the details of his administration and of the movements of war, is able to appraise all its resources, judge of its bearing in such and such circumstances, and unite with this the firm will which will command them and have them executed from afar by those who are on the spot—I say that, without seeking to deprive each one of the share of merit and of honour which is his due, the Minister of War, such as I have conceived him, can be far superior to many a general-in-chief who will have done no more than obey him, and oftentimes too late, owing to distance, which is often a pretext for disobedience. A Minister of War who is at work in so many scenes scattered far apart, and for whom the whole of Europe is but a chess-board on which he plays his game—I repeat that this Minister of War has the right to expect that his glory will not be merged in that of this or that general-in-chief. The latter will have won a battle all the more glorious that it has been more bloody, while the Minister will have won several battles at one and the same time, as happened to Bernadotte—who within a short time, although at great distances, saw the accomplishment of the combinations he had long before meditated and commanded. Bernadotte's Ministry was, I repeat, a period of creation, movement, fecundity, resources, and genius, and of the moral resurrection of the patriotism and energy of

France. As I believe that I cannot better supplement my opinion on this subject than by documents themselves, I make it my duty, as it is a pleasure for me, to transcribe here the introduction to Bernadotte's report, which has given rise to my digression. He cannot be charged with having therein sung his own praises too loudly. Its modesty of expression cannot destroy the reality of the facts constituting the substance of the report. The reader can testify their accuracy for himself by an examination of the several parts of the document.

If formerly it may have seemed to certain agents an arduous duty for a few agents to render an account of their doings to the nation, this duty becomes a reward for the functionary who is a citizen.

The War Department was entrusted to me on the 15th Messidor, Year VII.; I occupied it until the 29th Fructidor following—*i.e. less than two and a half months.*

At the time of my entering the Ministry, the Army of Italy had been compelled to abandon the Mantuan and Cisalpine districts and Piedmont. The *matériel* of its artillery was lost; the ramparts of the fortified towns in those countries had fallen into the hands of the enemy, together with their armament. The army which two years earlier threatened the walls of Vienna, was intrenched behind the Ligurian Apennines, without provisions or munitions, and a prey to consternation. The Army of Naples was to come and help it to resume the offensive; the battle of the Trebbia, lost in spite of the efforts of its commander and the heroic valour of the soldiers, deprived it of this hope. The chain of the Alps was occupied by the enemy; Briançon stood in our first line of defence; a portion of the departments of the Hautes-Alps and of the Mont-Blanc had been violated; the department of the Leman was on the point of being attacked; Helvetia was, as far as Zurich, in the hands of the Austrians, who had seized upon the fine artillery of the intrenched camp protecting that town. The Bas-Rhin was undefended; the Army

of Holland no longer numbered over 16,000 men; Belgium was left defenceless; the fortified towns of the North totally lacked provisions; no soldiers guarded our coasts; the West was again in insurrection, and the South ablaze of a sudden; a Royalist army had assembled in the Haute-Garonne: such was the military situation of the Republic.

Add to this only too real picture of accumulated misfortunes the arrears of pay due several corps for over six months; the total lack of clothing, equipments, and armament; hospitals now the asylums of naked and famished soldiers, these asylums fast becoming vast graves; the absolute dearth of provisions; the slackness in all services; the desertion of contractors; the exhausted state of the public coffers, burdened with debts increasing daily: a fearful abyss hourly getting more difficult to bridge over owing to the impossibility of meeting these debts. It may be imagined whether ordinary remedies were sufficient to repair such extraordinary ills.

And yet, when accepting the Ministry of War, I did not conceal from myself all the extent of my mission; but born, so to speak, in the midst of war, and brought up in the war for liberty, I had grown amid its perils and victories. I had been fortunate enough to contribute to a few results which our enemies called miracles, but which caused us no astonishment. Full of the recollection of these operations, until then new, and still living in the memory of my comrades-in-arms, I thought that a few salutary reforms might be introduced into the administration of the army.

Nor did I conceal from myself that, compelled as I was to attack so many interests based on immorality, I should call forth the clamours of all these wounded interests.

An administrator is he who not only sees but forestalls what is needed, who not only creates the resources which are lacking, but wisely employs those he succeeds in creating.

I need not recall the fact that the army was exhausted with fighting, and the departments drained of men and provisions; fresh engagements had to be fought, and a fresh supply of men and provisions had to be called for.

In order to procure such necessary help, yet help so difficult to obtain, I saw but one means, and that was to appeal to the hearts of the citizens, and to arouse their slumbering courage.

The wonders performed by our armies were ever present to my memory; I had learnt from my own experience the success of the appeals made, during the course of the Revolution, to the untiring generosity of our frontier departments; I had seen, what was still more admirable, consolation expressed with the tone of sentiment in the course of fights and even retreats electrify soldiers worn out with fatigue, and buoy them up powerfully.

Magistrates who had in the first instance been most ardent in provoking my recourse to these moral means, of a sudden saw fit to abandon them. The nation was already reaping the first-fruits of the development of enthusiasm. I shall not seek the reasons of this change; I leave people to examine what I may have done, what I had to do, and to judge what I did. The results once established, they may pass judgment on my intentions. Ninety-one thousand conscripts hastened to form themselves into battalions; nearly the whole of them were at once clothed, equipped, and armed. I succeeded in raising 40,000 horses; the benefit accruing from this measure can be gathered from the fact that 15,000 have already been used as remounts.

The general results are known—Holland saved, the left bank of the Rhine preserved from invasion, and the Russians exterminated in Helvetia; the Army of the Danube again victorious; the line of defence maintained between the Alps and the Apennines, in spite of all the misfortunes we had encountered in that direction; the coalition split up.

Some Republicans have seen fit to think that the moral strength I had once imparted to the armies, had exercised no little influence over the brilliant successes which followed immediately upon my exit from the Ministry. I am far from acquiescing in this opinion. Granting that I was not foreign to a few useful combinations, to the creation of an army on the Lower Rhine, the diversion created by which so opportunely induced Prince Charles to march out of Helvetia; granting that I warded off an attack on a fortified town, that I hastened the provisioning of some of them, and unceasingly urged upon the Directorate the necessity of furnishing resources to the Army of Italy, of whose retrograde march I informed it, I would still refuse the share it is sought to attribute to me in these memor-

able events. Ministers are doubtless performing their duty when they feed, clothe, and equip armies, and when they direct a few measures favourable to their combined progress; but it gives me pleasure to state openly that the glory of battles won belongs in the first place to the generous soldiers who lose their lives in daily engagements, next to the intrepid generals who electrify them and stimulate their courage, and in the last place only to the Ministers.

The noble sentiment of justice and disinterestedness presiding over this report will reveal the principle of my estimation and the reason of my praise. If, in attentively looking into the merit of generals-in-chief on the field of battle, I have seen fit to lay down in a more precise fashion than it is usually done, and set forth the share belonging to the directors and managers of war, who, oftentimes originators of a plan and of the centres of action, conceive ideas, which they know how to impart, to command, and to get accomplished, it is well understood that I did not refer to Ministers such as was for a moment, but for far too long a time, Mme. de Pompadour; for this marchioness also despatched her plans of campaign, and appointed generals-in-chief. It is true that no constitutional government existed in those days, consequently no responsible Ministers; and hence everything done to the detriment of the nation reacted to the dishonour of the king.

That which, moreover, justifies one in crediting Bernadotte with superior merit, in spite of all the disparagement which Bonaparte has sought to affix to the Bernadotte of the Year VII., by spread-

ing over him the veneer of mediocrity, is that when needing to organise a section of war in the Council of State, if he did not particularly care to place at its head a man as independent and transcendent as Bernadotte—which he proved by appointing as its president Brune, a very ordinary soldier—he thought he could dispense with calling to it Bernadotte, whose administrative capacity he really admitted far more than he cared to avow openly. Bernadotte's entrance into the Council of State was even signalised by a fact which did him great honour, and I think it sufficiently interesting not to be unworthy of record.

Bonaparte's main idea, since so cruelly developed, was no other, when seizing upon the government, than to procure men and money: men and money, these two great levers, are in turn a means of action upon each other. The conscription, such as fashioned by Jourdan and embodied in a law by the *corps législatif* a year previously, doubtless furnished already powerful resources to the man of whom it has been said, and who would have said so himself, that, in his eyes, the generations which offered themselves up to him, were naught but "food for cannon"; but the conscription law, such as it had left the hands of the previous *corps législatif*, could still not satisfy the desires of the new government and the impatient wishes of its chief. It supplied only a light annual meal to the Minotaur, one that could not satiate his voracity; a new method of conscription, developed on a larger

scale, was therefore needed; this was called organising or reorganising the conscription. The results which were to follow this organisation are well known, from "the best organic laws" announced by Bonaparte in his speech on returning from the Army of Italy, to the "organic *senatus consulta*" of the Empire, and all others thus denominated, which have presented to the eyes of the world the most terrible series of social disorganisation.

Bernadotte was therefore entrusted, as Councillor of State, with the report which was to present the new conscription law, since no one better understood such a subject than the man who, born a soldier, had served in every rank of the military hierarchy, and had acquired by personal experience a knowledge of all the developments and all the applications of war to the levying of troops as well as to their instruction. Bernadotte was, therefore, well chosen to make a most reasonable report on so great a question; but he possessed both patriotism and humanity, and believed that these two great conservative principles should preside over the framing of laws among peoples laying claim to civilisation. Bonaparte, fearing that he did not possess in the Councillor of State the man who would recommend a rigorous law and submit to being his hangman, saw fit to lecture the *rapporteur* beforehand; greatly complimenting him on his knowledge of military administration, he told him that he fully depended on his excellent judgment for him not to omit anything in so essential an affair; in order to

give the Government all it required, he should deal generously with the Government.

Bernadotte having replied that above all things it behoved one to be economical and even sparing of human blood, Bonaparte naïvely replied: "I fear that we do not understand each other; but we shall in the end, for we shall discuss matters; far from dreading discussion, I like it. . . ."

When the time came to present his report, Bernadotte spoke before the Council of State, and his report, replete with wisdom and generosity towards the Government, had won the suffrages of the united sections of the Council of State, which had applauded it without heeding the expression on the face of the master, in those early days, as they will not fail to do in the future. Among the many articles of his new law, Bernadotte had proposed two essential ones; one being that "the levy of the conscription for the defence of the territory should be almost unlimited, that it should include all, from the youngest men to pretty near the oldest."

Bonaparte had fully agreed with this first part of Bernadotte's report, and had almost applauded it; but there was a second—to wit, that "while the conscription should be of the broadest, most generous, and most unlimited kind for the defence of the country, it was to be raised and employed only within the most circumscribed limits for purposes of conquest or expeditions beyond the seas." Bernadotte's argument was that for the very reason that one should be generous where defence was

concerned, one should be more chary as regards attack; the protecting and conservative results of this moral principle are patent, while fatal to the system of the First Consul. Bonaparte rises to his feet and exclaims angrily: "Is this once more the work of your secretary, the one whom I ought to have had shot on the 18th Brumaire for having prevented you joining hands with us, and without whom you cannot take a single step? What are all these subtleties, these distinctions between attack and defence? Everything is defence, even the conquest which follows as the forced consequence of war." He was about to begin a litany of these sophistries, of which he has made so frequent a use in the *Moniteur* and in his official acts, when, preferring an explosion of anger to argument, he all but insulted the man who opposed his most cherished idea.

Bernadotte, fortunately master of himself, was doubly so of Bonaparte in his remarkable sang-froid, and contented himself with replying: "Even if you had shot on the 18th Brumaire a young citizen who loved liberty too well to smile at its overthrow, I do not see that it would throw any light on the present discussion: my secretary is no more concerned in this than your own; each of us here speaks his opinions and sentiments of his own volition; we need no one to help and to support us, and we must not impute to anybody any disagreement arising between us." Bonaparte remained silent, rose, and turned his back on

Bernadotte; this was already one of his methods of giving a reply.

Ere passing to the recital of the troubles about to beset me, I have consoled myself with the recollection of things inherent to liberty itself. We must soon renounce liberty, to hear of nothing but one man in the world, and all of us must incessantly bend to his caprices.

As far as Lucien and the other prominent men of the 18th Brumaire were concerned, their only object had been to seize upon the treasures of the nation. The Bonaparte family speculated in cereals, in supplies, in dues which pressed on the people, and in gambling-houses. The millions which Portugal gave to secure peace were distributed among Bonaparte's family, his Ministers, his colleagues, and to the members of the *corps législatif* who had given support to his act of treason.

The diamonds with which these ladies and gentlemen bedecked themselves doubtless gave them some material splendour, but the shining gems, if one be allowed to play on the word, could not make them shine by virtues which they did not possess, and did nothing but add to their evil reputation.

CHAPTER III

Umbrage taken at my retirement—I am offered embassies, and the command of the Army of San Domingo—Projected trip to the Pyrenees—My passports—M. de la Colonida—Bonaparte's *mot* in regard to me—Talleyrand commends me to Alquier—Visited by gendarmes at Tours—I complain to Fouché—His reply—Twofold treachery—Kléber's despatches to me seized—A new reason for molesting me—Kléber saves the Army of Egypt—He is murdered—Opinions as to the actual author of the crime—Plans of revenge—Arena and Ceracchi—Conspiracy organised by Fouché—Death of Arena—Bonaparte's joy—Medal he causes to be struck in his own honour—I refuse a present from him—My proscription—Fouché urges me to leave France—His ambassador—My letter—Explanations given by Fouché—The Sultana Valideh—Relations of my aide-de-camp with Josephine—Reciprocal accusations—A letter from Dubois—I give a dinner to my spies—Their reports revised and corrected by me—Savary and Davout—Fouché fears for his place—I am again asked to move to a distance from Paris—A letter to the First Consul—A domiciliary visit—An attempt to arrest my aide-de-camp—Letter to the Minister of Police—An evasive note—Fouché apparently no longer troubles himself about me—He unmasks himself—M. Germain Garnier—A threatening letter—How I reply to it—Another letter to Bonaparte—Correspondence with Fouché—I leave for Brussels—M. Doulcet informs the Minister of Police of my arrival—Mme. Doulcet—Bonaparte in Brussels—Mlle. Raucourt calls on me—I sell Grosbois to Moreau—Bonaparte gives Bernadotte Moreau's house in the Rue d'Anjou—I return to the south of France—I am permitted to reside in Paris—A breakfast at Fouché's—I refuse an interview with Bonaparte—Sieyès and the valuables and funds of the Directorate.

RESTORED to private life after the 18th Brumaire, I had retired to my Grosbois estate, fully resolved not to participate in any of the guilty innovations of an illegal government, and believing that after all

the explanations given to the agents of Bonaparte, chief among whom I could reckon his wife, I had at least the right of being left in peace. It may be that, in accordance with my ordinary freedom of speech, to which I had been accustomed since birth and under all *régimes*, I sometimes remarked that a French citizen could not, even in private life, lose altogether all interest in his Fatherland. It is possible that I may, notably in regard to Bernadotte, have given utterance to a personal feeling of esteem for his administration of the war, and for the report he had just sent me a copy of. It is possible that, neglectful of the treachery of Fouché, I may have lost sight of the fact that his visit had been naught but a police reconnaissance, coupled with the object of placing, even at my dinner-table, the spies by whom he was to surround me henceforth. Be this as it may, my retirement is beginning to be taken umbrage at.

The First Consul, uneasy at seeing me so near Paris, proposed to me through Talleyrand and Fouché that I should go with him to Italy; I declined this proposition. I am tendered the post of ambassador to Spain, at Dresden, to the United States; again do I refuse. Lastly, in order to at least disgrace me, since I could not be seduced, I was offered the command of the Army of San Domingo. This was the army destined to re-establish slavery in that country, wherein liberty had already been implanted. I objected to this my ill-health, stating that my physicians had ordered me

a course of the waters in the Pyrenees, and that I was about to proceed thither. Admiral Bruix, still acting as a negotiator, or, as he said, a friend, remarked to me: "This will be satisfactory, for all that Bonaparte desires is that you should not remain in proximity to Paris, from which he is about to absent himself." I immediately received a passport made out in my Christian name Paul, and another passport made out in my name Barras, with letters of introduction to the Marquis de la Colonida, a rich banker at Madrid, and to M. Basterèche, in Bayonne. Bonaparte had said to Talleyrand: "I desire that Barras should prefer Spain: he will be received there with distinction, he will spend much, get financially embarrassed, and when he can no longer satisfy his taste for display, then it will be an easy matter for us to buy him."

Talleyrand, commissioned to gild the pill and all other pills, said to me: "Since you do not wish for an ambassador's diploma signed by me as Minister, you will at any rate not refuse letters signed by me as your friend"; whereupon he wrote the following letter:—

PARIS, *5th Floréal, Year VIII.*

The Citizen Ch. Maur. Talleyrand to the Citizen Alquier, Ambassador of the French Republic in Spain.

CITIZEN,—The citizen Barras, a former member of the National Convention and of the Directorate, intends to travel in Spain, after having received the necessary permission from the Government; I beg you will show him every kindness in your

power. The services he has rendered to the cause of the Revolution, and the rank he has occupied in the Republic, constitute titles which no friend of liberty can overlook. I need not remind you of this. I have merely to add that I shall be personally grateful for anything you may do to make his stay agreeable in the country wherein you reside.

I beg you will give the citizen Barras letters of introduction to the commissaries of commercial relations in the towns of Spain wherein he intends to dwell.

Greeting and fraternity.

(Signed) CH. MAUR. TALLEYRAND.

On my way to the Pyrenees, I had a few hours only to stop at Tours. Hardly had I arrived in the town, when the hotel where I lodged was surrounded by gendarmes; a justice of the peace, accompanied by gendarmes with drawn swords, insolently said to me: "Give me your pocket-book, the keys of your valises, and of the caissons of your coaches," adding, "Search this gentleman." On my resisting the attempt, he said to the gendarmes: "Hold him"; and to me: "I am going to examine your papers." After a lengthy search, the man returned to me, saying: "You are very prudent, but I look upon you none the less as an enemy of the Government; you may continue your journey." I thought myself entitled to lay a complaint before Fouché against the justice of the peace who had perpetrated this arbitrary act. Fouché replied to the person who handed him my letter: "Write to Barras that it is all a mistake"; then, bursting into laughter, he added: "But why then did he not remain with us? Had he only seen fit to travel as

our ambassador, it would not have happened to him; but he wishes to be a private individual: he wishes to be a 'citizen' *par excellence;* what a glorious title as times go! He who participates in a revolution must always remain in power, sword in hand; otherwise he becomes everybody's victim. He who wishes to be protected by the government succeeding his own, should be with it; otherwise he who is not with it appears to be against it, and must, at the very least, be watched. Were any other man at my post, far more severe measures would be taken. How Sieyès and Company would enjoy transporting certain people! The patriots may consider themselves fortunate, and should burn a big taper in church out of gratitude for my being Minister of Police. Who can tell whether I shall remain so much longer? For how many battles do I not fight daily in order to save them! I am sometimes compelled to sacrifice a few individuals, but I save the masses; sooner or later the masses rise again and mete out justice."

It is here seen how Fouché, at this early date, displayed duplicity towards everybody, and treachery towards the power of which he was the mandatory, in order to ensure his twofold betrayal of those on whose side he pretended to be, in order to become their chief and deceive them more completely.

It might seem that on my return from the waters of Bagnères, where I had in no wise interfered in politics, I should have been allowed to

rest quietly at Grosbois; but independently of the fact that my solitary and silent position seemed to incriminate Bonaparte, new pretexts had been discovered against me. In addition to all that a police will daily invent for the purpose of accomplishing the ruin of a victim when so ordered, there was indeed a matter of which, while innocent, I could not justify myself by a denial: it consisted of letters addressed to me from Egypt by General Kléber. They had been taken at sea from my cousin, the bearer of them, by the English. These letters were entirely confidential. Kléber had seen fit to send them to the Directorate through me; they had arrived just as the Directorate had ceased to exist. While they did not contain anything which could seem to have been written by my orders, they embodied a terrible accusation against Bonaparte, in that while revealing the state in which the deserter had left the Army of Egypt, they set forth all the more prominently the merit of Kléber, who had regenerated everything, at least as much as lay in his power.

In the space of six months Kléber improved the various branches of the Administration; he had only 10,000 combatants left. It was with these feeble means that Kléber defeated at Heliopolis 60,000 men commanded by the Grand-Vizier, and that he reconquered in a short time a large part of Egypt. A few days later Kléber had fallen under the knife of an assassin; and such was public opinion in favour of Kléber and against Bonaparte that, in the

midst of the public grief, there were many who said that the hand of Kléber's assassin had been armed by Bonaparte himself.

After having, during the first days of the Consulate, affected to protect the men whom Sieyès wished to destroy, Bonaparte, now giving full swing to his character, was about to exploit the kind of enjoyment known to be so dear to the Corsican heart—"revenge through power." Thus one of the most notable and most noted in the implacable memory of Bonaparte, Arena, was to pay with his life for the generous idea attributed to him on the 18th Brumaire—an idea he had perhaps conceived, but had never dreamt of putting into execution. Ceracchi had committed the unpardonable crime of loving the liberty of his country and that of the human race—a noble sentiment, strengthened in him by the wisest and most daring ideas which had been expounded in the plan which Bonaparte had appropriated unto himself, at the time of his first departure for Italy in the Year IV.

It would therefore seem that it was agreed upon between the First Consul, Fouché, and a few police-mongers at that time hanging about the Minister of Police, that a Jacobin conspiracy should be fomented; that by this measure they would rid themselves of certain individuals dangerous to them because incorrigible in their Republicanism, and muzzle and chain up the others with the fear which the execution of those first

arrested would inspire. Arena's alleged conspiracy, organised with this object in view, supplied the occasion awaited; this excellent Republican and several of his friends were decapitated. Mme. Bonaparte, noticing immediately after the execution that the First Consul was, for him, most unusually gay, complimented him on his good-humour, of the cause of which she was ignorant. He replied: "I am now rid of dangerous enemies. Ever since the days of the Army of Italy, I have never feared anything so much as the audacity of that man Arena; it is alleged that I am of old under obligations to his family, but nothing shall ever stay the hand of justice. I am going to have the rest of these rabid Republicans who will not compound their principles transported."

Although the tribunals, the army, and the executioners daily gave increased sanction to Bonaparte's odious deeds, this was no reason for me to applaud or to subscribe to his power. A lieutenant-general, even then most illustrious, since a marshal, wishing to attach me, as it was called, to the government of Bonaparte, brought me a medal which had been struck in the latter's honour and by his own order. "A family token and a present of friendship, one reserved for intimate friends only," said the bearer of it. "Is it the nation," I inquired, "that has awarded this medal, or is it the tyrant who has awarded it to himself and who is burning incense before himself?" I refused the medal in the presence of some twenty persons. How could

the impudent usurper, who was under obligations to me, believe that I would lower myself to the point of accepting presents from the man who had been so often at my feet; that I would go into his ante-chamber to mingle with valets, former civil and military chiefs, my subordinates, all of whom, after having so repeatedly sworn fidelity to the Republic, were now perjurers like their chief? These are the men who through their defection support and consolidate the usurpation of Bonaparte, and who deceive the army under his domination by allowing the name of the Republic to subsist a little longer! Such was pretty nearly the harangue, or, if one prefers it, the declamation which my heart, swelled with indignation, was unable to contain.

It was natural that such outbursts on my part, when carried to the master by his slaves, did not greatly contribute towards making him like me any the better. Besides, I had done him the greatest of wrongs in being acquainted with all the crimes he had committed. It was therefore possible that I should forgive him all the harm he had done me, but I could not expect any forgiveness at his hands. Hence is my proscription about to assume a more relentless and violent character, from the very fact that there is no justification for it. I shall now leave documents to speak for themselves. In regard to this first episode, I shall content myself with reproducing them according to date; they supply the origin of the behaviour of these gentry. The methods of the agents of the imperial govern-

ment, even of those who were supposed to respect forms, will be revealed; I will show those of a fair-spoken prefect who had spent his life in upholding the principle of liberty, not only in the matter of political economy, but in all other branches of politics; it is true that in exercising this trade his only rewards had been those of an opinion believed to be his own. As a matter of course, the Minister of Police was to lead the way. As early as the month of Brumaire, Year IX., almost immediately upon my return from the Pyrenees, he saw fit to express his gratitude to me for having made him a Minister by sending to me as ambassador, in order to invite me to leave France, our mutual friend M. Vincent Lombard, who had formerly begged me so strongly to give him any kind of employment, and next, the portfolio of Minister of Police. I replied to Fouché's first, although not yet official, notifications by the following letter:—

GROSBOIS, *8th Brumaire, Year IX.*

General Barras to the Minister of Police.

CITIZEN MINISTER,

I have been invited, in your name, to quit the territory of the Republic. I am ignorant of the reasons causing the Government to adopt such a measure towards me. Living in retirement on my estate, where I am engaged solely in recruiting my greatly shattered health, and just perhaps as I am about to undergo a most serious operation necessitating skill which I can find in Paris only, who is there who is inciting against me a government whose chief is cognisant of my Republican principles? I have never separated them from those of order. I must have

many enemies. Has perchance their perfidy had access to the First Consul? I would fain believe that this is not the case. Is it sought to render me responsible for the utterances or the behaviour of others? I think I have done sufficient for the Republic to be suffered to enjoy the rest and the rights of a private citizen. Who can, moreover, better than yourself, citizen Minister, testify to my mode of life since the 18th Brumaire?

BARRAS.

I was entitled to tell Fouché that no one knew better than himself how I had lived subsequent to the 18th Brumaire, since his police-like friendship had since then surrounded me with his detectives, both at home and when travelling. He informed me through our mutual friend that "he could not tell me in writing all that he thought in the matter; that he fully agreed with me; but that those nearest the First Consul were undermining me." He even named Josephine in a most positive fashion. "It is the spite of a Sultana Valideh," he said in most ignoble terms, which constituted his ordinary language. "This is a matter which Barras ought to have settled with her through the youngest and most robust of his aides-de-camp."

It may be well imagined that I did not take so disgusting a speech in earnest; but Josephine, or Rose as we called her, had preserved relations with one of my aides-de-camp, in connection with whom I might long since have addressed to Rose all the reproaches which Hoche had formerly addressed to her in regard to his ostler Vanakre, if I had the least bit felt any affection for Rose. This aide-de-camp, whose name the discretion of our French

manners forbids my mentioning, was in the habit of calling occasionally on Mme. Bonaparte, who contrived to receive him in perfect security while the General was attending reviews or the sittings of the Council of State. She told him, and expressly commissioned him to tell me, that "I had several most assiduous enemies around Bonaparte, but that none was more dangerous for me than the Minister Fouché, who did not and never would forgive me for having been his protector and benefactor."

I am on the horns of a dilemma; if, on the one hand, it is difficult, nay impossible, for me to ascertain what Mme. Bonaparte and her husband say of me in private, there is, on the other, no doubt that Fouché is watching me closely, as is shown by the following letter, one of those which fell into my hands through the course of events:—

PARIS, *26th Pluviôse, Year IX.*

The Prefect of Police to the Minister of General Police.

CITIZEN MINISTER,

I have received your letter of the 19th inst., in which you notify me that the citizen Paul Barras is about to come to Paris. I have at once taken the necessary steps to be informed of his arrival.

With respectful greeting.

DUBOIS.

Ever since the time when Fouché, Minister of Police, had sent me a reply which he stated he could not convey to me in writing, he had, as far as appearances went, left me a few moments peace; he con-

tented himself with having me watched by his spies, and had even succeeded in finding a place for them alternately at my dinner-table; but, as my innocent life could stand investigation, it was for me a kind of amusement to see these informers eat the dinners of the victim delivered up to them. As it often happens that an ordinary spy is at the same time a double spy, it so chanced that several of these detectives, after a dinner at which they had been plied with wine without stint, unbuttoned themselves, if so it may be said, in every possible way, with an abandon which led to their making revelations to me in confidence. I would have further helped them to unloosen their tongues by giving them money, and this metal, which is the chief object of the lowest as well as of the highest officers of the police, styled diplomacy's agents, was productive of such an effect, that the rough drafts of several of the reports to be made to the Minister were communicated to me; I was even allowed to add to and correct them, to my intense amusement. Thus, without stirring from my Grosbois farm, I believed I was getting the better of the great policeman of the Quai Malaquais.

But, on the one hand, the confidence obtained, and paid for by me, from some of these agents could perhaps not be relied upon in the case of all of them; some of them were perchance doubly traitors. On the other hand, Fouché, who laid exclusive claims to the police, was beginning to see his claims disputed by certain individuals, then beginning their

career, and who have since done such brilliant things in this line. Fouché was aware, and could not conceal it from himself, that Savary (not yet Rovigo) and Davout (not yet d'Eckmühl) were respectively entrusted with the inner police and confidential counter-police of the First Consul. Fouché thereupon feared the worst, since he feared losing his place; and, in order not to be outflanked by his rivals, he thought it well, pursuant to his custom on all occasions in the course of the Revolution, to display extraordinary wickedness, and to be the first to offer to Teutates the burnt-offerings he thought would prove agreeable to him. So Fouché again begins to molest me and to advise me to leave Paris. As this fresh invitation was no more justified than the others, I resolved upon writing direct to the First Consul.

23rd Prairial, Year IX.

General Barras to the Consul Bonaparte.

CITIZEN CONSUL,

The Minister of Police has once more advised, not to say formally ordered, me to leave my domicile, and to take up my residence at some distance from Paris. I thought that such measures could not exist under a constitutional *régime*, and that it was impossible that they should be adopted under your consulate. Last year the deplorable state of my health seemed to constitute a sufficient answer. Now that it is persistently sought to make me leave my dwelling-place, it will not seem strange to you that I should claim of you, as chief magistrate, the protection to which is entitled every citizen who complies with the laws. Have I not the right to appeal to you on these grounds alone, when the enemies who are hounding me are those against whom I formerly defended you? Let a reason be given

for the charge that my person is likely to stir up against the Republic of which I am one of the founders. It grieves me that truth should be unable to penetrate through clouds heavy with calumny. I have always thought, citizen Consul, that it behoved me to inform you of the attempts directed against my liberty, in order to obtain from you the assurance that my peace shall no more be disturbed in my retreat.'

Hardly had a few hours elapsed since the despatch of my letter to the First Consul, when police agents came to my house to arrest my aide-de-camp Avy. They considered it their duty also to make sure if I myself was in it, as if supposing that I should leave it immediately following upon a sign from the Minister of Police. I thereupon wrote to him as follows :—

GROSBOIS, *24th Prairial, Year IX.*

CITIZEN MINISTER OF POLICE,

The citizen Lombard has called on me on your behalf several times during the past few days, to invite me to go on a journey. On my replying that I had made no plans in this connection, that the state of my health would moreover be a bar to it, he informed me in your name that I was to leave Paris if I wished to avoid trouble. In a constitutional government, when a citizen does not violate the laws, he has no cause to dread expulsion from his domicile. I appeal to you personally, who are acquainted with my conduct and my retired life. I beg, citizen Minister, you will make the First Consul acquainted with both. I am writing to him in order to escape the harm which my personal enemies or subordinate agents, who must needs have recourse to falsehoods to give themselves importance, may do.

Gendarmes have called on me this morning, bearing a warrant issued by the Prefect of Police for the arrest of the citizen Avy. This citizen, formerly my aide-de-camp, now resides in Paris, and

very seldom comes here. He was here a few days ago. I informed him of the complaints preferred against him. I urged him to return to his relatives; he left the same evening.

I greet you.

BARRAS.

Fouché did not reply to this letter any more than he had to the first one; he had the following memorandum addressed to me through the usual intermediary:—

28th Prairial.

I have seen the person. She seemed dismayed at your answer; she would have wished you to have heeded her counsels. I said all that the circumstance called for; she told me she was going to join her master in the country, and that he would doubtless insist upon the course I mentioned to you. You shall hear about it in the forenoon at latest; perhaps to-morrow.

9th Messidor, Year IX.—A few days go by ere I receive a fresh injunction from the Minister of Police. The usual intermediary next writes to me as follows:—

I inform you, for your peace of mind, that you can rest tranquil until further orders. I have seen my old friend, who told me that everything had been quietly arranged; he rejoiced at it. It may be so. As for me, I truly rejoice at it. I embrace you and am yours unto death.

VT. LOMBARD.

Lombard, whose honour I never suspected, was, unknown to himself, although a very sharp man, the dupe of a man sharper than all the rest, from the fact that he regarded neither law nor gospel, and

was endowed with a perfidy which constituted not only the habit but the amusement of his existence. Fouché, desirous of molesting me, and not daring to appear as personally or even nominally instigating my proscription, adopted the course of concerting with the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise the measures meditated against me. Hence, a week after the assurances of perfect tranquillity that Fouché had caused to be conveyed to me, I received the following missive from the philosophical M. Germain Garnier :—

VERSAILLES, *18th Messidor, Year IX.*

The Prefect of the Department of Seine-et-Oise to the Citizen Barras, at Grosbois.

It is the intention of the Government, citizen, that you shall place between Paris and yourself a distance of forty leagues. I am commissioned to notify you of this order, and to inform you that if you have not obeyed it by the 25th of this month, I shall be compelled to have you arrested by the gendarmerie and conveyed to your destination.

I beg, citizen, that you will acknowledge to me receipt of this letter, at the same time informing me of the day and locality you shall have selected in order to conform to the Government's order.

I have the honour, etc.

G. GARNIER.

I replied as follows :—

CITIZEN PREFECT OF SEINE-ET-OISE,

I yesterday acknowledged to you receipt of your letter of the 18th Messidor, delivered to me at seven o'clock in the morning. You tell me you are commissioned to notify to me the order that I am to place forty leagues between Paris and

myself. I have to point out to you, citizen Prefect, that no trace of the order whereof you speak accompanied your letter. The act, which goes to deprive a French citizen of his most sacred rights, is too essential for him to whom it applies not to have at the very least the right to demand justification of it. Pending which, citizen, you will doubtless approve that, submissive to the law, I should shelter myself beneath the ægis of the Constitution, and look upon as a violation of my domicile any attempt not based on law.

P. BARRAS.

Pursuing my ingenuous course, and persisting in the belief that it was possible to hope for decent treatment at the hands of the new government, I wrote to Bonaparte:—

GROSBOIS, 19*th Messidor, Year IX.*

Barras to Bonaparte.

I have just received from the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise a letter he calls an order, but to which I cannot give such a name, as I fail to see in it the slightest stamp of legality. I transmit it to you, leaving you to judge of it as well as of my reply.

When, citizen Consul, it is a question of rigorous justice, of the justice to which every citizen is entitled, is it necessary for me to invoke personal recollections? I denounce to you the arbitrary act which it is sought to carry out in regard to my person. As I do not find in any law a justification of the conduct of the agents who persecute me, you will not find it strange that, pending your reply, I should consider myself inviolable behind the ramparts of the Constitution. I have doubly the right to repel all military jurisdiction, as I am not on the active list, and as I have refused half-pay.

BARRAS.

Fouché, driven to the last intrenchment of his incognito, at last decides upon writing to me himself.

PARIS, *12th Messidor, Year IX.*

The Minister of General Police to the Citizen Barras.

The Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, in the *arrondissement* wherein you reside, has doubtless made known to you the order of the Government commanding you to withdraw to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, which you are to leave on the 25th at latest.

I send you the necessary passports, so that you may encounter no obstacle on your journey, and that nothing may delay your departure beyond the time fixed upon by the Government.

Greeting.

FOUCHÉ.

I immediately reply to Fouché :—

GROSBOIS, *22nd Messidor.*

I have just received your letter of the 21st Messidor, wherein you inform me that the Prefect of my *arrondissement* had doubtless conveyed to me the order of the Government that I should take up my residence at a distance of forty leagues from Paris. The citizen Garnier, Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, did indeed write to me in the matter, but did not furnish me with any justification of the order whereof you speak. I replied to him that I awaited this indispensable justification. According to your own letter, wherein you presume I have received this order, my request must appear natural to you, and you will doubtless approve that in the meanwhile I should refer to the letter I have written to the First Consul, copy of which I enclose. I should consider I was violating the Constitution which governs us were I to obey an arbitrary act; and you will admit, citizen Minister, that I am not qualifying too strongly an order the motives of which are not known to me, and the existence of which I have not been able to ascertain.

Fouché causes the following note to be sent to me by way of reply :—

I saw the Minister this morning; he told me he had no other order to give to you than the one notified to you by the Prefect of Versailles, and that if you did not obey it, you would be exposing yourself to unpleasant treatment, the consequences of which he could not predict. In the case of your disobedience, the gendarmerie have orders to convey you to the prison at Rochefort.

The foregoing note was quickly followed by a fresh letter :—

PARIS, *23rd Messidor, Year IX.*

I have just received your letter, my dear friend. I am grieved that you persist in demanding another order than the one you have received from the Prefect of Versailles; you will not receive any other. The Prefect will not reply to you. I received the assurance yesterday, and I know for certain that if you are still at Grosbois on the 25th, you will no longer be free to go whither you desire. What will be the result of all this? Nothing but personal unpleasantnesses, without the corresponding result of increasing the honour of proscription. Believe me, make up your mind to leave to-morrow or the next day. Please follow this the advice of your best friend. It is the interest I feel in you that makes me tender it. I saw the Minister yesterday for an hour, during which I said everything I could, and it is as a result of this conversation that I entreat you to depart. It is useless for me to deliver the letter you send me. I shall only get the same answer as yesterday. Go; I shall not rest content until I know you are off on your journey. I am yours unto death.

VT. LOMBARD.

I see fit to persist in my first conclusions: another letter on the following day.

24th Messidor.

I have just seen the Minister. Your letter of yesterday produced the effect I had foreseen; I was asked to return your passports. If you persist in not leaving before the 25th, you

will be forcibly conveyed to the Ile d'Oléron. I entreat you to leave to-morrow with your passports, and not to cause the few friends you have left the pain of seeing you molested to no purpose. Your obstinacy in not obeying will be attributed solely to silliness or to a false vanity. I will say no more to you. Leave to-morrow. You will regret not having followed my advice, which is dictated by sincere friendship, but then it will be too late. I embrace you from my heart.

VT. LOMBARD.

This letter was written from Fouché's office. I had told Vincent Lombard I would not leave.

Fresh letter from the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, brought by the gendarmerie, squads of whom are already posted about Grosbois. I reply once more to the Prefect:—

GROSBOIS, *24th Messidor, Year IX.*

CITIZEN PREFECT OF SEINE-ET-OISE,

I have received the letter of exile which you send me this morning by an orderly, wherein you inform me that the Government has instructed you to notify me of its determination that I shall reside at a distance of forty leagues from Paris, and that I am to leave at latest on the 25th inst., under penalty, in case of disobedience, of being conveyed to such a distance by the gendarmerie. Although no law authorises such measures, although the measure is both arbitrary and unjust, I shall conform to it; but I beg you will send me a certified copy of the order transmitted to you by the Government, and which you have doubtless forgotten to send to me. A peaceful citizen, who meddles with nothing, who does not aspire to the exercise of any power, who lives in the country, isolated from all prominent beings, should not have to fear being torn from his domicile under any *régime*, still less so under consular government. It is necessary, citizen, that you should send me passports for myself, as well as for the persons attached to me, who are desirous of accompanying me in my proscription.

P. BARRAS.

Having made up my mind to leave, and abandoning all hope of any modification of the arbitrary order the execution of which is at hand, I consider I owe it to myself to write a last letter to Bonaparte.

GROSBOIS, *24th Messidor, Year IX.*

General Barras to Bonaparte.

CITIZEN CONSUL,

I am once more a prey to a kind of molestation which cannot be carried out, especially under a constitutional government; I had hoped, as I wrote to you on the 23rd Prairial last, that such measures could not have originated with you. This discussion *de facto* or *de jure* was not concluded; my letter remained unanswered, and your very silence entitled me to believe that I should be left at peace in my retreat, when this morning I receive a letter from the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, and, pursuant to an order of the Government, a letter exiling me to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, coupled with the threat that should I not obey by the 25th inst. at latest, I should be conveyed to my destination by the gendarmerie. My first impulse was to wait until the rage of enemies, who, if they are mine, are no less those of the Republic, should be exhausted, and to allow myself to be removed by the armed force, thus bowing to the order of the magistrate, who should be the surest guarantor of my liberty. On second thoughts I decided to avoid this public scandal by conforming to this imperative and iniquitous order. When you were far away in Italy, and your enemies were attacking your Republican glory, I defended it, and I defended the Fatherland. When your two brothers, members of the *corps législatif*, considered themselves threatened, because a member of the Directorate, so they said, had received them in an insulting fashion, they appealed to me; I was then their refuge; they could not return to their homes in the evening ere securing my protection. It was not I alone who spoke, but the law of which I was merely the mouthpiece, when I told them that if a Director

was really their enemy, the Directorate as a whole was their safeguard. Is it conceivable that nowadays my most sacred rights as a citizen should be violated, and that I should have to endure the threat of being torn from my domicile by the force of bayonets? Is it sought to deliver me up through proscribing me to the vengeance of the enemies of liberty, whom I have ever fought? Is it credible that not one of the chiefs of the present Government, men who styled themselves my friends when I protected them with the power which the people had conferred on me, should nowadays defend my position? It may be their own, nay yours, a few days later. Moreover, citizen Consul, it is one that grieves me. That which gives me special pain in the matter of the persecution to which I am subjected, is that it is chiefly directed against a friend of liberty, who, living in retirement in the country, believed he could remain there far from public affairs, the administration of which he has left without regret. My residence at a distance from Paris will not shake my courage, should even, according to the information I have received, there exist the project of extending my proscription beyond the limits of exile. The life against which my enemies will make an attempt, will ever have been that of a Republican who has loaded with benefits and protected you and your family in the days of your adversity. Is that the reward you had in reserve for what you called my benefits, when you vowed eternal gratitude?

I request you to furnish me with passports.

P. BARRAS.

The following letter of the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, the liberal Germain Garnier, addressed to the Minister of Police, that of the Inspector-General of Gendarmerie, likewise addressed to the same Minister, and the official report of the gendarmerie—all these documents prove Fouché's individual action, an action which it has always been sought to conceal by veiling his wickedness with that of others.

VERSAILLES, *24th Messidor, Year IX.*

The Prefect of Seine-et-Oise to the Minister of General Police of the Republic.

CITIZEN MINISTER,

In acknowledging receipt of your this day's letter, by which you inform me that you have ordered the Inspector-General of Gendarmerie to arrest the citizen Barras, at Grosbois, and to have him conducted, from brigade to brigade, to the Ile de Ré, if he has not obeyed on the 25th the order he has received from the Government, I give you an account of the measures which I had taken for the execution of the one you had given me.

I had instructed the Sub-Prefect of the fourth *arrondissement* to order the citizen Picard, lieutenant of gendarmerie at Corbeil, an officer in every respect fully worthy of confidence, to arrest the citizen Barras, should he not have left Grosbois at the expiration of the delay fixed by you, and to convey him immediately to Corbeil, there to await your orders, in the event of his having refused to indicate a commune at a distance of forty leagues from Paris.

My instructions bore that it should be ascertained beforehand, and as secretly as possible, whether any extraordinary movements in the house announced an intention of offering resistance, in which case I counselled the display of a force sufficiently imposing to preclude any idea of rebellion.

I have notified the Sub-Prefect of your decision that no step shall be taken without the orders of the Inspector-General of Gendarmerie.

My respectful salutations.

G. GARNIER.

PARIS, *26th Messidor, Year IX.*

The Inspector-General of National Gendarmerie to the Minister of General Police.

CITIZEN MINISTER,

Immediately on receiving your letter of the 24th, I ordered the captain of the gendarmerie of the department of

Seine-et-Oise to arrest, in case of disobedience to the orders of the Government, the occupant of Grosbois, and to report the matter to me at once. I did not instruct him to have him conveyed to the Ile de Ré, because I was desirous, ere issuing that order, to be assured of the arrest of the citizen Barras, for whose transfer it was necessary to take measures of security. In a letter of yesterday's date the above-mentioned captain of gendarmerie informed me that, like himself, the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise had received orders to make sure of the person of the citizen Barras, and to convey him to the Ile de Ré, but he did not tell me that he had arrested him.

I therefore sent him a special orderly, who conveyed him the order to concert with the Prefect so as to take the necessary steps for this arrest, and conquer any resistance that might be offered. I also ordered this officer to have the citizen Barras conveyed under strong and safe escort to his destination immediately upon his being arrested, and to inform me promptly of the results of this operation.

I shall report to you, citizen Minister, the execution of your order of the 24th immediately on my being informed of it.

Greeting and respect.

RADET.

Subjoined is the official report drawn up by the gendarmerie commissioned to search my Grosbois residence, in order to ascertain whether, in conformity with the orders notified to me, I had left my domicile to remove to a distance forty leagues from Paris. This exploration of my house revealed the fact that I had left. Detectives slipped in with the gendarmerie, doubtless with the order to get possession of letter-cases in red morocco, and of a large one lying on the lower shelf of a bookcase containing my private correspondence, that of Bonaparte, of his wife, of his family, of his brothers, most important original documents in regard to

matters connected with Italy and Toulon, and letters of Hoche. Three large letter-cases and the portfolio disappeared; others were fortunately locked up in a cupboard; they escaped this criminal spoliation through my not having had room for them in my bookcase. My complaints remained unanswered. The following shows how these gentry reported on the violation of my domicile :—

This 26th day of Messidor, Year IX. of the French Republic one and indivisible,

We, Jean Baptiste Picard, lieutenant of gendarmerie, First National Division, stationed at Corbeil, department of Seine-et-Oise,

Certify that we repaired to Grosbois, commune of Boissy-Saint-Léger, the estate of the citizen Barras, ex-Director of the French Republic, to ascertain whether the citizen Barras had conformed to the orders of the Government communicated to him on the 18th of this month and subsequently, pursuant to orders addressed to us on the 24th and 25th of the present month by the citizen Redy, captain of national gendarmerie at Versailles, in conformity with the orders of the citizen Radet, brigade-major, inspector of cavalry, to the effect that we should notify the citizen Barras to proceed to a distance of forty leagues from Paris, and make sure that he had yielded to the wishes of the Government, that he left Grosbois on the night of the 24th of this month at midnight or thereabouts, provided with four passports, one of which was for him, and the three others for members of his party; the said passports bore the signatures Fouché, Minister of General Police, and Lombard, Secretary-General of Police, and stated that his destination was Brussels and Spa, whither he has elected to proceed.

We, mayor of the commune of Boissy-Saint-Léger, declare that we further gave the citizen Barras a passport of the commune, signed by us, and affixed thereto the seal of the *mairie*, as also eight other passports for his friends and servants, all of whom are to proceed to Brussels and to Spa, without deviating from their route.

We asked the citizen Jean Jacques Clémence, lodge-keeper on the estate of the citizen Barras, whether he knew the hour and day the citizen Barras had left Grosbois, commune of Boissy-Saint-Léger. He replied to us that the citizen Barras had left Grosbois on the night of the 24th of this month, on his way to Brussels and Spa.

Anne Bernard Badel, *brigadier* of national gendarmerie of the brigade of Boissy-Saint-Léger, has signed this with us, the above-mentioned mayor, declaring that this is all he knows.

DESEIGNEROLLE, *Mayor.*

A certified copy: J. J. CLÉMENCE.

PICARD.

At the time Bonaparte was about to consummate his 18th Brumaire, and for a few days afterwards, considering himself under the obligation of at least pronouncing the word "liberty," he said: "The French shall enjoy civil liberty," a way of suppressing political liberty. As for myself, I believed that, in the interest of individual as well as of political liberty, without which no liberty is possible, since political liberty alone protects liberty, I was rendering to my fellow-citizens the only service which depended on me by making them acquainted, by means of the narration of what had happened to me, with the first steps of tyranny, by showing them how its march becomes accelerated just as it ends in encroaching upon and crushing everything. I am fully aware that the contest which I have just waged was altogether an unequal one; that strength was on their side, right alone on mine; hence my discussion of the matter could be nothing but a ridiculous pleading, since its impotence was in advance an assured fact.

But, if I did nothing because it was absolutely impossible, I at least did that which was not absolutely so, by way of resistance to the first attacks of tyranny: like Theramenes, led to prison by order of the thirty tyrants of Athens, I cried out as loudly as I could: "O my fellow-citizens, those who lead me to prison to-day, will drag you thither to-morrow!"

It was my desire to enable those who were not powerful enough to utter a cry of revenge, to be at least in a position to ask the liberal-economist Germain Garnier, Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, as well as the revolutionist and ultra-revolutionist Fouché, that great foe of oppression, what difference they claimed to make between their new *lettres de cachet* and those of Messieurs de la Vrillière, Saint-Florentin, and Sartine, so greatly decried by the nation? The last-named had been destroyed by public reprobation, while fresh ones were being established to the flourish of the trumpets of victory and in liberty's name.

In accordance with the arbitrary order of the Prefect of Seine-et-Oise, I left for Brussels. M. Doulcet de Pontécoulant was Prefect in that city; I paid him a visit which he did not return. He nevertheless condescended to say to me in a tone of importance: "I do not approve of the measure which the Government has taken against you." The Prefect hastened to inform the police of my arrival in the capital of his department, to ask the Government for its orders and intentions, and the

kind of supervision to be exercised over me. It is hard to conceive the officiousness of the agents of that period in tendering to the Government their devotion to its orders, and their generous eagerness to co-operate in arbitrary acts.

PREFECTURE
OF THE
DEPARTMENT
OF THE DYLE.

82 *bis.*

No. *LIBERTY.* *EQUALITY.*

Refer when answering to the No. of the Division and to that of the index.

BRUSSELS, 1st Thermidor, Year IX.
of the French Republic.

Subject of the letter:
Arrival at Brussels of the ex-Director Barras.

THE PREFECT of the Dyle to the Minister of General Police.

CITIZEN MINISTER,

I have the honour to inform you of the arrival in this city, yesterday, of the citizens Barras, Victor, Saint-Léon, and Auguste Charmel, all four bearing passports from Grosbois, department of Seine-et-Oise, mentioning Brussels and Spa as their destination; they appear to intend making a somewhat lengthy stay in Brussels.

I beg you will let me know the Government's intentions in regard to them, as well as the kind of supervision to be exercised over them.

Respectfully yours,

DOULCET.[1]

M. Doulcet, a former officer of the *gardes du corps*, had married the widow of the bookseller

[1] The original of this document is inserted in the manuscript of the Memoirs of Barras.—G. D.

Lejay; she was, moreover, the widow of Mirabeau, to whom I owed the acquaintance of the lady. It was generally believed that these several husbands, and even M. Doulcet, the surviving one, had been succeeded by M. Jouy, head clerk at the Prefecture, a man of great wit, and who was always clever enough to be intimate with women of a certain age who do not ruin their lovers, while oftentimes being of great service to them. I regret to have to state that all the gentlemen in power in Brussels took every opportunity of rendering my stay in that city disagreeable. They intrigued with the object of having my aides-de-camp excluded from the social gatherings and private balls given in Brussels. As soon as the season was favourable, I went to Spa to take a course of its waters. One day Mme. Doulcet, a hideously ugly woman, came up to me in the rooms of Spa, and began by expressing concern about my health. I interrupted her with a movement of ill-temper I could not control, saying to her, perhaps with too much sharpness: "Madame, I entertain no regard for you; I do not altogether extend this rigour to your husband."

My most relentless foes were Fouché and Réal; that was natural, for I had done both of them the unpardonable wrong of having known them in the days of their poverty, and of having picked them out of the gutter. They remarked one day in the official residence of the Minister of Police, in the presence of Messieurs Vincent Lombard and Lombard-Taradeau: "Barras will never forgive us for

having betrayed the Republic; were he to possess the slightest power, he would have us hanged. Do not let us break off with him, however. Let us watch him; let our friends try and discover what are his plans of revenge."

It had not suited Bonaparte to let me live peaceably on my estate near Paris, and now he was not going to suffer me to rest in peace at Brussels. On receipt of the news that the First Consul was about to visit the departments of Belgium, and to arrive in Brussels shortly, the Secretary of the Prefecture called on me for the purpose of communicating to me what he believed to be and called an essential bit of advice. It was the Prefect's opinion that my sojourn in Brussels during that of Bonaparte was perhaps "improper, nay, dangerous," and that my temporary absence would be prudent. I replied: "The Prefect has doubtless his orders. I shall await his causing them to be carried out by the gendarmerie, and shall not otherwise leave Brussels."

Bonaparte, who was escorted by an army, was acclaimed by the authorities only. The inhabitants preserved their dignity. The principal actors of the great theatres of Paris had gathered at Brussels. Mlle. Raucourt, whom I had formerly received at the Directorate, as a recognition of her talents as an artist of the highest rank, had preserved a grateful remembrance of my treatment of her, and of my efforts to encourage the dramatic art. She was in the habit of calling on the exile, without any fear of

compromising herself; she often dined with me, and daily supped at Talleyrand's at eleven o'clock. She said to me one day: "Bonaparte summons us hither, and leaves us without money." I begged Talleyrand to mention the matter to him; the latter's reply was: "I shall see to the matter; meanwhile, advance 24,000 francs to Mlle. Raucourt; I shall take care that the sum is reimbursed to you." When taking the money out of his cash-box, Talleyrand said to me crossly: "It will probably never be paid back to me."

Although compelled to leave my Grosbois estate, it was still my property, and this was another source of annoyance to Bonaparte. Berthier, who was desirous of acquiring it, sent word to me, begging me to sell Grosbois to him; and, in order to inspire me with disgust for the place, he had already committed all the exactions and persecutions in which his position as Master of the Hounds allowed him to indulge. Thus he had given orders that none of my relations or friends should shoot over my estate, and he had instructed the gendarmerie to carry out his order, which gave me great uneasiness. Moreau, taking advantage of these circumstances, sent M. Carbonnel to Brussels to negotiate with me for the purchase of Grosbois. I agreed to the price which he fixed—about half the actual value of the property. I experienced much difficulty and pettifogging in obtaining merely a part of the money. I did not receive the balance until later, as will be shown. It has generally been the custom to attribute to Mme. Hulot, the mother-in-law of Moreau,

the methods which the General's easy-going ways did not seem to justify being attributed to him. Later on it was discovered that these methods, the responsibility of which he suffered his mother-in-law and his mother to assume, were those which policy did not counsel him personally to uphold. Nevertheless, it was General Moreau himself who wrote to me one day that, yielding to my demands, the Minister of Finance had, by enactment, reduced the taxes on my land, with the result that I should receive what I had paid over and above what was legally due. This made some 20,000 francs to my credit, and such a sum was not a matter of indifference to a proscript needing all his resources.

While informing me of this by a letter in his own hand, Moreau added that I would never receive the formal deed of this enactment, and that "he offered to take charge of the matter, were I to cede one half of it to him." In view of the state of persecution I found myself in, I consented to the somewhat indelicate proposition of Moreau. I never received from him more than a small portion of the share coming to me.

Still, the acquisition of Grosbois was not a lucky one for Moreau. A year later he was proscribed in his turn, and Berthier, who had for a long time past coveted the domain, hastened, immediately on Moreau's sentence, although a temporary one (two years), being pronounced, to get Bonaparte to give him Grosbois, ere Moreau, who still owed me 100,000 francs, had had the time to pay me its price.

Towards the same time Bernadotte, who had been considered the friend of Moreau, and who, although having conspired just as well as the latter, had just been created a Marshal of the Empire, instead of being brought to trial—Bernadotte, who had for a long time past coveted Moreau's house in the Rue d'Anjou, expressed to Bonaparte through a third party the respectful desire to receive it as a boon at the hands of His Imperial Majesty. Joseph, urged by Mme. Désirée Bernadotte, executed the commission as "a kind brother-in-law"; and the Emperor, so prompt and so clever in aiding in their debasement those in whom he discovered happy dispositions in this line, replied affably about as follows to Bernadotte, who, Marshal of the Empire for a few days, as such enjoyed the honour of being called cousin by the Emperor: "The Prince, my brother Joseph, has informed me, my cousin, of your desire to possess a residence appropriate to your new rank. I am pleased that the house situated in the Rue d'Anjou, and which formerly belonged to General Moreau, suits your taste. I have instructed my Minister of General Police to place it at your disposal. I present you with the freehold of it."

One would think that Bernadotte's covetousness would be satisfied with the gift of this fine estate; the sequel will be seen.

Moreau, having on his return from Hohenlinden wished to begin to enjoy what the English style comfort, had purchased from the celebrated Jacob,

the first cabinetmaker of the period, a complete set of furniture made in most tasteful and elegant style. This set of furniture had been greatly admired by all those whom General Moreau had invited to call upon him in his so well conceived retirement, akin to that of Villars and Catinat. Bernadotte was among those who had called most frequently upon his friend, and bestowed praise on both house and furniture; but immediately upon or even before the passing of the sentence on Moreau, Mme. Bonaparte, who could also appreciate pretty things, had caused to be removed from the house in the Rue d'Anjou those of Jacob's artistic productions which pleased her most, some to Malmaison, others to Fontainebleau. Great is Bernadotte's astonishment, who, when visiting his new property, expected to find everything left untouched, at not seeing Jacob's furniture, which he had truly not forgotten. Away he flies to brother-in-law Joseph, to whom he says: "The intentions of the Emperor have been evaded; my furniture has been removed from my house," for the possessive pronoun is admirably suited to Bernadotte. Joseph promises to lay the matter before the Emperor, who, probably ignorant of what has taken place, tells him to settle the thing with Fouché, so that Bernadotte's ardent desire may be completely gratified. Armed with this imperial authority, Bernadotte quickly calls on Fouché and bitterly complains of the removal of his furniture. It is impossible to remove it from Malmaison and Fontainebleau, so Fouché agrees with Bernadotte

to ask the Emperor for permission to substitute money for the furniture which it is impossible to take out of the imperial châteaux. Bonaparte says to Fouché: "Take the money to settle this affair once for all out of the funds derived from the gambling-houses; I want Bernadotte to be satisfied. He is again protesting his deep attachment to me; this may attach him still further to me."

Bernadotte, who had paid a second visit to Fouché, in order to ascertain the Emperor's reply, had remained a very long time in Fouché's closet, in order to bring matters to an end. Dancing attendance upon him outside in his carriage was a friend, to whom he had said he had gone to see the Minister in his interests. On coming out after a two hours' conversation with the Minister, Bernadotte had told his friend that he had been devoting his time to him. Fouché, whom the friend asked a few days later how affairs were progressing, replied: "Bernadotte did not mention anything except his furniture in his house of the Rue d'Anjou; he would be still speaking to me about it had I not sent him about his business."

This is how Bernadotte's two-fold *gasconisme* (Gascon characteristics) on this occasion was revealed through Fouché. It is not the only one in which Bernadotte acted thus. I have considered it was my right and my duty not to omit this blot on the escutcheon, all the more so that I have more than once in the course of my Memoirs rendered to this great parvenu of the Revolution all the justice he

deserved, at a time when he was a Republican either from conscientious or interested motives, and when for some reason or other he co-operated in a useful fashion to the defence of liberty. Plutarch, whose *Parallel Lives* always constitute my favourite reading, does not pretend that his heroes are or should be perfect. There are blemishes on the finest characters, and gaps in the most perfect lives. I think I have personally bowed to this rule in all I have told about myself. As to the spoliation affecting on this occasion Moreau and then myself as a counter-stroke, it may be looked upon as worthy of the most serious consideration if one ponders over the fact that all this cupidity, excited and gratified by the new Emperor, are essentially connected with the establishment of his despotism, with the degradation, the annihilation of our Fatherland, the debasement and extermination of its sons.

There remained to me as dependencies of Grosbois some little woodland which had not been included in the sale made to Moreau. Furious at not having obtained Grosbois himself, "which," he said, "should have been his as a reward for his devoted conduct and the dangers he had run in the course of the trial of Moreau," Murat declared that he had been robbed by Berthier of this estate promised to him and his wife by the Emperor. In order not to lose sight of it, he took a stroll in its neighbourhood; and when I learnt that he had, unknown to me, shot game in my woods, I was informed that it was by

permission of the Emperor and of the Minister Fouché. One of Sulla's proscripts exclaimed: "It is to my house at Alba that I owe my proscription." Poor Barras, poor Moreau, our house at Alba has likewise something to do with our misfortunes!

The severity of the damp climate of Brussels was perceptibly injuring my health. My physicians advised me to go and breathe my native air in Provence, so I planned to go thither, skirting the borders of Switzerland on my journey. Informed by his spies of this harmless project, Bonaparte instructed Maret to inform me that I might, if I so desired, pass through Paris. Maret added in his letter: "Should M. Barras desire anything further, he may rest assured that between him and Bonaparte there can be no intermediary." I sent word to M. Maret that if passports were despatched to me, I should make a short stay in Paris, in order to settle a few business matters which the persecution exercised against me had compelled me to neglect.

Bonaparte said to Maret: "What is Barras' reply?" "He has not written, but has sent word to me that he accepted the passports." "Go, tell Fouché," said Bonaparte, "to forward them to him at once."

To what was I to attribute this extraordinary kind attention on the part of Bonaparte? The answer is simple and easily explained. He had just committed, one after the other, a series of crimes which he had considered necessary to his

elevation; he had strangled Pichegru,[1] assassinated the Duc d'Enghien, transported Moreau, butchered Georges (Cadoudal) and his unfortunate companions, and had made himself Emperor!

But the Emperor was the object of public animadversion; his brothers, whom he had seen fit to baptize "princes," were known as and called "princes of the blood . . . d'Enghien." In spite of the flatteries of Josephine and of his courtiers, who sought to conceal the truth from him, he could not ignore that he was abhorred, and that his throne of a few days, already tarnished, did not rest on a very solid foundation. Hence the time had not yet come for him to multiply his enemies; quite the reverse, it was necessary that he should, by all possible means, rally or appear to rally to himself all those who had the reputation of being hostile to him. For this reason was he doing me the honour of believing that I was not unworthy of some attention.

Meanwhile Fouché, ever anxious to anticipate the wishes of his master, penetrated the intention of the Château des Tuileries. Annoyed at seeing himself forestalled in anything, the crafty valet sent for Vincent Lombard, to whom he said: "Leave for Brussels at once; Bonaparte wishes to be reconciled with Barras; such a reconciliation, were it to take place through anybody but myself, would be a

[1] In an autographic memorandum found among the papers of M. de Saint-Albin, Barras declares expressly that Pichegru strangled himself in prison.—G. D.

calamity; tell Barras that I have never ceased being attached to him; that it is quite time that he and Bonaparte should be on good terms; that I have paved the way for a *rapprochement*. Bonaparte makes it a point of honour to bring this matter to a settlement."

So Fouché's ambassador visited me in Brussels; he began by telling me that Fouché was far from being my enemy; that having heard of my intention of proceeding to the South, he had already taken steps which had been crowned with success; that he hoped to induce Bonaparte to let me make a stay in Paris; that he had found him quite favourable to the idea of sending me passports for Paris; and that he wished to see the end of an estrangement which was neither to his interest nor to mine.

I considered myself justified, when talking to Lombard, to show a little policy. "I have never thought," I said to him, "that Fouché was my enemy, and that he had reluctantly executed the orders transmitted to him; his goodwill may be of use to me during my stay in Paris, and I am anxious to avail myself of it." Lombard left; my passports came, and I left Brussels.

A few moments after my arrival in Paris, Lombard came to me and said: "The Minister has just heard that you have at last come. He begs you will breakfast with him to-morrow; everything is settled; Bonaparte awaits you."

I went to the breakfast, accompanied by Lombard. On reaching the official residence of the

Minister of Police, Lombard went upstairs a few steps ahead of me; suddenly a man clothed in black pulled me by the coat, and said to me in a whisper: "Do not breakfast; you will be poisoned," and disappeared.

The breakfast was ready. I sat beside Fouché; I ate and drank very little, taking great care not to partake of anything that the Minister did not himself partake of. Breakfast over, Fouché said to me gleefully, in the presence of the two Lombards, Vincent and Taradeau, and of Turot, his former secretary-general: "Let us leave for the Tuileries at once; you are awaited there, and will meet with a kindly and unceremonious reception." I replied to Fouché: "Lombard has incorrectly reported to you the reply I made in Brussels; if I did not deny the possibility of a *rapprochement*, I meant one with Paris and my private affairs. I had no intention of appearing in the presence of the oppressor of my country." Fouché urged me strongly to go. "I have arranged everything with Bonaparte," he said; "I am compromised; it is time that men like you two should patch up your differences." I definitively replied to Fouché that no consideration would induce me to take a step offensive to my Republican principles, and harmful to my character. "The Directorate was little more than a phantom on the 18th Brumaire," I said to him, "all right-thinking men were of opinion that the Constitution needed revising; I myself held that view. Bonaparte loudly proclaimed it. This

grand idea of perfecting the Republic might have been carried out with the assent of the nation. When Bonaparte, you, and others, combined for the purpose of overthrowing the Republic, I could not credit such a felony. This is so true that I wrote to Bonaparte, commending to him our Republican institutions and the armies which had sworn to and had so gloriously protected them." Fouché, who was pacing the room with long strides, did nothing but repeat: "Monsieur Lombard, I am strangely compromised; you will likewise be compromised, Monsieur Barras." I took leave of Fouché, saying: "You hold Grosbois; pay me the 100,000 francs Moreau still owes me."

On my leaving Fouché, Lombard asked me: "What did that man who spoke to you on the staircase want of you?" "He warned me," I replied, "that I would be poisoned." I owe it to Vincent Lombard to state that he constantly gave me proofs of devotion, and that his interested connection with Fouché was never employed to do me harm, but, on the contrary, to serve me.

I wrote to Bonaparte that the object of my short stay in Paris was to settle some private affairs which I had been compelled to abandon suddenly, and in particular to collect 100,000 francs owed me by Moreau; that an unjust oppression had prevented me from looking after interests which called for every moment of my time.

Moreau had been transported; Bonaparte had

instructed Fouché to purchase Grosbois; but the money was not to be remitted to Moreau until he had given proof of his being in the United States. I had many an argument when claiming that the 100,000 francs which Moreau still owed me for Grosbois should be paid to me. Bonaparte would say: "Since Barras will not rally to me, do not pay him, and make him leave Paris." I wrote to Bonaparte that I should lay my claim before the courts. How could he pretend to retain ownership of Grosbois, which he had just presented to Berthier, and not wipe off the first debt on the estate? Thereupon Bonaparte said angrily to Fouché: "Barras has fooled you; he wanted his money; pay him at once and let him go." The notary Oudinot called on me and brought me the sum, together with a receipt for the gross amount of the purchase, which Bonaparte was most anxious to obtain from me, so as not to appear as having despoiled Moreau, but as having purchased Grosbois from him. I signed: he refused to pay any interest. The notary Oudinot, whom Bonaparte and Fouché entrusted with many such transactions, died shortly afterwards.

Just at that time the former secretary of the Directorate, now the secretary of the Consulate, M. Fain, later on Bonaparte's private secretary, wrote to me, offering to send me the remaining numbers of certain books printed under the Directorial government, which had subscribed for several copies. My former colleagues had accepted and

consented to this proposition. I did not reply to M. Fain, personally a very worthy young man, but the mouthpiece of a power with which I did not wish to have any connection. Nor did I reply to the secretary Lagarde, instructed to ask me for information as to the disappearance of a few diamonds and richly ornamented gems, destined as presents to Barbary potentates, which had been kept in a chest of drawers provided with a patent lock. Sieyès, then president, kept the key; he alone could therefore enlighten him on this point. He also could say what had become of a sum of 600,000 francs in Treasury notes similarly locked up. This sum belonged to the members of the Directorate, who had made it up pursuant to an agreement entered into among themselves; it was to supply each retiring member with means of subsistence on their relinquishing their high public functions to re-enter private life. Rewbell and Letourneur had each received 100,000 francs. I have since learnt that the remaining 600,000 francs had been taken by Sieyès, who had given 60,000 francs to the secretary-general, and 100,000 francs to Roger-Ducos. This fashion of using the sum constituted a theft from the former members of the Directorate, as it was their personal property. My colleagues preferred their claims to it, but in vain. Personally, I preferred none. In addition to this I was more especially entitled to have refunded to me the 35,000 *écus* advanced by me to the Minister of War to enable him to make a final payment

on a purchase of muskets. I was owed also two months' salary as a Director; this sum also went the same way. Each of my colleagues received what was due to them on account of salary, besides a pension of 10,000 francs; Carnot and Larevellière were granted it later. What conclusively proved to me how little Bonaparte was inclined to pay me what was legally my due, is that, in order to couple irony with his refusal, he referred my claim to M. de Frémont, Director of Finances, my colleague in the National Convention, a former little attorney in Brittany, who had become one of Bonaparte's Councillors of State, and one of the oppressors of the period most distinguished for his harshness and insolence. I requested Captain Victor Grand to call on this M. de Frémont; this vile farmer of the revenue replied to him: "He is not one of us; I will do nothing."

I still owned some woodland at Les Camaldules, not far from Grosbois. M. Berthier had, in the name of the Emperor, prohibited me from shooting over it. Napoleon had said to him: "Buy this woodland, and if Barras refuses to sell, the Minister of Finance shall take possession of it provisionally." Marshal Lefebvre had informed me of this decision, saying: "Sell at any price." M. Berthier fixed the price at one half the real value of the property. Never were land-owners, under any government, made to experience such spoliation.

CHAPTER IV

Bonaparte's coquettish blandishments—An affectionate letter from General Lefebvre—Fresh annoyances—The bridge of Charenton—A visit to the Prefect of Police—The secretary Veyrat—M. Piis does not know me—A talk with Dubois—My two enemies—A debate in the Council of State in regard to my stay in Paris—Bonaparte's opinion—A manufactured conspiracy at Marseilles—Moreau's vast project—He postpones carrying it out—An unexpected call from Mme. de Staël—Her scruples in regard to the death of tyrants—"Robespierre on horseback"—Mme. de Staël's great courage—Her generous offers to the liberator of the Fatherland—Her courage fails her suddenly—Her toilet—Departure for Provence—The Mayor Puy—Popular movement in my favour—Arrival at Aix—Tragic death of my sister—The Prefect Thibaudeau and the commissary Permont—I go back to Montpellier—M. Nogaret—Uprightness of M. Dubois—Pelet de la Lozère—My persecutors—A massacre at Les Aigalades—The result of my complaining—M. Cervoni—Negotiation in regard to Grosbois—Lefebvre's affability—Berthier's conceitedness—I am forbidden to go to Aix—The ex-sans-culotte Thibaudeau and the imperial family—Eaux-Bonnes—Silliness of Charles IV.—Princess Pauline at the waters of Aix—Cervoni's familiarity—Correct attitude of a chamberlain—Pauline's hideous malady—Her licentiousness—M. Gravier—M. César Roubaud—A grotesque tableau—M. Desbains and General Guyot—Thrushes—The amphitryon meets with a refusal—Self-abasement of the aristocracy in the presence of the Corsican family—Preparations for divorce—Eugène as a go-between—Virtues of mother and son—Josephine's ruse in connection with the divorce—Bonaparte's picturesque *mot*—Activity displayed in molesting me—Inquisition of the commissary Permont—The woman Guidal—General Guidal and Paban—The King of Spain's plan of escape—Admirals Cotton and Pellew—Exacting demands of His Spanish Majesty—The advocate Jaume, Captain Charabot, and the skipper—The plot discovered—Arrest of my steward—He is set at liberty—The King of Spain exiled—Bonaparte purchases his diamonds—The Prince of the Peace calls on me—I do not receive him—Advances made to me by the Royal Family—Bonaparte's views in regard to his treasures—Flattering letter from M. de Rovigo—The

inquisitorial commissary—Interrogatory I am subjected to in regard to the plot—M. Pagès—His double police—I am exiled to Rome—Rural interview with the Prefect—His oral threats—I delay my journey—I am forced to start—Regrets of the people—I pass through Montpellier—M. Nogaret's uprightness—My kind lady cousins—Bonaparte's madness—The continental system—Disasters in Russia—My arrival at Turin—New sbirri—Ill-treatment I am subjected to by them—Free at last—Punishment inflicted on the commissary—Noble devotion of my servants—M. Pierrugues—M. de Lameth's ingratitude—The Prefect Fauchet—My entry into Rome—The cicerone Cerni—M. de Norvins—Governor Miollis—M. de Tournon—Servility of M. de Norvins—The Commissary of Police historian—Expedition of General Miollis against the Pope—General Radet—Cupidity of Miollis—A picture of Rome—The Carbonari—Monsignor Martorelli—Tolerance of the Roman clergy—The Romans' hatred of the Imperial Government—The *curé* Bataille—I save him from a humiliating execution—My correspondence intercepted—Séguy's attempts to despoil me—A letter from my former secretary Botot—I ask to be allowed to return to France—Proceedings taken against Republicans in regard to the attempted evasion of Charles IV.—Judiciary fusilades ordered by Masséna—Thibaudeau and Pelet de la Lozère his accomplices—Merlin's atrocious subtlety—Death of Moreau—His conferences with Bernadotte and Mme. de Staël—Moreau's justification—Bonaparte's position—Murat's negotiations with England—Rome taken—Incapacity of de Beauharnais—Miollis takes to flight—Fouché in Italy—He is made a fool of by Murat—The imperial *débâcle*—Pignatelli—Maguella—Miollis at the Castle of San Angelo—I pay him a visit—Flight of the Prefect and of the Intendant Jannet—Jannet charged with theft—I obtain provisions for Miollis—I prevent a massacre of the French—I am offered a guard of honour—The King of Naples in Rome—My visit on horseback—An amiable reception—I suppress the name of king—My frankly-expressed opinion—A curious letter from the Emperor of Austria—Murat once more invites me to call on him—His *rêverie*—State of his affairs—Delicate commission he seeks to entrust me with to his sister-in-law—I at first decline it, and then accept it on his pressing me—Outrage perpetrated by the populace on the Princess Bacciochi—A visit from Fouché—The service he asks of me—A fresh conference with Murat—His grievances against Davout and Rovigo—My proposition—Murat incapable of any great deed—Kindly welcome granted me by the foreign armies—I am arrested at Turin—M. Duzer—I am sent to Montpellier—M. Alliot of Nîmes—He informs me of a charge long since trumped up against me—I call on Pelet de la Lozère—His affected affability—Success of the royal armies—The Duc d'Angoulême at Bordeaux—A discussion on etiquette—The Restoration.

BONAPARTE, while inflicting all these vexations upon

me, still hoped to induce me to bend the knee to him, by means of a few caresses. They were real coquetries which reached me from various quarters on his behalf, and he selected as interpreters those whose sentiments were likely to be least suspicious to me. Thus, just as I was being worried into suffering myself to be robbed of my last bit of woodland, I received the following letter from Marshal Lefebvre :—

MY DEAR GENERAL,

It seems to me that were you to write to His Imperial and Royal Majesty, and make him acquainted with what you have felt for a long time in your innermost heart, viz. obedience to the constitutions of the Empire, and fidelity to the Emperor, I should have the pleasure of seeing you in our part of the country, and of proving to you that I am not cowardly enough to be ungrateful for the favours you have bestowed upon me on many an occasion. You will feel that if you do not take this step, you will feel embarrassed, and I also.

I have the honour, etc.,

LEFEBVRE.

In spite of all my confidence in the intentions animating Lefebvre, I did not see fit to follow his advice, nor, as I had sufficiently written to the First Consul, to write to the Corsican Emperor. Thereupon measures of rigour and of violence were resumed against the man who had not suffered himself to be deceived by a pretence of kindly feeling. As I was returning one day from a drive to Les Camaldules, my carriage, on reaching the bridge of Charenton, the spot where Moreau had been arrested, was suddenly surrounded by the

gendarmerie. The captain informed me that it was nothing more than a Ministerial dispatch. I demanded its production. It contained a formal order to leave Paris in five days, counting from the date of the order. The delay expired that very day.

I proceeded to the Prefecture of Police, fully determined upon having a serious explanation with M. Dubois, the signer of the order. Several of my friends wished to accompany and tried to quiet me. I parted company with them. On my entering a large room, the clerks on seeing me respectfully rose from their seats. One of the head clerks courteously inquired the object of my visit. "I have come to ask for passports," I said, "and to express to M. Dubois the indignation I feel at the new proscription inflicted upon me. I was only notified to-day of the order prescribing me to leave Paris within five days, *i.e.* after the delay has expired." Veyrat[1] came forward and told me that the Prefect was attending a meeting of the council, and that he could not see me just then. I explained to him the reason of my presence. I was informed that the order had been sent that very morning by the Minister of Police, who would be very glad to talk the matter over with me at some other time; that "in the meantime he authorised me to remain in Paris until the day of the meeting of the Council General of Police of the Empire, presided over by Bonaparte; that he would lay my case before it,

[1] This name is also spelt Vérat.—G. D.

and would report the result to me on the following day, if I would take the trouble of calling on him." It was necessary to have my passport visæd; I was taken by Veyrat into the presence of the secretary-general, M. Piis. This gentleman had been one of my least discreet adulators during the Directorate; it was therefore a natural thing that he should not know me. M. Piis turned away his head and affixed his signature. "You also, Monsieur Piis," I said to him, "you think it necessary to avert your face from me; have you no other way of showing your recollection of the kindly reception you solicited and obtained at my hands?" Veyrat showed me most respectfully to my carriage. My friends were awaiting me at my home. We had hardly sat down to dinner when Vincent Lombard made his appearance. "Leave at once," he cried, "or you will be arrested and conveyed to Rochefort." I replied to him: "I will wait here for the bayonets."

I was determined not to leave Paris without seeing M. Dubois, who had again asked me to call on him, so I went to the Prefecture of Police. Veyrat was awaiting me in the courtyard; he showed me into the Prefect's study, where I found several *attachés* of the police wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. M. Dubois greeted me with a politeness which was daily becoming a rarity among the *parvenus* of the Empire. "I was desirous and even felt the need of talking with you," he said. "I am foreign to all the persecutions of which you are the victim; I have not the honour of

being known to you; but I have not forgotten the signal services you rendered to the country, and especially on the 9th Thermidor. All living owe you their lives. Jealous of your esteem, I cannot let you remain ignorant of the fact that you have powerful enemies. Here are the proofs in this portfolio." He read to me several memoranda of Fouché and Réal against me, as well as Fouché's latest letter, and also his order, dated five days before its transmission. He went on to say: "I reported on your case to the Police Committee, over which Bonaparte was presiding. I pointed out that you required to remain in Paris in order to settle business matters. I told what had happened in regard to the order which I had been instructed to notify to you on the very day it had been sent to me, and explained that I had taken upon myself to allow you to remain in Paris a while longer. Réal and Fouché alone fought my opinion, setting forth that the honour and security of the throne demanded that you should leave Paris. I asked that you be permitted to remain in Paris until your affairs were settled. Bonaparte, fixing his eyes upon me, said to me: "You did right in granting Barras this permission; let him settle his affairs—it is only fair—but without too long delaying his departure for Provence. See to it that he is not butchered, for the English would not fail to attribute it to me; they have already made in this connection predictions as false as they are abominable." M. Dubois is under the impression that he

added that he would hold himself responsible for my behaviour in Paris.

After having informed me of what had taken place, M. Dubois added: "Set your mind at rest; settle your business; and merely inform me of the day of your departure for the South. Write to me, if I can be of service to you; you shall ever find me ready to meet your wishes." I was escorted back to the farthermost ante-chamber with every mark of consideration.

I called on M. Dubois the day before my departure from Paris. I mentioned to him certain rumours about an alleged conspiracy said to have been unearthed at Marseilles. M. Dubois replied to me: "It is all a story invented by the Prefect and the authorities against the citizens who censure their administration; they have tried to create the belief that it was directed against the Emperor."

A government the usurper of liberty requires to find victims in order to smite them. Its conscience points them out to it in the first place, and causes it to suppose that the conduct of the oppressed must have some connection with their just resentment. Hence it was because of the injury that Bonaparte had already done me that his agents sought to make out that I was engaged in conspiring.

But, just at the time when they were so clumsily seeking that which did not exist, there happened an affair of some importance, which the famous sleuth-hounds of the police did not even suspect. Moreau, on leaving for the United States, whither he had

been transported, had sent word to me, in consequence of relations entered into with me since that 18th Brumaire of which he was as ashamed as unhappy, that "on his way through Spain he should stop at Cadiz as long as he could." I learnt that he had met in that town an old patriot named Solano, who had been a distinguished officer. As he had not abandoned the idea of working towards the deliverance of his country, he had conceived the idea of landing on the African coast, and then proceeding to England, for the purpose of arming 50,000 French prisoners whom the English Government had placed at his disposal, together with the prisoners at Mahon, numbering between 16,000 and 18,000 men. This army, bearing the tricolour flag, commanded by a general who had often led it to victory, and whom his proscription rendered doubly interesting, a commander seconded by Generals Lecourbe and Monnier, was more than sufficient to overthrow a despotic government which had already inspired the nation with disgust. Proclamations frankly Republican would have rallied the army and all malcontent patriots. Moreau would have landed on the coast of Brittany, while the 20,000 prisoners at Mahon would have attacked the South. I was offered the command of these 20,000 men. They would have constituted a valuable nucleus, about which I should have gathered almost the whole of the southern population. The Powers on our frontiers, combining their action with this internal uprising, would have compelled Bonaparte to divide

his forces. The object of this simultaneous undertaking on these two points was to re-establish Republican institutions, and free them from the bonds which had made them illusory and unserviceable under the Directorate. The English Government bound itself to supply arms, munitions of war, and ships for the purpose of transporting these invading armies to France. Moreau sent word to me that, with the generals he knew I had at my disposal, he had no doubt of a complete success.

I must admit that, on learning of this idea and of the means for carrying it out, I saw much that was well conceived towards attaining the goal; with the exception of pointing out that the foreign co-operation accepted in the affair should be carefully restricted, I fully approved of the plan, and, during my few days grace in Paris, I held myself ready to co-operate in good earnest to everything that was humanly possible.

But, after having so well conceived his military and political plan, Moreau, who had so formally promised, once more allowed his uncertain and subordinate character to get the better of him, hesitated, and asked for time. All his fortune had been confiscated; the idea of him and his remaining without resources seemed to occupy his mind more than anything else; no money was to be remitted to him until proof of his arrival in the United States. He therefore saw fit to postpone the undertaking; in other words, he gave it up, at least for some time to come.

Just as I had made up my mind to leave my domicile once more, and to yield to force, I was informed of the arrival of a person from the country who was most anxious to speak to me at once and without witnesses. This person had applied to my valet, whom she had known in the days of the Directorate, in order to make her wish known to me. She stepped out of her carriage at the same time as she delivered her message, and was by my side just as my valet was telling me her name. "Dear Barras," exclaimed Mme. de Staël, embracing me with tears in her eyes and grasping both my hands warmly, "I have heard of all that has just befallen you, and I am perhaps merely egotistical in the pain and indignation I feel; for I am fully convinced that the same fate awaits us all forthwith, and that nobody will be suffered to remain at his fireside. It would be little were he to entertain designs against our persons only, but he entertains them against things, against *the* thing itself, against the liberty for which so much has been done and such enormous sacrifices have been made for the past ten years, and all the misfortunes of which are not to be absolved by success, by a wise organisation following upon all the excesses which might have dishonoured France, if France could be dishonoured. In lieu of this I can already see that Bonaparte is dreaming of re-establishing the ancient *régime*, and even of returning to the feudal system. His is a head of iron, and his mind is imbued with despotism, and he will so remain until he dies a natural

or supernatural death. As regards myself—who, in spite of all I have heard before and since the Revolution in regard to the justice and lawful right of killing tyrants, have not ceased to preserve serious scruples in the matter—I must to-day confess to you that my scruples have vanished to a tremendous extent in regard to the tyrant who seized upon France on the 18th Brumaire, and whose excesses are increasing apace. It is I who first uttered the *mot*, since repeated, that 'he was Robespierre on horseback.' Nowadays I feel like begging Robespierre's forgiveness, for I verily believe that I have calumniated your former colleague of the National Convention. It has been said that you did not try him, but killed him on the 9th Thermidor. This may be a point for discussion, but I do not possess the logomachy of Merlin and Cambacérès, who take this view nowadays, probably with a view of acquiring popularity. I am not of their opinion; I consider that you acted most morally and like a true citizen when disabling Robespierre on the 9th Thermidor. It is because I approve of this act of justice, or, if you prefer, of rigour, that I in no wise withdraw the comparison I have made between the first Robespierre and the second. It is not to justify the dead man that I accuse the living one. Nevertheless, from all we know of the old and the new Robespierres, I cannot help maintaining that, although the first does not appear to me beautiful, I consider him less hideous than his successor. Robespierre seems to have reached the point of

being the dictator of France through his ambition of becoming her legislator. He was a mad Lycurgus, who would have thought himself guilty had he been a mere Solon. The latter would, in his eyes, have been too mild an Athenian, and, as your colleague Saint-Just once said: 'It was not the allurements of Capua and the birds of the Phasis which they wished us to taste, but the austerity of Sparta and that of the first days of Rome.' But if the force of events happens to have placed an excessive power in the hands of Robespierre and Saint-Just, it does not appear that it constituted the object or the tendency of their conduct, nor that they would have sought to preserve it for ever for themselves and theirs. To me they look like men who were dragged and swept along from the beginning to the end of their political career. I think that upon the whole they were most disinterested men, with the exception perhaps of their ambition to master and perhaps kill their enemies. If indeed they cruelly gratified their desires in this respect, they undoubtedly were inhuman and ferocious to the point of making their contemporaries and centuries to come shudder. But I am compelled, although to my shame, to revert to my first proposition: the tyrants of the National Convention killed persons only. Theirs was not the aim to kill things themselves, to destroy institutions, to debase the human species, and subject it once more to all the base actions, prejudices, and infamies of anterior *régimes*, and to the ignominy of every known kind of despotism.

Hence there can be no doubt that Robespierre, Saint-Just, and all like them were better than M. Bonaparte. Now if I appear to be comparatively acquitting them of blame, I nevertheless consider that it was quite right, and especially on your part, my dear Barras, to put to death M. Robespierre and his friends on that memorable day in Thermidor. You perhaps perceive already the conclusion to be drawn from what I say, and your heart tells you, like mine, the judgment we must pass on Bonaparte, who is already a hundredfold more guilty than Robespierre, and who day by day, month by month, year by year, will be so a hundredfold more, and will indulge in excesses far more fatal than those committed by Robespierre. All that we have already seen presages what is to follow. We must have done with him. Are you not of my opinion, my dear friend? See whither we are drifting. To-day it is exile; it is a Corsican, a foreigner to our country —one who only entered it through your kindness to him—who tears us away from our very hearths; to-morrow he will send us the bowstring by one of his mutes, and no one will raise his voice in protest, since he has suppressed the tribune, the bar, and the press, and France has no longer echo or respiration!"

Mme. de Staël spoke as I have recorded. I was too deeply moved at her words not to be certain that I have not forgotten any of them, and that I have reported them as they were spoken. Mme. de Staël, so wonderful in her works, was

perhaps still more wonderful when speaking from her innermost soul. I listened to her with a smile which was assuredly not one of contempt; at first she believed that it was tinged with irony; so, increasing in warmth, and grasping my frock-coat, which she unbuttoned from top to bottom, Mme. de Staël said to me with growing animation: "And what has become of you, Barras, the liberator of Thermidor, the victor of the 13th Vendémiaire, you who dared the 18th Fructidor? Where do you stand, Barras? I no longer recognise you, my friend; you forsake us, you forsake yourself!"

"Well, madame," I replied to Mme. de Staël, "the fact is that everybody has abandoned us, and that a spell has been thrown over France; I do not see any means of getting her to turn or to hearken to us, until such times as her eyes have been opened. It is not any fear of danger that holds me back; I think that in this respect I have shown what I was made of, and my love of life has in no wise been increased by my knowledge of mankind, and the sentiment, painfully acquired, of the almost insuperable helplessness of our efforts on human destinies; but, as you were truly saying just now, madame, there is no longer any echo in France, because all communications are intercepted, and because society is dissolved; we are nothing more than dust, or at best mud. He who is desirous of undertaking alone something of himself, can readily form in his soul a resolution to act, conscious that his soul will not fail him; but when it is impossible to

act singly, and he must lean on the co-operation of others, he must examine what he has the possibility of obtaining from them. Now, can I truly believe that our appeal will in any way be answered? The nation is more than fascinated: it is a prey to the prestige of military glory, and is carried away and past reflecting; we need a conversion brought about by misfortunes—a series of misfortunes, perhaps—ere the illusion is dissipated; the nation must feel despotism ere it returns to the sentiment and the need of liberty."

"Ah, Barras," answered Mme. de Staël, "I do not know you. As for me, I feel all the courage which I have until now admired in you on great critical occasions. Were I a man, I should yield no one the honour of delivering our Fatherland. I cannot without trembling and shuddering think of the far-reaching yet so near consequences of tyranny. France is lost if Bonaparte is not destroyed; personally, I would not hesitate risking my life and giving all my fortune this very moment in aid of the most noble action that can be executed. My life, my fortune! I would sacrifice my honour, that which is dearest to women. Yes, the generous and heroic mortal who should deliver our Fatherland, who should strike down the tyrant, that one can reckon on all my sentiments, on my love; let him come into my arms, let me press him against my heart, let me adore, idolise, and marry him, let his soul commingle with mine. Why have I only one heart to offer him? I belong to him wholly; I lay myself at his mercy."

When uttering these words, Mme. de Staël seemed to me really prepared to submit to all the consequences which she foresaw would be the result of the great deed. I could almost have laughed had she not been so much in earnest. Looking upon me perhaps as the primary actor in the drama on which our conversation had turned, Mme. de Staël not only offered but gave me the reward I had not deserved. It was she who kissed me first; I confess that I returned her kiss most willingly, and with the most sincere feeling—I who during her frequent visits to the Directorate had ever shown towards her the continence of Scipio, or the respect shown by Alexander to the family of Darius. "I must not conceal from you," I remarked to Mme. de Staël, "that gendarmes are occupying the approaches to my house, and are at our heels."

On hearing the word "gendarmes," the courage which Mme. de Staël had just so generously offered me seemed to forsake her suddenly. "Do you think they will have seen my carriage?" she asked of me in great alarm. "Do you think they will let me leave the house? Great heavens, what a fearful government! From what is taking place, it is plain I have been imprudent."

"Set your mind at rest, my dear friend," I said to Mme. de Staël; "were there the slightest chance of your being threatened with what you fear, it is then that you would see what I am personally capable of, and how, sword in hand, I should cut a path for you through Bonaparte's hired assassins. I have only

twenty-four hours more to remain in my home, but during these twenty-four hours I shall at least cause it to be respected, and I pledge you my word that the worthy friend who has so generously visited me in so awkward a moment shall not be insulted."

Mme. de Staël told me that her fears were completely allayed; but as the economy of her toilet had become somewhat disturbed in the heat of conversation, she thought it proper to put it in order from motives of delicacy, the chief one of which, she smilingly remarked to me, was not one of prudery in regard to the gendarmes; for if it is pretty generally known how women are always true to their sex on occasions when it would be thought everything can be overlooked, it is hard to realise to what a degree this woman, of so superior an order by the transcendental faculties of her mind, as well as by the strength and warmth of her soul, was more than all others feminine. She put on her hat, wrapped herself up in a large Swiss blouse which she generally wore over her clothes, and once more pressed my hands. I saw her to her coach, leaving her untouched and inviolably respected as respectable.

I left Paris for Provence. On my arrival at Avignon, the Mayor Puy, an officer of the old *régime*, but now one of Bonaparte's most devoted and blindest partisans, took the officious precaution of surrounding me with gendarmes. I may add that he did this "without compulsion," but he knew that my journey

was not a voluntary one, and that I was in disgrace with his Emperor, who was intent on hunting me down; this was sufficient for this mayoralty courtier not to remain behindhand in doing what he supposed agreeable to his master. At the rate imperial agents went in those days, they must needs outvie one another in zeal to equal their rivals in severity. The people, less corrupt than the officials, occasionally tendered some little consolation to victims by showing them some interest. I experienced in this respect sympathy which counterbalanced the harshness of the Mayor Puy's methods. I appeased the indignation of the people, who were on the point of pitching the gendarmes into the Rhône; it needed all my popularity to restrain this general movement in my favour.

On reaching Aix, I learnt that I was pointed out as the leader of the conspiracy trumped up by the chiefs of the Marseilles authorities, MM. Thibaudeau and Permont. Alleged official reports set forth that I had remained hidden in that town for two months past. My poor sister, on learning of my arrival and of what was going on, immediately left to join me in Aix. The coach conveying her was upset near Marseilles, my sister was crushed to death, and the authorities refused me all satisfaction. So here I was expelled from Avignon, denounced at Marseilles, and my poor sister dead because she had set out to fling herself into her brother's arms. I thought I could not too quickly quit the new Tauris governed by the Prefect Thibaudeau and the Com-

missary-General Permont, and resolved upon retreating to Montpellier. This town was fortunate enough to have as its prefect one M. Nogaret, a worthy man in every respect, an able and prudent prefect, who did his duty but did not go beyond it. M. Nogaret assured me that I was in safety in his department, and that he had no orders to receive from M. Thibaudeau, Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhône.

In view of the fact that M. Dubois had, on my departure from Paris, tendered me his services, I wrote to him, just as I had told him by word of mouth, that the authorities of Marseilles, while I was in Paris, nay, in his very closet, had officiously denounced a conspiracy against the Government, that they had made me the leader of it, and had charged me with having remained hidden in Marseilles for two months previously. True to his promise, M. Dubois fully demonstrated to the Government the falseness of the accusation brought against me. Had it not been for the uprightness of this Prefect of Police, who was moreover no mild-mannered man, I would have been sacrificed by the ferocious agents of the master, whom his agents would have rendered still more wicked than he was on his own account, could such a thing have been possible. I here place on record the names of all those who then and since have caused so many tears and so much blood to flow — Messieurs Fouché, Pelet de la Lozère, and Thibaudeau. Their plan having been thwarted by the explanations

of M. Dubois, I proceeded to my residence at Les Aigalades, near Marseilles.

My persecutors, who did not consider themselves beaten, surrounded me with spies, made many arrests, and decimated the ranks of good citizens. Trackers of the departmental company scoured the country-side, arresting not only discharged conscripts, under pretext of seeking for recalcitrant ones, but even firing on citizens flying from them. In the course of a discharge of firearms in the commune of Les Aigalades, and close to my estate, the father of a family, aged forty, had his thigh shattered. My coachman and my man-cook received sabre-cuts. The villagers had taken refuge in my grounds. This detachment of the prefectoral company, after having both by threats and assaults alarmed the entire commune, knocked at the door of my park with their sabres, and were on the point of smashing it. Surrounded by my household and by the village folk, I opened the door, when one of them, perceiving that resistance would be a serious matter, exclaimed: "It is M. Barras." The gang retired after having committed exactions and shot at the people. It received a premium of ten francs for every arrest made. The destruction of the human race was thus assimilated with that of wolves, and paid for at so much a head. These are but slight specimens of the doings of the Imperial Government, which is still lauded by its accomplices, to tell the truth.

I laid a complaint before General Cervoni, who called on me and said: "I have ordered the arrest

of these disturbers of the public peace, in spite of their being under the Prefect's orders." Yielding to the entreaties of the authorities and of some of their relations, I consented to their being sent to the colonial depot.

In the month of October 1807, I received through the medium of General Lefebvre, now Marshal and Duke of Danzig, the proposition to sell to General Berthier, now *Vice-Connétable* and Prince Alexandre de Neuchâtel, the remaining portion of woodlands owned by me in the neighbourhood of Grosbois, and which would admirably round off the estate. As was his wont, Lefebvre displayed in this negotiation the uprightness, *laisser-aller*, and good grace natural to him, even going so far as to ask me, since he had been called upon to act as intermediary, to allow him to continue taking charge of the matter. Lefebvre never closed any of his letters to me without adding in his handwriting some kindly word. On one occasion he wrote that "I might feel assured of his gratitude for my repeated kindness to him." As to the Prince and *Vice-Connétable*, who of all the generals was the one most indebted to me, it is impossible to show more conceit than he did on this occasion. The conceit of this son of a Versailles porter (since, it is true, promoted to the rank of *concierge*) was equalled only by his cupidity. He was in the habit of writing to me on note-paper with the negligence and all the formulas of sovereigns. These gentry seemed to believe seriously in the qualities of which they assumed the titles. In spite

of the impertinence of his tone and that of his propositions, I ended in agreeing to them, and I accepted the recalcitrant Prince of Neuchâtel's offer of 450,000 francs. Even supposing I was losing on the bargain, it was so much money for me.

I had asked for passports to the waters of Aix, in Savoy. The Prefect consulted the Minister and then wrote to me formally forbidding my proceeding thither. The reason for this prohibition, seriously issued and signed by Thibaudeau, was that "several persons of the Imperial Family were about to proceed to this resort." And it was to me that Thibaudeau, the ultra-revolutionist of 1793, whose nauseating *sans-culottisme* I had been a spectator of, when he went about in his Phrygian cap and his *carmagnole*—to me that this clown with the dirt rubbed off, solemnly came and spoke to me of the "Imperial Family"! And of what, indeed, was this family composed? Of thieving keepers of stores saved from disgrace and condign punishment by my protection, of a priest contractor, a thief in no lesser degree and a renegade to boot, and of several prostitutes, not to say public prostitutes, known and shunned for their scandalous morals in several of the southern towns of France, and even at Marseilles!

As a result of this intended visit of "members of the Imperial Family" to Aix, I was compelled to go to Eaux-Bonnes. These waters are not sufficiently known, and yet they effect wonderful cures in diseases of the chest. Their virtue is generally

ascribed to the presence of a large number of serpents, who deposit in them an unctuous and beneficent slime.

I was back on my estate at Les Aigalades. I often saw General Cervoni, a man of merit and full of courage and honour, although a Corsican. He told me that on the occasion of an official visit to the King of Spain, Charles IV., the sight of a few officers of Mamelukes attracted His Majesty's attention. "What is this uniform?" he asked of Cervoni. "Sire, it is that of the Mamelukes." At these words the king, hopping about on one leg, exclaimed, "They are renegades!"

The princess of the Imperial Family, the sister of Bonaparte, who was about to go to Aix, was the one known as Pauline, who married Leclerc, after having been united to Fréron in a less lawful way. On her arrival in that town, she received the homage of all the old parliamentary and knightly nobility. General Cervoni, her playmate in childhood, received by her with the familiarity of old, naïvely kept it up to such a degree that one day he went so far as to sit down in an armchair beside Her Imperial Highness, while the many men and women present remained standing. One of the princess's chamberlains considered this liberty highly improper, styling it an act of indecorum and licence on the part of the general. "If the princess but makes a sign to me," remarked the chamberlain, "I shall put this familiar general in his proper place, *i.e.*, outside."

Cervoni was greatly angered on these words

being repeated to him by one of his aides-de-camp. He told me that, advancing towards the group of officers of the princess's household, he had said to them: "Point out the rascal to me, so that I may chastise him soundly." Cervoni added that the chamberlain had fled. Cervoni went back to the princess, who was the first to laugh at the thrashing promised to her obsequious chamberlain. In order to show how much she blamed the courtier and endorsed the action of the general, she asked the latter to give her a *soirée* and a ball at his country-seat, near Marseilles. Cervoni, on taking leave of the princess, said to her; "I am off to make every preparation; but no chamberlains."

The princess went to take the waters of Gréoulx. She accepted the kindly ministrations of her bather, M. Gravier, the proprietor of the baths. While passing through Aulps, on her way to Nice, Her Highness was seriously ill. Her illness was ascribed to excesses of licentiousness committed by her not only in Europe and in San Domingo with all the white men composing the army, but with the negroes, as she had been desirous of instituting a comparison between them. Her licentiousness had produced an incurable disease. Too weak to walk, she had to be carried about. She stopped a while in a meadow near the country-seat of M. César Roubaud, where she was to spend the night. Her courtiers respectfully took off their coats and spread them on the sward, in order that the princess might sit down without feeling any bad effects from the dampness

of the ground. M. Desbains, sub-prefect at Grasse, his hair curled *à l'oiseau royal*, tendered his back as a support for that of the princess. General Guyot lay down in front of her, making a footstool of his belly for her. This grotesque group afforded no little merriment to passers-by and quidnuncs. Roubaud had caused a splendid dinner to be prepared. Blackbirds, of which the princess was very fond, had been procured regardless of cost. Dinner served, the guests sat down. Roubaud, who was giving the dinner, came forward to do the honours, when a chamberlain pushed him back, remarking: "The princess has not invited you"; so the host was not admitted to his own table. The itinerary of the journeys of this incredible family would prove extremely curious.

The princess reaches Nice at last. There a quarrel springs up between her friend Dr. Péire, who was looked upon as one of her lovers, and a chamberlain, M. de . . . (*sic*), who had the conceit of likewise being one of them, not from any feeling of love, but in order to get on in the world. Ostensibly, the princess sided with her physician.

These domestic particulars concerning the Imperial Family demonstrate that, whatever the importance of personages having attained a certain degree of elevation which enables them to call themselves princes or kings, the excesses committed by superiors, even among upstarts, are further encouraged and pushed perhaps beyond their will and caprice by their subordinate hirelings. Where

would be the usefulness of the *rôle* of the latter if it did not supply them with the opportunity of perpetually exercising flattery encouraging the development of such excesses? The sad or gay part of this game of courtiers eager to form part of what they styled the "Imperial Household," is that these courtiers of the wretched Corsicans were for the greater part people who boasted most illustrious names of the old French nobility. Has it therefore been wrongly said that had the plague places and pensions to distribute, it would also have its chamberlains?

The joyous band of Corsicans were not content with all the shameless doings they indulged in by virtue of the political and military power which placed at their disposal all the riches of France; they must needs fill the cup of their enjoyment of vanities by getting the last coat of dirt off themselves through high matrimonial alliances, penetrating into the most august nuptial couches, and mingling their blood with that of kings. Hence Bonaparte decided, this time irrevocably, to secure the divorce which he had several times attempted to realise, but the realisation of which he had been compelled to postpone. I learnt that the hour of consummation had sounded (1809), and that the executioner, who played a prominent part quite as much of his own accord as through resignation, was the Eugène Beauharnais who, in the course of the universal mystification of modern periods, has been presented with a trousseau of filial and all

other virtues. Since Josephine especially could ill afford to dispense with virtues on all occasions, an additional one had to be found her on the occasion of her divorce.

I have learnt from various sources how much opposition Josephine had shown, and how much grief she had affected at the time the divorce was first broached, and on the last occasion, when it was followed by execution. I have never been able to see in the affectation of this woman anything but another ruse, the object of which was to obtain better terms from Bonaparte, and to render perfectly safe the untrammelled existence she intended to lead. Napoleon's utterance while the matter was under discussion, "I shall give her another million," fully proves what he thought of it in his innermost heart. They had never either esteemed or loved each other. Josephine had always lived in dread of his character, which was capable of all things; she had more than once feared poisoning or even shooting; it was pursuant to this sentiment that she now affected regrets she was far from feeling. I am justified in not crediting her with any sincere jealousy, not only from what I learnt from her own lips even in the days of the Directorate, when she had thought herself rid of her husband reputed to have died in Egypt, but also from what she had previously been to me, when, playing the part of having a tender feeling for me, and wishing to prove it to me by all her acts, she at one and the same time offered to be my "provider," and to anticipate all the fancies

of which she herself was not to be the object, in the then very modest cottage of Malmaison, which she pretended to buy only for the purpose of placing it at my disposal.

I should have been only too glad, in my private life, to content myself with viewing, not without a certain feeling of disgust, but at least without any special uneasiness, the disorderly enjoyments of the upstarts of both sexes of the Bonaparte family, whom prefects and chamberlains seriously called the "Imperial Family"; but the consciousness possessed by all these personages of their own turpitude, the justly conceived suspicion they entertained of my opinion about them, did not suffer that they should abandon themselves to the generous security of leaving me mine. I was continually in receipt of warnings, and was the object of a supervision which even invaded my home; the higher police officials sought to exploit my position and the hatred borne me by Bonaparte, for ever seeking new ways of molesting me, and offering up to him discoveries in regard to which they hoped to surpass one another. I cannot give any better proof of the accusation I am bringing against these gentry, and in particular against M. Permont, Commissary of Police at Marseilles, a brother of Mme. Junot, and claiming to belong to a highly respectable family, than by reproducing a solitary but original document of his "secret and confidential" correspondence addressed to the Minister "himself." This document, which the fate of revolutions placed in my hands, and of

which I am entitled to consider myself the legitimate owner, not only because it concerns me personally, but because it is a matter of public interest, reveals all the activity and satanic emulation of Bonaparte's agents to do injury, and without being compelled thereto at that.

The Commissary-General of Police at Marseilles to His Excellency Monseigneur le duc de Rovigo, Minister of General Police.

(SECRET POLICE.)

MARSEILLES, *July 31st*, 1810.

MONSEIGNEUR,

I have caused to be arrested a woman named Guidal, charged with acts of swindling (some of them considerable), principally at Marseilles.

The police magistrate of the first division of Marseilles having informed me of the issue of a warrant for the arrest of the woman Guidal by his Lyons colleague, I have handed her over to him. In addition to this, I have transmitted all necessary information in connection with the matter to the Councillor of State in charge of the second *arrondissement* of the general police.

It has been impossible for me to interrogate her since her imprisonment in regard to the offences she is charged with; a considerable hemorrhage, repeated convulsions, and her delirious state, did not admit of my putting questions to her or of her answering me.

I nevertheless gave orders that she should receive assiduous care. Apart from the solicitude which should be displayed by an administrator for the relief of humanity's sufferings, I had special reasons for capturing the confidence of the woman Guidal, *wife of the general of that name*, well known as the intimate friend of M. Paul Barras.

As soon, in fact, as the woman Guidal was in a condition to sit up, she asked me for an interview, which I granted her yesterday. She first attempted to clear herself of the offences

laid at her door; she did not satisfy me in this respect; moreover, I had already transmitted to the police magistrate all documents concerning her; I encouraged and exhorted her to tell the whole truth to the magistrate who would interrogate her, and I gradually reached the point I was anxious to come to.

I asked of her without affectation a few particulars about her husband, about the life led by M. Barras, and about the people he saw; she replied to me spontaneously that, in view of the confidence I had inspired her with, she would tell me secretly all she knew; and I hasten to communicate to Your Excellency the result of this interview.

The woman Guidal told me that M. Barras received none but hot-headed patriots; that ostensibly he spoke well of the Emperor, while hating him in his innermost heart; that he was chafing with impatience; that at the time of his stay in Brussels he spent a great deal of money, which he distributed to several persons who came from Paris (she was unable to give me any of their names), with the object of forming a conspiracy and paying those who were to form part of it; that, for fear of his letters falling into the hands of the police, he had the most important ones concealed in game sent to him from Paris; that he complains of poverty, but that he possesses a very large fortune disseminated throughout Europe; that, to her personal knowledge, M. Barras once received from the Dutch, and through M. Perregaux, a banker, residing in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, Paris, a million, to enable him to carry on a certain business, as to the nature of which she could not enlighten me; and that in this same connection she received 200,000 francs for her share.

She went on to say that one Avy, Barras' secretary, was the enemy of the Emperor; that she had heard him speak in the most scandalous fashion about His Majesty; but that he had held his peace ever since he had been given military employment.

The woman Guidal told me also that last year her husband had resolved to sail from Marseilles, in order to rejoin the English, together with several other individuals, whose names she could not tell me; that in this connection one Bernard of Cannes came to Marseilles to purchase a ship for this expedition, but that having been unable to secure one, the plan had been abandoned.

The woman Guidal has for some little time past been separated from her husband: both are probably known at the Ministry of General Police.

I have thought, Monseigneur, that these particulars would please Your Excellency; they are, in a certain degree, connected with those which I had the honour of transmitting to you on the 21st inst., although the periods to which they have reference are more remote; but, in my opinion, they none the less justify our devoting attention to these restless men, whom a constant supervision alone keeps in the path of duty, but in whom the total absence of every sense of gratitude and honour causes their for ever entertaining criminal hopes.

I have been unable to extract any further information from the woman Guidal; after a searching examination, I became convinced that she had told me all she knew or could recall, and that she could not supply me with more circumstantial particulars as to facts.

The woman Guidal is now at the disposal of the judicial authority.

I beg, Monseigneur, you will accept the homage of my absolute devotion and profound respect.

The Commissary-General of Police.
PERMONT.

After reading this secret and confidential document, the reader doubtless asks himself how I come to be mixed up with Mme. Guidal, how it is sought to implicate me in the affair, and for what reason the elegant Commissary of Police, M. Permont, who occasionally styles himself "de Permont," displays such a luxury of gratuitous wickedness. I shall therefore throw some light on a revolting performance, which is only at its beginnings, but the moving principle of which is patent.

The husband of the woman referred to, dis-

missed since his involuntary participation in the assassination of Frotté, Guidal, lived in retirement at Marseilles, and often called to see me at Les Aigalades. Guidal was poor; I had befriended him during the Revolution, and I now gave him shelter under my roof. I was the godfather of his son, whose schooling I paid for at the Lycée of Montpellier. He had become intimate with one of my neighbours, a merchant whose name was Paban. This intimacy became doubly cemented by one contracted by him with Mme. Paban, whose husband was one of the finest-looking men of his time, but who was reputed to be impotent, and who found in Guidal an auxiliary who, having succeeded in making himself acceptable to Madame, assured peace in his household. M. and Mme. Paban were therefore one in inviting General Guidal to take up his residence with them in town. I saw but little of him after his new *liaison.* It would seem that Paban and himself became acquainted, in a café, with a valet of Charles IV. A friendly intercourse was soon established between this young man and the few others. He confided to them that his master had been rendered very uneasy by Bonaparte's haughty and unjust manner towards him, and that he was most desirous of escaping to England. Guidal and Paban undertook to convey the unfortunate monarch on board the English squadron. Admitted into the presence of the Prince of the Peace, they offered to fit out a small ship, which, while ostensibly engaged in

trading with Corsica, would convey the Royal Family aboard the flagship of General Cotton, commanding the English squadron stationed before Marseilles. It was agreed that the ship should be in readiness in a few days. The king ordered a payment of 80,000 francs to be made to them, whereupon they went out in a small skiff and conveyed to Admiral Cotton the monarch's desire. The admiral sent a reply to them that "he should welcome the King of Spain aboard his ship, and that he should place at his disposal a frigate, which would land him in an English port or elsewhere, at his choice."

Everything agreed upon, and all the preparations for flight having been made, the king once more sent his alleged liberators to the English admiral, to ask that "he should on his arrival receive a salute of one hundred guns, and that he should receive all the honours due to a King of Spain."

Admiral Pellew had just taken the place of Cotton; in accordance with the instructions of his government, he replied to the envoys of the king that "he should show all the consideration and honours usually rendered to the most eminent persons, but that he could not treat him as King of Spain under an equivocal condition of things (such was the term used by the Englishman), and unless this equivocal situation were put an end to at the express will of his government."

This reply seemed to give great pain to the worthy old man. It is hard, at that age, to detach

oneself from the power one has enjoyed; he replied: "I shall remain at the mercy of the tyrant who oppresses me, rather than be wanting in respect to my majesty."

The two negotiators had called to their aid certain citizens, among them an advocate named Urbain Jaume, one Captain Charabot, and the skipper of their vessel, which, bound with a cargo of wine for Corsica, was taken by the English; the insurance was paid, but the attention of the police was awakened by certain utterances and the arrival in Marseilles of Charabot's son, who had been made a prisoner by the English; discussions which ensued between the underwriters and the ship's owners still further stimulated the supervision of the police.

The administration obtained, so it alleged, information in regard to the affair. Charabot and his son were arrested; they made avowals. Urbain Jaume, Paban, and Guidal were likewise arrested, as well as the skipper; they were promised the remission of the penalties they had incurred if they would compromise several good citizens.

King Charles IV. was inculpated, and so was I, because I received the advocate Jaume: his connection with me was that he looked after certain business matters for me. A sum of several thousand francs had been deposited with Jaume by Courtot, my steward. This sum was actually and truly designed to pay for a little estate I had pur-

chased at an auction ordered by the courts. My steward was none the less arrested and kept in close confinement. He was subjected to examinations, the evident object of which was to compromise me. As these examinations did not give any satisfaction on this point, there was nothing to be done but to restore him to liberty. Charles IV. was exiled to Rome; he proceeded thither under the supervision of the Commissary-General of Police and other agents despatched from Paris. They promised him that he should be restored to all his paternal rights over his daughter, the Queen of Etruria, at the time a prisoner in Rome.

Previous to the king's departure from Marseilles, three agents of the Government noticed that the king was in great need of funds, since he was having his diamonds sold. They were authorised to ask him to sell to Bonaparte for five millions his magnificent set of diamonds valued at six millions; Bonaparte was to pay him in full on his reaching Rome, and give him on account immediately 1,800,000 francs: the king received 600,000 francs only.

My aide-de-camp, General Avy, to whom General Lefebvre had, out of friendship for me, given military employment under himself, had been entrusted, in the course of the Peninsular War, with the care of conveying to Bayonne the princess and children of the Prince of the Peace. He often called upon them. The Prince of the Peace, who already knew of my residence in the South, paid

me a visit. I declined to receive him, though I know not what sentiment of repugnance for this royal stallion. Nevertheless, courteous relations akin to affection became established between the King and Queen of Spain and myself. True to this sentiment, on learning of the plot conceived in regard to their casket of diamonds, I warned the king and queen of it through General Avy; he informed them of the proposed swindle in time enough for these poor ruined and dethroned majesties to place in safety their precious casket—their last resource, for the French Government had suspended the payment of the allowance granted to Charles IV. until such time as he should be reimbursed for the expenses occasioned by his stay in France.

I had written to the Minister of Police, then Rovigo, at the time of the arrest of my steward; his answer was polite: he assured me that he had always looked upon me as entirely foreign to the troubles in the South. He informed me that a commissary was being despatched from Paris, in order to ascertain whether the persons suspected of conspiracy, and in prison either at Marseilles or at Toulon, were guilty; that my steward would in all likelihood promptly be set at liberty. His letter closed in flattering terms, not the usual formula of M. de Rovigo.

A commissary or special agent was sent from Paris to look into the affair. As an additional precaution in the way of impartiality, he took up

his abode with the Commissary-General of Police, Permont, whose conduct, it might have been expected, he was about to investigate, since this M. Permont was, with Thibaudeau, the chief instigator and prime mover of everything done in the way of conspiracy. The two friends had the insolence to summon me and to interrogate me in regard to the persons arrested for alleged treasonable acts and intercourse with the English. Filled with indignation, and unable to restrain my anger, I replied: "Draw up an official report of what I am about to say." Without being otherwise entrusted with the defence of the accused persons, except through the connection it was sought to establish between them and myself, I happened to clear them, each one of them individually, of the treason laid to their door. My two policemen thought they could calm me by becoming obsequious; on my once more requesting that Courtot should be set free, they sent for him, and delivered him up to me. I withdrew, deeply stirred up by what had just taken place. It was plain from all this that it was sought to reach me personally.

The commissary sent by Rovigo was named Pagès. He had a coarse, red face, which constituted one of the happy disguises of his slyness. M. Pagès imagined that he had been an advocate, and was employed in one of the sections of the general police of the Empire, presided over by M. Pelet de la Lozère. United to M. Permont, who had received him under his roof, to act in concert with

him against patriots, M. Pagès none the less wrote to the Minister of Police in Paris against M. Permont—conduct worthy of an agent of the secret police of the Empire.

On his return to Paris after his secret mission in the South, M. Pagès became still more intimate with the stupid and malicious Pelet de la Lozère. The latter had been my personal enemy ever since the days of the Directorate, because, being one of those who were for ever asking some favour of those in power, he had not succeeded in getting his cupidity satisfied. The secret council of police, influenced by M. Pelet in his *arrondissement*, and believing that it had found a happy pretext for striking a blow at me, resolved upon my proscription. Rovigo, who was never so courteous as when performing the most arbitrary acts, wrote to me, at Bonaparte's express order, to "leave the Empire and proceed to Rome." The Prefect Thibaudeau, who was instructed to hand me this despatch, and communicate orally to me the instructions he declared himself to have received, repaired to the small estate I had purchased near Les Aigalades, and sent his secretary to inform me that he had "an important communication to make to me." We proceeded to the spot where the secretary had left the Prefect. The latter, concealed in a clump of pine-trees, was crouching behind a rock; he handed me the Ministerial despatch; the following are the oral instructions he was commissioned to supplement it with:—"You will leave Marseilles within

twenty-four hours, travelling in a direct line to Rome, where you are to reside; the authorities have been notified to this effect. You will not stop at either Turin or Florence, where the two princesses, the sisters of the Emperor, reside. If you refuse to obey these orders, I shall be compelled to keep you in close confinement in the Château d'If."

I replied to the Prefect: "You are prudent in the exercise of your functions. I have no means of resisting this arbitrary act; I shall proceed to Rome without enjoying the twofold honour of paying court to the two persons whose most scandalous conduct Marseilles has witnessed; they are the same personages whom it pleases you nowadays to call the Imperial Family. Quite recently their presence at the waters of Aix was cause that I should be forbidden to visit a spot where I was to find the remedy most strongly recommended to me by my physicians. I am naturally inclined to give as wide a berth as possible to the places where imperial persons are likely to be met with. But I warn you that I intend to pass through Montpellier, in order to settle certain business matters, and to stop a few days at the waters of Aix, in Savoy."

The Prefect added: "I have seen fit to assume an incognito, since it might perhaps be dangerous that the people should know the reason of our interview. I know that you are beloved of the people. I beg it as a favour that you will not

mention anything that has happened previous to your departure."

On leaving me, M. Thibaudeau handed me passports. On the following day the secretary came to ascertain whether I had left; I had not, since I at least needed the time to pack my trunks. He came again the next day, and begged me to hasten my departure; on the third day I was surrounded by spies and gendarmes; on the fourth the secretary returned with a municipal officer of Marseilles, in order, so they said, to give a legal character to the use of the armed force against me. I was on the point of being arrested and conveyed within a couple of hours to the Château d'If. My carriage was surrounded by inhabitants of the village. What a pleasurable moment it is for a citizen, who has held the highest post in the State, when, deprived of all power and proscribed, he sees an honest population shed tears and receives its embraces! Are not such delicious recollections well made to console him for the perversity and calumnies of the wicked?

My stay at Montpellier was brief, although its worthy prefect, M. Nogaret, had previously told me, and now repeated once more, that M. Thibaudeau enjoyed no jurisdiction over his department, where I should always find protection. I had of old enjoyed the tender friendship of a couple of cousins, excellent women, most highly thought of in that town, where one of them still held a most honourable position. Nothing so moves us in mis-

fortune as the kindness of hearts which have remained true with us, in contrast with those which have not; it is like something superhuman and sent from heaven; it is the real consolatory balm. It requires all the discretion which delicacy imposes on my gratitude for me not to name my well-beloved cousin.

No longer can any limits be assigned to Bonaparte's ever-increasing despotism. One might indeed believe that the end of the world is about to be reached, as far as all liberty and the moral sense of the human race are concerned, did not its determined oppressor daily make progress in his madness. Happily, his destiny is carrying him away: he has risen by war; by war he shall perish. There is no rest for him until such time as he shall have reached the bitter end.

The continental system which Bonaparte sought to make the European Powers adopt, was one of his conceptions as monstrous as it was ephemeral. Russia detached herself from this system, and entered upon a treaty with England; the Corsican, hurt at this defection, conceived the extravagant plan of dictating laws to the Russian Power. After the disastrous Russian campaign, Bonaparte forsook the remnants of his brave troops, and came post-haste to Paris. He tried to conceal this fearful calamity, issued decrees containing falsehoods and braggadocio, and proceeded to organise a new army.

After having partaken for a few days only of

the waters of Aix, where, fortunately for me, the "Imperial princesses" were no longer sojourning, I went to Turin. My carriage was stopped at the gates. Several individuals, who were not their custodians, imperatively demanded my passport, saying to me: "You will lodge at the Hôtel d'Angleterre; your passport will be examined; and we shall see what is to be done to-morrow morning." At eight o'clock in the evening, just as we had sat down to dinner, the steward came and informed me that a number of soldiers were blocking the approaches to the hotel, and that some were stationed at its doors. Simultaneously, the door was violently thrown open. A man decorated with a ribbon entered without moving his hat, and advanced towards me with a squad of soldiers and police varlets. He asked me gruffly: "Are you M. Barras?" No sooner had I uttered the word "Yes" than he added: "You are my prisoner." In vain did I protest; he ordered his *sbirri* to seize me and drag me to the police cells, whereupon he disappeared. I was grasped by the coat-collar: a well-applied blow of the fist made the fellow who had taken this liberty release his hold. One of these varlets, who wore a stripe on his sleeve, said: "Monsieur does not refuse to follow us, and he does well; he would be compelled thereto by main force were he to resist."

I was hustled away, and denied a conveyance. On arriving at police headquarters, I was locked up in a room, and guarded by two policemen. The

same commissary whom I had already seen, entered, sat down, and turning over the leaves of a register, said aloud: "We have got the man; it is he." I asked him whether I was to be heard by the Mayor or by the Prefect. "By neither," he replied; "the former has sent me word that he was in the country, and the other that he was asleep; you will therefore wait until to-morrow. I have neither mattress nor broth to give you." I ran towards him, with the object of his keeping company with me for the night without mattress or broth, but he fled. One of my keepers was in the habit of repeatedly saying to me: "Rest easy, sir; no harm shall come to you as long as we are with you; what is happening to you must convince you of the state of oppression under which we live."

At two o'clock in the morning this visible and invisible commissary again made his appearance; coming towards me, he said in an ill-tempered tone: "You are free; the municipal officer, who is probably one of your friends, has so decided. Let him beware of the consequences." Seizing the commissary, I said to him: "You wretched blackguard, you should have executed your orders in a more respectful way." The two keepers parted us after I had given the commissary a pretty good drubbing.

My faithful Courtot had followed me to prison, where I had handed him my pocket-book, which contained all my fortune. "I shall not abuse it," he said to me, with tears in his eyes; "I shall share

your fate." We leave this foul place of detention. One of our keepers takes us back to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. We were awaited by our servants; two of these faithful fellows, François, my coachman, and Tiotel, my valet, who could not understand the meaning of this trap, and no longer hoped to see me again, had been on the point of drowning themselves. M. Pierrugues, a wine merchant, formerly my steward, happened to be in Turin at the time. On learning what had taken place, he hastened to the Hôtel d'Angleterre and consoled my servants, pending my return. On seeing me, they flung themselves into my arms. I was so deeply moved that I required to be supported to return to my room.

I wrote to the Mayor, as well as to the Prefect, in most expressive terms, to claim my passport, in order to fly from a city where the authorities meted out such ignominious treatment to travellers. The Mayor sent me his secretary to present his apologies to me, and to hand me the passports duly visæd. As to the Prefect, M. de Lameth, he refused to see M. Pierrugues, the bearer of my letter, and vouchsafed no reply to me. I had, in the days of the Directorate, and subsequent to the 18th Fructidor, listened to the solicitations of MM. de Lameth entreating that they should be allowed to find an asylum in Switzerland, and that the Directorate would save them from being expelled by the government of that country; and I had succeeded, not without great difficulty, in obtaining

what they desired. M. de Lameth was possibly anxious to give pledges to the ingratitude professed by the master himself. Courtiers never fail to imitate evil; never do they miss an opportunity in this respect:

Quand Auguste buvait, la Pologne était ivre.

I did not make any stay in Florence; the Prefect Fauchet hastened to inform the Government of my having passed through the town. This Prefect, a former revolutionist, and consequently desirous that his former opinions should be forgotten, was likewise actively engaged in giving proofs of his devotion to the Empire, and left nothing to be desired in this respect.

I entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo. A little man, elegantly dressed, came up to my carriage, and said: "Signor, you have been expected for some time; your lodgings are ready at M. Cerni's, Piazza di Spagna." I did not know who the gentleman was I had the honour of seeing, or whether I should offer him a seat in my carriage, when this Roman "squirrel" sprang up on the coachman's box. M. Cerni was the cicerone the police of M. de Norvins had selected for my benefit. I do not think he ever abused the confidence I placed in him; nay, he was even of service to me.

I was obliged to leave cards on Miollis, the Governor, on M. de Tournon, the Prefect, and on Norvins, the Commissary-General of Police. These

gentlemen called on me the next day. I found M. de Tournon an enlightened administrator, who exercised his authority with justice.

General Miollis was in those days governor-general of Rome; he used to call on me nearly every evening. We hailed from the same province; I had seen a good deal of him while he was attached to the Army of Italy; he has ever served his country with honour, while being imbued with the idea that he had had at various times a political opinion, especially that of the Republic; next, he adopted every course leading to fortune, on condition that he should no longer hold any opinion. Miollis did not perhaps possess all the acquirements required in the exercise of higher administration; he had received, not an order, as he has since said, but only the facultative authority to arrest the Pope, in case of the public tranquillity being threatened. He considered it merely taking a preventive measure when causing the papal palace to be scaled and taken by storm, and the door of the closet wherein the Pope and a few cardinals had sought refuge to be forced open. Miollis thought he was acting in a conciliatory way, and still showing consideration to His Holiness, when having him carried off and driven away in a carriage with a couple of cardinals, his friends, to whom General Radet, in command of this expedition, did not allow time enough to pack their carpet-bags. The carriage, which was escorted as far as Florence, left them in that city under police supervision. All

this was the work of Miollis, who, as I have just stated, believed be was being all things unto all men. This political Jesuitry ever brought him favour, power, and fortune. Miollis was endowed with a quality which would belong to the domain of private morals only, were it not that he ever sought high positions, large emoluments, and enormous public profits; his avarice was only equalled by his greed. The details of his sordid niggardliness surpass everything that is known of *Harpagons* (misers), even of comedy ones. And yet, following upon all his hoarding of money and his ignoble method of living, he died a year ago; and it is averred that like Masséna, almost as avaricious as himself, Miollis remarked on his death-bed: "Why did I not enjoy my fortune, when I must now leave it to heirs, and to heirs who are already deriding me at that?"

Since I am now in Rome, I cannot do better than look round the city, for none can dispense with bringing away a few remembrances of it. With the exception of the Pantheon, Rome no longer possesses anything but ruins, and a few vestiges of its fine aqueducts, which proclaim the greatness of the Romans. The great folk dwell in vast but exceedingly dirty palaces; the people are no less filthy than the palaces, and as ignorant as those occupying them. The majority of the priests are equally ignorant, but the magistracy, the bar, and the faculty of medicine are an ornament to Rome. It is there that are to be found politeness, wit, and the

home of every science. The Trasteverini, remarkable in days gone by as the type of moral and physical force, are nowadays poor and effeminate beings. Still, some traces of character and independence are yet to be met with in their physiognomy. The *carbonari* societies are composed of lawyers, prelates, and artists; the last-named class possesses even now superior talents, and, as a consequence, lofty souls, for real merit and servility do not commingle. A central reunion of *carbonari* was wont to assemble at the residence of the prelate Martorelli. Matters were discussed there, and the decisions reached were transmitted to the several kindred organisations throughout Italy.

I was, shortly after my arrival, invited to attend the sittings of the committee of the *carbonari*, and met there men of real worth; they seemed to me ancient Romans the equals in principles to their ancestors, and striving to put these principles into practice. These bellicose races had not, under the humiliating yoke of the priests, lost all hope of some day recovering their independence.

Monsignore Martorelli, Canon of St. Peter's, was highly thought of in Rome; we often strolled with him through that vast and admirable basilica. Did a procession come in our direction, we were free to keep our hats on, without any one taking offence at it. The clergy have not, as in France, bayonets at their beck and call.

Bonaparte's government was execrated at Rome. Armed gatherings had been organised at a short

distance from the city. The *curé* of one of the principal parishes of Rome, Bataille by name, placed himself at their head, for the purpose of fighting the imperial *régime*. He was wounded in the leg in the course of an engagement, betrayed, arrested, and conveyed to one of the prisons of Rome. The authorities had conceived the idea of placing him in a humiliating position astride a donkey. The committee of the *carbonari* forewarned me of this machination. I mentioned the matter to General Miollis. He had authorised this indecent masquerade. I begged him to reflect on the indecency of thus treating one of the principal *curés*, a man held in high esteem throughout the city. He lent a favourable ear to my request. I likewise obtained from Miollis that the *carbonaro curé* should not be brought to trial until orders should be received to that effect from the French Ministry. The day is shortly to dawn when the French administration of Rome will evacuate the city, as a result of Bonaparte's defeats; then will the *curé* Bataille return in triumph to his presbytery.

I was not receiving any letters from France. I have since had the proof that they were intercepted, from the fact that all those addressed to me by my friends and relations, which the police and post-office had seized and which had remained in their secret closets, were handed over to me in 1814.

The malevolent treatment meted out to me by the government of the Emperor could but encourage the intriguers, who are ever seeking to take advantage of a man whose position is weak. I was therefore a

prey to most singular attempts in this connection, on the part of an individual who had formerly had business relations with the Directorate through the channel of its Ministers. This individual was almost justified in believing that he was free to molest me, because the police of Rome had given him a welcome. I must do the central authority of Paris, *i.e.* the Minister of Police, Rovigo, the justice of saying that he in no wise showed any inclination to encourage these methods, and that it is to the lack, nay, to the refusal of his support, that M. Séguy was compelled to keep quiet in so far as I was concerned. Fearing nevertheless, although entirely blameless in the affair, that there might be something connected with it about which those near me while a Director might possess some special knowledge, I wrote from Rome to my former secretary, M. Botot, expressing to him a desire for fuller information. I received from him the following letter,[1] which, I was glad to see, expressed sentiments I was perhaps justified in greatly reckoning upon :—

GENEVA, *30th September* 1813.

Sir,—It is with the liveliest pain that I hear of the persecutions to which you are subjected by M. Séguy; I should like to alleviate their bitterness; but since the acquisition of your woodlands so many long and painful years have elapsed, that I have lost all recollection of this transaction—one which, I believe, you did me the honour of mentioning to me at the time. Be this as it may, I admire the extreme kindliness which governs all your actions, and the excessive indulgence which induces you to enter into correspondence with a man who bases the re-establishment of

[1] The original is inserted in the manuscript of the Memoirs of Barras. —G. D.

his fortune on the scandal he hopes to stir up and on the calumny he expects will be silenced with gold.

What reply could I make, once said an authority on law, to a man who should accuse me of being an iron door?

What answer can you have given, sir, to an impudent fellow who, without any right to do so, has come and asked you the price of woodlands that never belonged to him, and the price of which you actually paid to the rightful owner, as shown by a duly authenticated deed?

However forcible your reply may have been, it will still have been moderate when compared with the insolent atrociousness of the inquiry.

I shall not, sir, be presumptuous enough to tender you my advice; but permit me to say to you that, had I been placed in a similar position, I should perhaps have forestalled M. Séguy with the Minister, by denouncing to him the criminal abuse with which his name and authority were threatened; perchance, acting with still greater prudence, I should have treated with absolute silence and cold contempt the maddest and most rascally of pretensions.

Moreover, the man in question has not written to me, and I truly hope he will not.

I close my letter, sir, with the prayer that you will accept my sincere thanks for your letter of the 18th inst. However distressing its contents, it was with the liveliest emotion that I recognised its superscription. I should have liked to have found in it news of the state of your precious health, and especially to learn that it is such as I hope it is. In the position wherein I find myself since twelve years, my greatest mortification is to be totally deprived of all correspondence, whether direct or indirect, with your person. Deign, I beg you, sir, to believe in the sincerity of these sentiments, as well as in my most inviolable attachment to you; deign also to receive, with the kindliness which distinguished you of yore, the homage of my respect.

BOTOT.

Although misfortune, which permits and commands pride, may on this occasion have given me rights even to insolence, to which it was my first

impulse to resort, it is nevertheless a fact that I had shown a great deal of moderation in my reply to M. Séguy, and that in this respect M. Botot was paying me a not undeserved compliment.

As in the course of the month of August 1813 my health, already greatly shattered, continued to get worse owing to the effects of the Roman climate, which was most unfavourable to me, I wrote to the Minister of Police, asking leave to return to France: not only my health but my affairs required this. Bonaparte's affairs were going very badly; I received an answer stating that circumstances would shortly allow of my request being granted.

At a time when I was so far from what was going on in France, it was hardly possible for me to suspect that I should be included in the infamous legal proceedings taken in Toulon against Republicans with whom I, nevertheless, had nothing in common. The king, Charles IV., was likewise indicted on this occasion. If, indeed, this unfortunate ex-monarch conceived the idea of escaping, it was with the sole view of fleeing from the presumed fate similar to the one met by the Duc d'Enghien. It would be impossible to describe the fury and injustice displayed in this affair, which was directed by and illuminated with all the enlightenment of the *procureur général de la Cour impériale*, Merlin. This Merlin, whose genius for legalising every species of crime had been so thoroughly gauged and appreciated by Bonaparte as early as the Year IV., at the time he was in command of the Army

of the Interior, had, as a matter of course, been consulted by Rovigo, who had sought to strengthen his hands with so powerful an authority. Merlin had shed a flood of arguments or sophistries over the case; he had clearly demonstrated that "when a crime within the jurisdiction of criminal courts is intimately bound up with a misdemeanour punishable in a police court, it is the duty of the *chambre d'accusation* (grand-jury) to send the persons charged with such misdemeanour to the same court as those charged with the crime; that, as a consequence, if the crime comes under the cognisance of the special court, it is to that court that the whole matter must be referred." Merlin's clever arguments were bound to be crowned with success, since the tribunal which had sold itself enjoyed the support of all the force necessary to carry into execution its iniquitous findings. The result was a slaughter of those citizens who could not conceal the hatred they bore the tyrant and his form of government. It was indeed painful to witness Masséna, Pelet de la Lozère, and Thibaudeau, who had given such strong proofs of their attachment to the Republic, preside over the massacres of the children of the Fatherland. Sixteen heads of households were shot dead at Toulon, wearing the tricolour cockade on their breasts. Masséna, who had been sent to Toulon for the purpose, caused these citizens to be sentenced, together with many others arrested in the vicinity of Toulon, while singing Republican songs at a social banquet,

denominated a seditious gathering, the object of which was the overthrow of Bonaparte and the seizing of Toulon. Masséna lent himself to all the perfidious insinuations of the imperial authorities and the *émigrés*, who had a spite against these citizens. Blood flowed in every direction at the order of Masséna, who committed a good deed, however, when granting mercy to his relation, the advocate Urbain Jaume. Prisoners were examined over and over again, in order to extort from them declarations which would justify my being brought to trial. I learnt these melancholy particulars on my return to France only, all my letters having been intercepted.

Bonaparte and his authorities had adopted the resolution of stamping out for ever the Republican germ. Corrupt men of every shade of opinion joined hands and sold themselves to this atrocious government, whose instructions they carried out with frightful barbarity. The nation, groaning under the military yoke, was reduced to silence; those who had not betrayed liberty prayed for its return.

The imperial agents, who took such care to prevent news from France and the armies reaching Rome, suddenly made a great noise, or what might almost be styled an illumination, in order to proclaim that which they called the most brilliant event so far registered in the annals of war: it was nothing less than the announcement of the death of General Moreau, whom everybody believed in

America, but who had just been killed before Dresden by the side of the Emperor Alexander.

I have not concealed my genuine complicity with General Moreau in our project of resistance to tyranny, at the time of his transportation in 1804; and if any blame remains attached to General Moreau in this connection, it is solely that he did not give support to the project with a vigorous execution, but by his weakness and irresolution drew upon himself a greater number of misfortunes than the courage to act would have involved him in. After having endured his exile for even a greater number of years than those imposed on him by his unjust sentence, he returned, called by Bernadotte and Mme. de Staël. Bernadotte embraces him again and again, and discusses with him his system of warfare against Bonaparte. Moreau's system is the one about to be followed by the allies—to go forward. Bernadotte, true on this occasion to his character, as in all the antecedents of his military and political life—*i.e.* one of tergiversation and shrewdness—at once sees that the primary danger of his position lies in having Moreau as his competitor for military glory. After having lavished many blandishments upon him, and offered him in Sweden an estate whither he could go into retirement, and which should bear his name, he sends him to the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander. Who can doubt but that, in view of France's dreadfully unfortunate state, she would have gratefully welcomed General Moreau, who

returned to liberate her? All that Moreau caused to be communicated to me at the time, in consequence of the ideas we had formerly shared, proved to me that he still harboured the same ones. Fate willed it that he should not realise them, and the last ray of Bonaparte's star, so long lucky, shed its light upon the death of his most formidable adversary.

As happens to those who are defeated, Moreau's misfortune must, of course, furnish a theme for impudent calumnies. "It is a Russian who has been killed; it is a traitor who has received his just punishment!" people exclaim. Those who live shower every possible insult on the dead man. As for myself, I shall simply content myself with asking Moreau's accusers if one can say that it was his country, France, of which he was a citizen and even a subject—if it was France, I say, who was at Moscow, at Madrid, and in all the localities then occupied by the armies of Napoleon, at the time they were engaged in pillaging all the treasures of the world, in overthrowing all positions for the purpose of taking their places, and of overturning thrones in order to seat themselves upon them. Moreau could, by his ascendency, have immediately driven Bonaparte back to the Rhine; the allies had promised to leave this frontier to France. It was part of Moreau's character not to desire power. True to this character, would he not have reaped the highest glory had he delivered his country and restored to the laws the empire of which they had

been deprived by the long-lasting tyranny of the Corsican, ambitious to the point of madness? Because Moreau failed in his noble undertaking, is he any the less pure? How can Bonapartists call treason and defection the behaviour of a man who, sentenced by an iniquitous tribunal, having suffered his penalty, saw it extended and prolonged by violence? Who is there to blame the unhappy victim, who put an end to matters by escaping from tyranny, when his country had abandoned him and had abandoned itself in so shameful a fashion? If he had for too long been able to say, while enduring oppression:

Et mon ingrat pays n'est pas digne de moi,

had he not the right to say now:

Rome n'est plus dans Rome: elle est toute où je suis?

Nevertheless, in spite of the death of Moreau, in spite of the battles which Bonaparte called the victories of Lützen and Bautzen, his star had truly paled, since he was in full retreat towards the Rhine, and unable to hold his own on its banks. The scene of war was indeed greatly changed for the coming campaign, since it was shifted from Moscow to Paris. It was an easy matter for military calculators to foresee an early downfall. Italy was greatly agitated, and the French authorities in that country were without influence. Bentinck proposed to the King of Naples, Murat, a treaty with England which should guarantee to

him Sicily and her dependencies; on these conditions alone would he be suffered to retain possession of the Kingdom of Naples. Murat having declined to entertain the proposition, the English declared themselves against him, whereupon Murat concluded a treaty with Austria and the allied Powers. As a consequence of his joining the coalition, the Neapolitan army took possession of Rome. General Miollis sought refuge in the Castle of San Angelo, which he promised to defend, but which he evacuated too late. He could, in the beginning, have retreated to Florence with 6000 men and a magnificent body of gendarmerie. This reinforcement of the army of the viceroy might have led to a decisive result, had the Army of Italy been commanded by another than Eugène de Beauharnais, an incompetent man, both from a military and a political standpoint, in spite of all the charlatanry employed by Bonaparte in his bulletins for the purpose of increasing his importance, when seeking to make him appear both a great administrator and a great commander. Moreover, besides being Murat's rival, Eugène hated him. Murat, although a man of very ordinary capacity, knew the art of war better than Eugène; this is not saying much. The reunion of the Armies of Naples and of Italy might have held their own against the coalition.

At this juncture Fouché once more made his appearance in Italy. Expelled from his governorship of Illyria, he would still have liked to interfere

in Italian affairs by getting the upper hand of the generals, as he had so successfully done under the Directorate. Fouché carried no weight in these parts; indeed, he had once more come merely on a mission from Bonaparte to the King of Naples; but the man who was in the habit of deceiving everybody else was, in his turn, completely fooled by Murat, and fled to Florence.

Neapolitan troops were pouring into Rome, and taking up their quarters there; Miollis asked for an explanation, and was told: "The King of Naples will explain matters to you on his arrival."

Passports were once more refused to me in the midst of the advancing imperial break-up. Five or six thousand Neapolitans were occupying Rome under the command of General Pignatelli. The King of Naples had commissioned him to see me, and to beg me to await his arrival in Rome, as he had important communications to make to me.

I was in the habit of daily seeing Pignatelli, Maguella, Minister of the Neapolitan Police, and the commissary of military stores. Miollis was meanwhile calling for the evacuation of the city by the Neapolitan troops, which day by day took possession of our posts, and had placed one composed of grenadiers opposite the Governor's palace. Notice was given to General Miollis to leave Rome within twenty-four hours; he secured leave to withdraw to the Castle of San Angelo; the Neapolitan general and authorities consented to this. Miollis called upon me on the following day and

begged I would try to obtain for him an extension of time. Pignatelli granted this to me, saying the while: "If he is still in his palace at four o'clock to-morrow, I shall have him carried off by force."

No sooner was Miollis in the Castle of San Angelo, than he made preparations for defence which threatened both the Neapolitans and the city; as a consequence, he was at once blockaded on all sides. Miollis did not meet with a favourable reception from the population on his way to the castle. He sent word for me to come and see him there; I obtained the necessary permission from the Neapolitan general. I censured Miollis for having trained his guns on the city; I told him that the discontent had become general, and that the French who had remained in Rome were running great risks. The Prefect had fled under a disguise, as well as the general-commissary Jannet; the latter was charged with extorting money, and even with theft. This man, who was said to have been an attorney at the Châtelet, had served his apprenticeship with that tribunal; he was reputed to have carried off, while probably attempting to save it, a casket full of valuable diamonds seized in the house of the Queen of Etruria, and alleged to have been deposited with him.

Miollis was without provisions: General Pignatelli granted me permission to send some sheep to the Castle of San Angèlo.

A few Roman malcontents were contemplating a massacre of the French. I strongly urged upon

General Pignatelli to disperse their gatherings, pointing out to him that it was his own interest to do so, since he had an army under his orders. He and Maguella took preventive measures. I informed the club of the *carbonari* of the fact, and so succeeded in warding off great misfortunes.

Pignatelli had offered me a guard of honour: I declined it. The inhabitants of the city had made me the same offer: I replied to them that the population had received me with kindly interest, and that it was sufficient for me not to entertain any doubt in regard to the continuation of its goodwill.

The King of Naples entered Rome; he was welcomed with applause by the great folk and the populace of the city.

I called upon the King of Naples at seven o'clock in the evening, wearing top-boots and an ordinary low-crowned hat. All the Russian princes, wearing Court costume, were assembled in a vast drawing-room; my costume seemed to fill these bespangled gentlemen with amazement. On learning of my arrival, the king gave orders that I should be ushered into his closet, where I found his niece, his Minister of the Interior, and two others of his Ministers. On seeing me he rushed towards me, embraced me, and, turning towards those present, said to them: "Gentlemen, this is my protector; without him I should have been vegetating in subordinate ranks; to him do I owe my elevation, and I am only too happy to express all my gratitude to him to-day."

The king's speech yielded me servile compliments from the Ministers and the officers, and the most humble salutations from all the distinguished personages, on my making my exit through the drawing-room.

On my leaving, the king said to me: "Come and dine with me to-morrow; we can chat afterwards." I thanked the king for his invitation, tendering him my regrets at being unable to accept it, as my health required a severe diet; but I promised to come and see him at seven o'clock in the evening. The king said to me: "What is your opinion in regard to what is going on?" "I will tell you, but allow me first of all to disregard and perhaps even suppress the word 'king,' which implies that of 'majesty,' and to make use merely of those of 'general' and 'comrade.'" The king was pleased to laugh, and, putting out his hand to me, said: "Yes indeed, this suits me perfectly."

"Since you are kind enough to attach some value to my opinion," I went on to say, "I must tell you, comrade, that you committed a mistake in not accepting the treaty proposed to you by England. She was giving you an impregnable position when guaranteeing you the possession of Sicily; you preferred treating with Austria, a Power which makes fine promises which it does not keep. You are petted because you have a magnificent army; Bonaparte has forgotten that he was not a member of the College of Kings; nor do you belong to it."

Murat thereupon opened a large portfolio, and took from it an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria, who guaranteed him the possession of his dominions, saying: "Let us not entertain any scruples; together let us march against Bonaparte, your enemy and mine; but his dynasty shall be respected and maintained." "And yet here are solemn pledges," replied Murat. "Are there any pledges which kings respect?" was my rejoinder. "Are not kings always liars? Were you even admitted into the ranks of the nobility, you would always be looked upon as one sprung from the glebe. Just consider what you may expect from 'kings by the grace of God.' You have quarrelled with the English government; try to renew the proposed treaty: your interest demands it; and do not take part in a war of which your own army disapproves." Our conversation went no farther. A few days later Murat sent word to me to call on him once more, as he was about to return to his headquarters at Bologna.

I found Murat in a melancholy and pensive frame of mind. He said to me: "I am leaving because an attempt is being made to disorganise my army, and also for the reason that the Austrians are assuming a most arrogant tone; my presence, by re-establishing order, will compel the Austrians to return to the line of equality which is to be observed between us."

"You see, general," I said, "that I had foreseen what now happens to you. I beg you will

cause the passports you promised me to be sent to me at once." The king gave orders that this should be done immediately. He gave me an orderly to accompany me to Bologna, where he would have something to communicate to me. "But I want you to do me a service at this very moment," he added; "I have entered by marriage into a family without morals, and wicked and rapacious to excess; the coalition insists that I shall make my sister-in-law leave Florence, and I am asked to place her under arrest if she refuses. All my attempts in this respect have proved fruitless. The Bacciochi woman audaciously replies to me that she will defend Florence. In spite of all that has happened to you through that ungrateful family, you have still preserved some authority over her, and you will surely be received by her when it is a question of her own interest; I therefore beg you will take charge of a letter which I shall write to La Bacciochi for the purpose of urging her to listen to the advice of a man who has the right to give it. Do your best, I beg of you, to make her leave Florence." I begged Murat to dispense me from such a commission. Murat, falling back into his reverie, pressed my hand in so affecting a fashion, that I was weak enough to consent to be the bearer of his message.

Our conversation had lasted a long while; the king was continually being reminded that his carriage was ready. I took leave of him, and remained a few moments longer in a large drawing-

room, wherein was assembled a brilliant Court. On Murat's appearing in its midst, one and all expressed to him good wishes which lacked sincerity. Once more he noticed me; the crowd made way to let him pass; he came towards me, and embracing me, said: "Until we meet again at Bologna." Two days later I was on the road to Florence. I found the town occupied by the Neapolitan troops; they had entered it without meeting with any resistance. The princess had abandoned her resolution of defending it; she had fled the day before, after having been exposed to every kind of outrage. Her carriage, which the populace had surrounded, had been bespattered with filth. A detachment of gendarmerie opened the way for her and saved her. I sent Murat's letter to her husband Bacciochi, who had remained in hiding in his palace.

A short while after my arrival I was called upon by the Neapolitan general, who said to me: "The prince has not followed his wife; he is concealed in a corner of the palace. I am about to order him to leave Florence within twenty-four hours." He informed me that, having learnt that the family of Jannet, the Commissary of Rome, had taken refuge in Florence, where they remained in hiding, he had called upon them, claimed the jewels of the Princess of Etruria, and obtained possession of the precious casket by threatening to have its possessor shot on the spot.

The visit of M. Fouché, whom I had not seen

on the occasion of his trip to Rome, was next announced to me. In spite of the facilities which his pallid and insignificant countenance afforded him of dissimulating his impressions, it was impossible for him to conceal his embarrassment. I asked him: "To what do I owe the visit of my persecutor?" Fouché excused himself by casting all the blame of what had happened to me on Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Sieyès, and Réal. He assured me that he had been constantly devoted to me. "Your demonstrations of interest are most equivocal, and come rather late in the day," I remarked. "Be this as it may, what do you want of me?" Fouché replied: "I am in a most critical position here; I do not know how to get back to France; you can make the matter easy for me by allowing me to travel in your company as far as the first seaport." I replied to Fouché: "I am not taking the sea route. I am going to Bologna, and thence to France through the Austrian lines. The consideration shown to me by the Austrian army is due to the respect which fidelity to the Fatherland commands even at the hands of enemies." Fouché left me, put on a disguise, and hurried to the coast, whence he sailed.

I left Florence. Shortly after my arrival in Bologna, the king sent his chief aide-de-camp to tell me he was awaiting me.

On my coming into Murat's presence, his physiognomy seemed greatly changed; he informed me of the unpleasantness he was experiencing at

the hands of the Austrian generals, of the arrest of one of his principal officers, whom he had entrusted with a reply to the Viceroy, against whom he had already had reason to complain. He handed me the copy of a letter he had written to Bonaparte,[1] in reply to one from the latter to his sister Caroline, Queen of Naples. In this connection Murat told me over and over again that "this family regards neither gospel nor law; no quality is there to counterbalance their infamies."

"I should have liked you," said Murat, "to have remained among us, decorated with my orders, and promoted to one of the highest ranks of the coalesced armies. You would have been welcomed with confidence and consideration, and have been a Frenchman by my side in the midst of the Austrian and Russian generals, who think of themselves only. I am desirous that on your returning to France you should not fall a victim to the rabid ingratitude of Bonaparte; he too has sought my ruin; his confidant is an odious and cruel man—General Davout. I treated that scoundrel according to his deserts in Hamburg. Davout and Rovigo were rivals in wickedness, to cloak which they called themselves blind partisans; they never were anything else but hired assassins. Davout aspired to the honour of having me seized by the scruff of the neck, at the time the whim passed through Bonaparte's brain of arresting me; I was fortunate enough to escape their clutches and reach Naples,

[1] See Appendix for this letter.

but I succeeded in so doing only under a disguise, crossing the Alps on mule-back by cross-roads. For the first time now do I believe I am enjoying a new existence. I have shaken off the yoke and recovered my independence."

I said to Murat: "You are mistaken: you will be made to feel the yoke of the Powers with whom you have allied yourself as soon as they shall have disorganised your forces. Bonaparte himself is not emancipated from their intrigues, in spite of Austria's having given him her archduchess in marriage. Austria was led to make this concession owing to her distress and in order to save her dominions; but it is certain, and known in advance, that Austria will again ally herself with the Powers at the first opportunity, and march with them against the Corsican upstart who has had the audacity to seat himself upon the ancient throne of the Bourbons: such is my opinion. I shall add that the only honourable course remaining open to you was to gather together all the military and naval forces of your dominions and to lead them——'Whither?' you are going to ask me. 'Into France?' Yes, into France, where they would find numerous and powerful auxiliaries in the Republicans, if in a proclamation you said frankly: 'I have come to overthrow the tyrant, to restore liberty to you, and to re-establish the Republic.' Such was and is still the great part offered you. I shall share it with the majority of French generals. Had you acted thus, success was assured. It is still time to follow this

course. Think over it. If this overture is favourably entertained by you, let me know, and we shall pave the way for the triumphal entry of a king who, descending from a throne to once more ascend to the dignity of a citizen, returns to his early Republican opinions to play the part of Washington after playing that of Pelopidas, by delivering his country of the tyrant who oppresses it."

My speech, truly an improvised one, seemed to make an impression on Murat. But where was the possibility of obtaining a sustained effort of loftiness from a man who, sprung from the lowest ranks of the plebeian class, tried to make others believe and himself indulged in the illusion that he belonged to the class of kings, who had suffered himself and caused himself to be addressed as Majesty for a number of years, and who possibly thought he had a short while ago committed an act of kindness *à la* Titus, in short, that he had become humanised, when allowing me to address him simply as general, just as the ridiculous Cambacérès, who, identifying himself with the *rôle* of which he was the mere puppet, was wont to say to his familiars: "You may, whenever we are in private, call me Monseigneur"? The pleasures of the Neapolitan throne had deprived Murat of the energy of the soldier of the Revolution; he had never possessed a big or strong enough brain to sustain a leading part. All the aide-de-camp shrewdness he had displayed in making his way with a despot, was not sufficient to solve or grasp the difficulties of a

position as complicated as his own, in the midst of Europe so complicated herself and so interwoven as a result of the changes brought about by the Revolution and the new interests Bonaparte had substituted for pre-existing ones. He returned to Naples with the remnants of his army, fooled by Austria and deceived by his Ministers; his downfall may still be delayed for a while, for it is more than the force of circumstances—it is in himself.

I was given an orderly officer during my journey through the Austrian army, and was welcomed with every show of esteem and consideration. The kindly treatment shown to a French Republican came to an end at the point where the foreign armies of kings stopped. I had forgotten that I must renounce all consideration on once more entering my country occupied by the Emperor Bonaparte, and that it was necessary to be on my guard when reaching the French outposts. My arrival in Turin was marked by a fresh persecution: my passport was taken from me, and I was told that I was to remain under supervision in the city.

On the following day I sent my cousin, a Knight of Malta, to M. Duzer, the Prefect of Police, and like him a Knight of Malta. He greeted him affectionately, showed him the order he had received from Paris, but not his reply to the Minister—wherein, like all other imperial agents of those times, he showed himself ardently devoted to all arbitrary acts. A duplicate of the order had been despatched to the Genoa police, who were also to watch me.

Somewhat uneasy perhaps at his devotion, owing to the mobility of events, M. Duzer assured me with every show of sincerity that the persecution I was being subjected to exceeded all limits, and that he was going to despatch an *estafette* to petition for my freedom. I waited at Turin for the reply to this despatch: it came, coupled with the order that *Montpellier* in lieu of *Marseilles* should be inscribed as my destination on my passport.

No sooner had I arrived in Nîmes than several citizens, among others the venerable M. Alliot, came and informed me that I was comprised in legal proceedings instituted at Toulon and referred to the court at Nîmes, whither all the prisoners had been transferred; that during the last few days the interrogatories concerning me had assumed a fresh activity; that it was no longer Masséna, but the cold and cruel Pelet de la Lozère, who was bringing all his authority to bear upon the prompt sentencing of the hundred and fifty Republican prisoners.

Thus enlightened as to these sanguinary combinations, I proceeded to Montpellier, where I called on M. Pelet de la Lozère, whom I at once addressed in the following terms: "Monsieur the Commissary-General of Police, I come hither to place myself under your supervision, having learnt that you were seeking to procure evidence against me in the iniquitous legal proceedings carried on under your direction at Nîmes. Over thirty heads of families have been butchered by Masséna at Toulon; one hundred and fifty co-accused are ex-

pecting the same fate in the prisons of Nîmes. In so far as I am concerned, I give you my word that I shall not stir hence; I am not yet going to fly from the barbarous persecution so long waged against me."

M. Pelet was too well acquainted with the state of home and foreign politics not to be aware of the fact that the Imperial Government was in great jeopardy, both on account of the victories of the foreign armies which had entered France and the general discontent permeating France herself. He was therefore most desirous of not adding fresh acts of cruelty to his preceding responsibilities. This sentiment of the present and of the future, which I shall not call an honourable remorse for the past, made M. Pelet most anxious to justify himself in so far as I was concerned, since I had always been the principal victim aimed at. It was therefore in the most dulcet tones that M. Pelet tried to exculpate himself, saying to me in the most affable manner: "Your colleague in the National Convention ought not to have been suspected of being inimical to you; I am your friend. I have been sent into this part of the country to preserve order, and to put an end to legal proceedings carried on too long against men who, for the greater part, are free from guilt. It would not have surprised me had you held intercourse with several of the prisoners; I myself may have been acquainted with some of them, and in all innocence. Besides, all these unpleasantnesses are at an end, and I beg, general,

that you will see in me one of your friends, and permit me to indulge in the belief that you are mine." I did not reply to M. Pelet: "Friends! Wicked men have none"; but my look told him so plainly.

Meanwhile the Duc d'Angoulême enters Bordeaux on the 12th of March 1814, and establishes a council in that city. It is decided that the king and the English Government shall be written to immediately, and informed of the success so far attained. Suchet refuses to co-operate with Soult. Masséna promises to hoist the white flag at Toulon. The English Ministers and the king do not reply to this missive. Castlereagh was at this very moment proposing a treaty to Bonaparte. In the interval the English Government ascertains that the royal and coalesced armies are making rapid progress. Thereupon Castlereagh sends orders to the English admiral commanding the squadron lying off Bordeaux; he gives up the system of pacification to follow that of overthrowing Bonaparte. The council of the Prince sends for the English admiral. It has been said that *pourparlers* had taken place in regard to a matter of etiquette, viz. as to the number of guns to be fired as a salute. I do not believe that on so decisive an occasion a prince, even if only appreciating his position, would have troubled himself with such minute cavilling; princes themselves, who of all people least believe in the equality of men, even in Jesus Christ, suddenly draw nearer to Him when misfortune overtakes them. It is only an upstart,

and at the same time a man as hard as Bonaparte, whose ambition has had no other object than the wish of insultingly despising his fellow-creatures, and placing a wide distance between them and his person and power, who still seeks to keep them at arm's length on the very day when he is invoking their help. It is Bonaparte alone to whom it is given to remain insolent and contemptuous in the days of evil as in those of good fortune. Bonaparte's agents do not consider themselves obliged to imitate him to that extent; they have taken counsel with themselves and have become less inflexible.

We have just witnessed the change of tone of M. Pelet, who becomes humble, nay caressing. It has likewise been revealed to us how the instinct of self-preservation makes the imperial agents drift away from the example of impudence set by their master. Ferocity would soon have its revenge were fortune to smile once more on the Emperor's arms.

The entrance of the enemy into Paris and the abdication proved still more decisive reasons. Surer for all the victims of the Imperial Government than the honeyed words of Pelet at the point of death, is the fact that the enemies who had penetrated into France finally entered Paris, and that Bonaparte's abdication followed of necessity. The Comte d'Artois entered the city next with his cry: "No *droits réunis!*[1] No conscription! A constitutional charter! This is our banner!" This cry, repeated

[1] Consolidated taxes on intoxicants, vehicles, playing cards, etc.—Translator's note.

by Louis XVIII. and his family, opened the gates of France to them; they might have ever remained closed thereafter to the Corsican family which for twenty years had been the curse of France. It is the great event of the return of the Bourbons which is happily to assure the salvation of the victims still groaning under oppression in all parts of France.

CHAPTER V

Universal rejoicing at the return of the Bourbons—Bonaparte's comment on learning of Murat's defection—Bonaparte at Fontainebleau—Ney —Bonaparte's invectives against Marmont and Talleyrand—A word in regard to Bonaparte's downfall—A reply to the detractors of his enemies, and in particular to those of Bernadotte—Bernadotte's opportunity of being King of France—Lucien's secret mission to Rome and the United States—Bonaparte's administration—*Lettres de cachet*—The *curé* of Rians—The Château d'If—Lajolais—History of a colonel prisoner of State—Outrageous treatment of the press—Thoughts on the Restoration —Petition of the prisoners at Nîmes—I return to Paris—Talleyrand calls on me—I return his visit—Our conversation—Talleyrand's ethics—I do not conceal my sentiments from him—Important despatch he gives me to read—Bernadotte in France—His interview with Louis XVIII.— I take leave of Talleyrand—Mme. de Staël—Her opinion of Talleyrand —The legitimacy—Forty millions squandered—Diplomatic peculators— Talleyrand's corruption—His new system of government—M. Beugnot Chief of Police—His famed *mot* in regard to his business—He sets spies upon me—Thurot—I am surrounded by the detectives of Louis XVIII. and of Beugnot—A call from the Duc d'Havré—He visits me at the king's request—His hatred of M. de Blacas—Audacious pamphlet scattered by the enemies of Louis XVIII.—Montgaillard's statement of the case—A panegyric of Louis XVIII.—I reject M. d'Havré's overtures—Louis XVIII. writes to me—M. de Blacas more powerful than ever—Blacas's offer of services to me in the days of the Directorate—He claims relationship with me—His history—His treasures—Blacas the favourite—Fears of M. d'Havré—I consent to a conference—My scruples—An interview with Blacas—Mutual courtesies—A secret witness —A political discussion—The *garde royale*—The question of provisions —My forebodings—I take leave of M. de Blacas—Petty revenge of M. d'Havré—The king asks me for a memorandum—I send it to him— The fate which befell my observations—Louis XVIII. desirous of continuing the correspondence—I decline to do so—Fauche-Borel appears on the scene—He calls on me—The manner in which I receive him.

March, 1814.—I was still in Montpellier, with no

other guarantee of security than the one conveyed in M. Pelet's last words, when we received probably the most astounding piece of news we had heard for twenty-five years — to wit, the restoration of the Bourbon family. In view of the consoling promises made by these newly arrived or returned individuals, it may be imagined how great was the joy of the victims of imperial tyranny. In all conscience it cannot but be admitted that it was universal, while personally I had the right and a natural enough interest to share in it. It is historically curious that a man in my position, a *conventionnel*, an ex-Director, and a regicide, should owe life and tranquillity to the Bourbons.

Among the strange things told us by the commissaries of the king sent into the South, it was related that Bonaparte, when he learnt that Murat had treated with the allies, was alleged to have exclaimed in the presence of several marshals, among whom were Berthier and Lefebvre: "So this scamp and rascal of a Murat has betrayed me! I will have him shot if I beat the enemy. His children and his she-blackguard of a wife deserve to be put into an iron cage and then thrust into a sewer." Bonaparte was said to have also alluded in his burst of fury to the vices and licentiousness of his sister, in terms which even the least reserved indiscretion does not suffer the repetition of.

Among the amusing features of his agony at Fontainebleau, we were told that, having undressed himself to go to bed, with his *grand cordon* (of the

Legion of Honour) sewn on his shirt, he was bemoaning his fate, when Ney said to him: "Sire, you are no longer anything; let your wife mount her horse; we will follow her on the Loire and hold out against the enemy." According to Ney, Bonaparte thereupon seemed as one asphyxiated, when the former remarked: "And this is then the master of the world!" Bonaparte was reported to have been most undecided when writing out his abdication; the rough draft of it was again and again torn up. This took place in the presence of the marshals who had induced him to adopt this course. On these same marshals, among whom were Berthier, Ney, and Lefebvre, leaving him, they were insulted by the guard, who said to them: "Go, you too, to the enemy, like that traitor of a Marmont." Whereupon the marshals were said to have re-entered the house. Berthier addressed words of reproach to Bonaparte, accusing him of having given the guard orders to arrest them. Bonaparte denied the charge, whereupon the marshals fled by a secret exit. When Bonaparte learnt that Marmont was forsaking him, he said to Lefebvre: "Marshal, go quickly after Marmont, after the army; bring the army back, I entreat you: you are beloved by the soldiers; they will hearken to you. Are we going to suffer a throne which I have placed so on high to fall to the ground? Must I be condemned to deplore the defection and the abandonment of the very men whom I have loaded with favours? This sacrifice rends my soul; if anything can mitigate it, it is that my son succeeds

me, and protects me against the revolutionists who have constantly conspired against my life. I am succumbing to treason. Talleyrand is a scoundrel like Marmont; he has betrayed religion, Louis XVI., the Constituent Assembly, the Directorate. Why did I not have him shot? Although a renegade of the Revolution, he is none the less a revolutionist." Bonaparte's last thought was thus a dread of the patriots whom he styled revolutionists, and it will be seen that he gives a wide meaning to this appellation, in which he includes Talleyrand. Haunted by his recollections, he would like to kill the surviving children, because he butchered the fathers. Such is the consequence of precedents: "to be unable to forgive the harm one has done"; and we see the man who has betrayed everything cry treason. We have here a spectacle which is not without its moral, for it may truly be said of Bonaparte that all his crimes failed to secure for him the success which was their object, viz. the enjoyment of his tyranny; moreover, it was an easy matter to predict that he would be treated according to his deserts, *i.e.* abandoned by all the nobles, old and new, whom he had called to him to support his usurpation of liberty. Treason was rewarded by treason.

It is not for me to trace the causes of Bonaparte's downfall: they have been universally felt and passed judgment upon. It can be safely asserted that they began with his advent; and it may truly be added that henceforth, in spite of all his efforts to

dupe France, the nation was for the greater part revolted at his usurpation; the long duration of his despotism had merely made this feeling a general one; it awaited an opportunity, the favour of some great circumstance, to burst forth and develop itself; more than once did a foreign war afford the opportunity so eagerly awaited, but victory having for so long crowned the arms of Bonaparte, the opportunity was thereby postponed. Whenever military luck should turn against him, the question must needs be settled. The men to whom the loss of their imperial fortune brings as much regret as the enjoyment of it brought joy and insolence, have sought to rank among the causes of Bonaparte's downfall Bernadotte's co-operation to the formation and combinations of the last coalition; and they have, in their despair, lacked words to vociferate, as they continue to do even now, that "Bernadotte was a traitor to France." Hence the imperialists at once draw the conclusion that they are the friends of France—in short, that they were, as they loudly proclaim, the only "true Frenchmen." I have heard these sophistries repeated so often and so seriously, by personages who coupled their utterances with a pretension to honour for themselves and of dishonour for those whom they were attacking, that I cannot leave these absurd accusations unanswered.

In the first place, if the being more or less of a Frenchman depended on a greater or lesser attachment to the government of Bonaparte, it would have

been necessary for Bonaparte to be France herself —a thing which his conduct and the events resulting therefrom have in no wise demonstrated. He has arrogantly said that "he was France," and we have seen in what way he justified this impudent assertion; but, while in no wise admitting that the iron bonds with which he had chained France to himself had in any way brought about this alleged fusion, what special obligations could such a relation impose on Bernadotte, who had become a Swede by the most formal engagement?

It has been alleged that Bernadotte was indebted for his elevation to the throne of Sweden to the power and even the protection of Bonaparte. The assertion is entirely false. Not only was Bonaparte in no wise the author of the elevation of the Prince-Royal of Sweden—not only was he foreign to it, but even hostile; in this he was acting in pursuance of the ill-will and mistrust he had felt towards Bernadotte ever since the 18th Brumaire, and nothing is more certain than the persistence of this feeling of hostility. Bernadotte was so fully cognisant of it that during his journey, and up to the time of his landing on Swedish soil, he lived in constant dread of being arrested by the French gendarmerie. But, once a Swedish prince, what reason could there have been for Bernadotte to be unfaithful to his trust, at a time when Bonaparte was driving Sweden to her last entrenchment and pushing the rigours of the suzerainty he arrogated to himself a great deal farther in regard to this Power

than in regard to all the others which he generally considered his vassals? After the iniquitous conduct of Bonaparte had made it impossible for Bernadotte to continue an alliance which no longer existed, and which had been broken off by Bonaparte in too violent a fashion to admit of neutrality; when Bonaparte had brought matters to such a pitch that it was for Sweden a question of life and death in short "to be or not to be," what course was there left open to Bernadotte but to carry on the war waged against him? The moment war was so legitimate, since it had been imposed and provoked by Bonaparte, what was Bernadotte's position if not that of doing everything tending most directly to paralyse his enemy, then to overthrow him, on its being fully demonstrated that to escape his wickedness and his perfidy there was no other resource left, in dealing with such a character, but to conquer or die? If in view of these facts Bernadotte contributed towards giving direction to the military operations which brought about this result, what other course was open to him?

Accepting himself a portion of these reproaches made to him by the imperial Bonapartists, and believing it necessary to justify himself, Bernadotte has caused it to be stated that "after the necessary victories of the coalition (victories to which he was undoubtedly no stranger), on arriving on the banks of the Rhine—of that Rhine which he had repeatedly crossed as a conqueror

at the head of French troops to enter the enemy's territory, and which he was once more to cross as a conqueror on this occasion, but to enter French territory—he had felt himself as if held back by a god at the recollection of his former country, and as if his headquarters had never moved from Liège."

Without dwelling on the entire accuracy of this circumstance, both as to particulars and intentions, I am of opinion that therein does not lie either the reason for or the admissible excuse for Bernadotte's conduct. I do not enter into the question as to whether "he might have been appointed king by the allies in the place of Bonaparte" (as it seems to have been the intention of the Emperor Alexander at Troyes, at a time when no thought had as yet been given to the Bourbons). What I maintain is that, the destinies of war having placed Bernadotte in such a position, he should have borne it to the bitter end; that in the interest of Sweden, as well as in that of France, Bernadotte had nothing better to do than to penetrate into France with the allies, and to be if possible the first in Paris, in order to take part in the great decisions which were to determine France's fate.

But in order to pursue so clearly mapped out a course, it would have been necessary that on this occasion, as well as on all others, Bernadotte should for a while rid himself of his irresoluteness and calculated tergiversations, and act his part from personal spontaneity. It would seem that this was beyond his nature. In all that had taken place he had been

merely the instrument of the force of events; pursued relentlessly even into his new Swedish domicile, seeing all its advanced posts taken, and unable to find salvation except by attaching himself to the coalition, he had walked behind it, while appearing to march at its head. When, as a result of the victories won by the courage of the nations risen in indignation, and in a lesser degree by the despair of the kings, the allies had reaped a greater success than they had expected, Bernadotte, brought face to face with the necessity of adopting a definitive conduct, once more gave way to irresolution. The indecision of his character redoubled, and he was the same man he had been during our civil troubles, ever finessing, and disclosing his finessing to his rivals, thus abandoning to them his own advantages, in short, losing the opportunity which his talent and circumstances had several times tendered him of being Dictator or King of France; the latter *rôle* seems to have been quite to his taste, for it may be truly believed that he resigned himself to Sweden in order to occupy a throne, as he could not do better in Europe; I say also that, leaving royalty aside, and if he had not, like Bonaparte, been afflicted with the disease of it, Bernadotte could, in 1814, have been the saviour of France and the organiser of liberty, just as I believe, in all conscience and in spite of the spleen of the Bonapartists, that he was one of her liberators by contributing to the downfall of Napoleon—Napoleon, not only France's greatest enemy, but the enemy of the whole human race.

No sooner does adversity come to the man who has exercised a tyrannical power, and who no longer possesses it, than history pounces upon him with all its rigours, and seeks among even the most recent facts the light it has been unable to obtain earlier, and which it believes it can find in all that has happened subsequently. Thus, on Bonaparte having finally taken his departure for Elba, not only were the acts of his usurpation inquired into, but everything preceding it, even from the cradle, as well as all things connected with his family in the most remote times. As an instance, it was generally stated that the alleged falling-out between Bonaparte and Lucien had never been anything more than an act of policy, in order to retain a member of the family in the ranks of an opposition styled "Jacobin," with whom it was important for Bonaparte to entertain relations. According to this version, Lucien took up his residence in Rome, invested with a fraternal mission, merely in order to better play his part there under the appearance of being in disgrace. He was indeed welcomed there with every demonstration, not of esteem, but the consideration which Roman policy knew so well to grant to a disguised agent of imperial power. Lucien could all the more consider himself isolated from political combinations from the fact that he enjoyed with greater ostentation, and with an air of the most careless Epicurism, the immense fortune, the foundations of which he had laid as keeper of stores and

commissary of war, and to which he had added as Minister of the Interior, and increased but not completed when ambassador to Spain, where all kinds of jobs and extortions had failed to gratify his insatiable cupidity. But in the eyes of Bonaparte all the immoralities of his brothers were a matter of absolute indifference. His great object, his fixed idea, was to overthrow all free governments. It is therefore justifiable to look upon him as always acting pursuant to this idea. As an important illustration of this it is said that the United States of America was one of the first States he intended to devote his attention to, as he considered it in the way of his scheme; that, as a consequence, a man-of-war had been destined to transport Lucien to the United States of America, invested with the character of secret ambassador of Bonaparte, which character he was to reveal in due time. He had been paid ten millions, and a credit for a like sum had been opened for him. The English, suspecting his plans, waited till he was on the high seas, captured the vessel, took it to London, and, without the slightest intention of doing so, saved the free government of the United States. What an awful fate was in store, great heavens, for the unfortunate human race fallen under the yoke of the Corsicans, had the new Masaniello only paused in his madness, and had this gang of scoundrels acted together in greater unison!

The French nation, which was now free to

inquire into Bonaparte's administration, as the terror impressed by his tyranny had so far not suffered its being investigated, asked with a feeling of shame and stupor: How could the man who found an organised republic have ever wished to destroy, and succeeded in destroying, it to its foundations? How did mortal audacity ever reach such a point? He recalled *émigrés* and priests; he surrounded himself with nobles and aristocrats; he lavished upon them the product of the public revenues and lucrative offices, both civil and military. Servility and treachery were alone rewarded. He partly re-established the feudal system, titles, decorations, and *majorats*.[1] He instituted, under the name of *corps législatif*, an assembly of mutes, a senate no less mute, devoted to his will, and richly endowed by him. Personally he could not deprive himself of dwelling in the palace of the kings; he must needs sleep in their bed; he called himself their successor, nay, their kinsman! He created a Prætorian guard, re-established State prisons, and constructed fresh Bastilles. Several of those Bastilles had horrible subterraneous dungeons; instruments of torture were there in readiness, for he intended to re-establish torture, considering it one of the first rights of his crown, and one of the joyful privileges of his advent to imperial power. *Lettres de cachet* were printed after the old model, leaving blanks for names and signatures, and a

[1] Landed property attached to a title so as to descend with it.—Translator's note.

certain number of them placed at the disposal of several great dignitaries. The Archbishop of Aix had received ten of them; they were used in the case of priests, in that of the worthy *curé* of Rians, and even in that of laymen. To mention only what came under my immediate knowledge, and more especially in the South, I will cite the unfortunate prisoners of the Château d'If. Lajolais and the others incarcerated in that fearful gaol were in want of everything, and for a long time presented the appearance of walking skeletons. A colonel had been imprisoned for seven years in this same Château d'If, ignorant of the causes of his incarceration, and not allowed to receive any relief from his family. When they inquired of the Minister of War as to whether he was alive, His Excellency replied once for all: "Your relative has doubtless been killed." An officer of engineers, commissioned to inspect and preside over the repairs of the fort, informed the family of his imprisonment. The unfortunate man, provisionally set at liberty, was shattered in health and without means. The Prefect ordered him to leave Marseilles and proceed to his birthplace in the Pyrenees. He was denied a *feuille de route* (route), which would at least have enabled him to obtain rations and a billet. Several officers and myself gave him the necessary help; he left, loading us with blessings.

Not only had Bonaparte imposed restrictions on the periodical contemporary press, for fear it might indulge in criticisms or simple remarks in regard to

the expressions of his will, but he attempted to mutilate and distort the texts of the writers and philosophers who had for so long reflected honour upon and enlightened our country and the whole world. Without pursuing the enumeration of so many well-known crimes, I shall inquire of this frenzied despot where he would have stopped had his career not been checked by defeats on the battlefield. In spite of all the calumnies of the imperial Bonapartists, there is no danger of my being, in this connection, charged with connivance with our enemies. I fought against them in my earliest youth, in various parts of the world, for my country's sake, as well as in my country, when the seat of war became transported thither. Undoubtedly a nation's greatest misfortune is to be reduced to not knowing how to manage its own affairs, and to be compelled to see foreigners come to its rescue who, while styling themselves allies and even friends, are none the less only too real enemies. We had not been subjected to such a calamity when we repulsed the enemy at Toulon, nor on the 9th Thermidor, the 13th Vendémiaire, and even the 18th Fructidor. But, since the force of events once more recalls to us the times when France sustained internal combats from which she emerged victorious, and to which, more fortunate than in these recent days, I have perhaps had the honour of co-operating in a more efficacious manner, I have no hesitation in repeating that I, a *conventionnel*, whose sincerely Republican conduct and opinions have never

admitted of any capitulations to the enemy, nor of any compromise with royalty when it sided with them, maintain in all conscience that the 30th day of March 1814, which saw the downfall of Bonaparte, was no less than the 9th Thermidor a day of deliverance for our country; nor would it be difficult to show (were this the place to discuss the matter) that as between Robespierre and Bonaparte, the more guilty of these two tyrants, the more fatal to humanity, was perhaps not Robespierre, although the shape taken by a more intense cruelty may cause him to appear the more odious of the two.

But although the foreigners and the Bourbons, the allied destroyers of Bonaparte, are masters of Paris, the victims of the Imperial Government are not yet saved. Their executioners would still like to retain their grasp on them. Many are the petitions and the efforts required to wrest from them the unfortunate prisoners of Nîmes. They address a humble petition to the presiding judge, the *procureur général*, and the councillors of the Court of Appeal of Nîmes, to the Prefect of the Gard, to the *juge d'instruction* (examining magistrate) of the tribunal of Nîmes, and to all the depositaries of administrative and judicial authority in the department of the Gard. I subjoin a few extracts:—

The Tyrant whom fortune had exalted for the misfortune of nations, and whom the indignation of nations has precipitated from the throne he had usurped, has suddenly lost the influence which the blood of brave men and the terror of his name had given him.

For fourteen years he made France and Europe groan under the weight of a fearful despotism; all secretly grieved.

We were bold enough to attempt to shake this odious colossus, and to free men's minds, for that alone could deliver us from the Tyrant.

This conspiracy, all the more generous since it must have appeared rash, was thwarted; chains and preparations for a certain death have been the reward of our devotion.

The colossus has fallen; France has already laid her mourning garb on his ruins, and public rejoicing bursts forth in every quarter.

O painful contrast!

While everything springs into fresh life, while all hearts unite in a common hatred and a common hope, our hearths are deserted, and our families still mourn us.

(Signed) LALLIAUD-LARNAC, ALEXANDRE RICORD *FILS*, HENRY MOUTIER, JULLIAN, VERNET, REVEST, SAUVAIRE, PORRE, MONTEL, AILLAUD, JULLIAN, PLAISANT, SAVON DOZOL *PÈRE*, PORRE, DOZOL *FILS*, SICOT, JULIEN, AMPHOUX, BERNERON, DABAT, BORELY, CAMOIN, MICHEL, CASTELIN, COLLOMB, DELUI, NEGREL, PIGNOL, CARRIGUES, MÉRO *AINÉ*, MÉRO *CADET*, GUIS, BLANCARD, SIMONET, LOUBAT, MARQUISAN, VACHIER, CELCE, COMPAGNIER PROST, MERCI, ALIBERT, MEYRIER, PIERRUGUES, CROS, VIDAL, FOUQUE, MOYNIER, GUEYRARD, BREST, OLIVIER BREST, BARTHÉLEMY, OLIVIER, IMBERT, BARNEL, LACROIX, SÉNÉS, TOUCAS, BURLE, DUCHESNE, ALLIEZ, BERNARD, ARNOUX, GAUBIAC, FAUCHER, COULLOMB, CABANIS, TOURRET, JAUME, MENVIEL, EVESQUE, LALANE, LAFONT.

BARAGNON, *advocate;* TESTE, *advocate.*

To be had from Gaude *fils*, printer of the Court of Appeal of Nîmes, 1814.

The above subscribers are at last saved by the Restoration; their fellow-prisoners had been shot at Toulon, when Masséna was commander and Pelet de la Lozère commissary, by Bonaparte's express order.

Since I have followed up to this point the destiny of these oppressed ones, it is time that I too should enjoy my share of the deliverance. I consider that I have henceforth the right to travel without the permission of the police; and as I entertain no other desire than the one expressed by me on the 18th Brumaire—to re-enter the ranks of the peaceable class as a simple citizen—I proceed to Paris, my domicile since the Revolution, and from which I was expelled when Bonaparte seized upon the power.

Talleyrand, hearing of my return to Paris, seemed to be most desirous of clearing himself of any imputation of having been in any way connected with my misfortunes, and at the same time of joining hands with me, in view of the authority afforded by my position to indulge in reprisals against my oppressors; he therefore hastened to call upon me. On returning in the evening to my *pied-à-terre* in the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, in the Marais, where I had put up at the house of one of my former aides-de-camp, M. Victor Grand, I several times found Talleyrand's cards. As I could not refuse to return at least one of his visits, I called at his mansion, in the Rue Saint-Florentin; at once recognised by his valets, several of whom had been mine in the days of the Directorate, I had no need to give my name: they hastened to announce me and to show me into the presence of the great "destroyer" of Bonaparte and intermediary of the coalition.

Talleyrand fell upon my neck and kissed me with most extraordinary warmth, considering his habitual

phlegm. It is impossible to conceive an idea of the civic protestations and assurances of affection towards my person expressed to me by Talleyrand: he had always been the best patriot of all France, and had drawn breath for our country alone; so far as I was concerned, he had always taken my defence with the Emperor, who had ever wished to adopt the most severe measures against me; "he had always prevented him from so doing," he claimed, and had saved me; he had also defended the Republic and liberty against Bonaparte, and it had all but cost him his own position.

This rigmarole of Talleyrand's was not new to me; it was also that of Fouché and of Réal, who, on every occasion when they had played me some abominable trick, never failed to let me know that "they had saved me, and that their life was spent in defending me." Talleyrand, acting on a wider scale than Fouché, was not content with proclaiming that he had defended me personally; "he had defended Spain, Portugal, Germany, in short, the whole of Europe, against the usurper and the conqueror." It will be seen from the foregoing that Talleyrand, thinking as usual solely of himself, was simply trying to defend his weak points. I was sufficiently acquainted with them for me not to think that he was strengthening them by all he was telling me; with the exception of what affected him individually, I did not find anything satisfactory in his speech. I was not put off with the reasons adduced by Talleyrand, who, while proclaiming me the first

of citizens because of my resistance to tyranny ever since the 18th Brumaire, did not in any wise answer the question I put to him as to what guarantees were to be given to France against the violent acts of the foreigner, and those of the new Power which was placing itself at the head of the destinies of France.

"You have indeed ill conceived this Power," I said to him, "in seeking to make it the proprietor of the nation without contract and solely by the grace of God, for this is your legitimacy. And with what do you endow this legitimacy? With the gift of fifty-four fortified towns which you have just presented to the foreigner, to whom you have also delivered up France."

Talleyrand was abashed at the vivacity of my speech; but his answer was confined to a long meditative silence; this was his usual method when not compelled to reply by circumstances or superior authority. "Since you are under the impression, citizen Minister, that you can thus get off," I said to him, "I think that your calculation in this respect has possibly reached the end of its tether. The day has come when you must render to the nation an account of all that you have done with it since the 18th Brumaire; I do not protest and I have perhaps not sufficiently protested against that day, in so far as it has personally affected me; you were free, I grant, to make a change in individuals, but you destroyed the institution which was the hope of the human race; it had been demonstrated that a great and strong republic was not only possible, but

that it actually existed. The problem of organised liberty had been solved by triumphs at home and abroad. You have reintroduced all the most stupid prejudices which we had destroyed; we had made a clean sweep, and you have again made a mess of things. Why then have you acted thus towards the Republic? Simply to put yourself in her place; to seize upon all her riches and those of other nations; to bedeck yourselves with *cordons*, decorations, and titles, of which all Europe was heartily sick, and which existed nowhere towards the end of the ancient *régime*, when true noblemen and gentlemen had the good sense not to parade titles. You have shed the blood of several millions of Frenchmen, in order to plague Europe and despoil her and to contaminate all the royal races by introducing into their couches the most abject creatures of society—men like Joseph Bonaparte, Jérôme, and Louis, all as dull as they are corrupt; women like Pauline, Élisa, and Caroline, whom I knew in Marseilles as public strumpets, and whom, even in my least scrupulous moments, I disdained to visit at the very time I was giving them alms."

Talleyrand listened to me with a kind of assent or sufferance; he could not refuse the man who had begun his pecuniary and political fortune; presently he said to me, with bitter acquiescence: "Bonaparte is a great scoundrel; he it is who has lost and surrendered everything, after having taken everything." "I agree with you that Bonaparte is a great scoundrel, and perhaps the guiltiest man who

has trod this earth since Adam; he has wasted the destinies of the human race; he has wantonly lost through his vanity and self-interest the greatest opportunity which ever befell humanity since the days of its social organisation—an opportunity which will perhaps not present itself again in the space of twenty thousand years. Yes, with you do I think that your Bonaparte is a 'great scoundrel'; but he is after all not the only one, and had he been left to himself, had he not had numerous and powerful accomplices, he would not, as he has done, have attained the apogee of evil. Hence, if you pretend that Bonaparte has been finally overthrown, you must begin by changing his ideas, his system, and the agents who have not only supported him, but who have pushed matters even farther than he himself wished. Failing this, your alleged change of government amounts to nothing: you will have merely changed a name, and that is not what the nation expects—viz. to feel the weight of the same instruments of tyranny which have borne down on it for fifteen mortal years. You must therefore give France genuine liberal institutions; and in order that they may be put into practice and not violated, honest and sincere patriots are required —in other words, antipodes to all the agents of Bonaparte."

"Bonaparte is a great scoundrel," Talleyrand repeated once more, as if under the impression that he was giving me complete satisfaction; and I replied to him: "We both agree that Bonaparte is a great

scoundrel, but after all that does not settle the question."

Talleyrand, taking refuge in a profound silence, confessed to me by this attitude that he neither could nor wished to free himself from his position of accomplice and of one enriched by Bonaparte, and that all he had sought had been a change in the person. "I conceive," I said to him, "that a man who has received *cordons* (ribands), titles, and money from a government, should display a certain reserve in admitting the stigma attached to the government which has bestowed them upon him; but, since the new government guarantees all the gifts of your Emperor—decorations, titles, and endowments—the donees can remain in peaceable enjoyment of them, and do not need to continue holding offices in order that such enjoyment be secured to them."

"True; but," said Talleyrand to me, "the Bourbons, whom it behoves us to hold well in hand, can be kept in awe by the Bonapartists, and we must retain them to that end."

It was plain to me that Talleyrand, Bonaparte's chief agent, had had no other object in view, when participating in his overthrow, but to preserve all he possessed, and to add still further riches thereto; that, to accomplish this, he wished to strengthen his position with the Bourbons by pretending to be able to dispose of the power of the Bonapartists, at the same time making the latter believe that he would protect them: a dual game, the eternal system of

intrigue of both Talleyrand and Fouché. The latter had always walked erect with all parties; Talleyrand had merely limped with them, as Chénier has said. But the Bishop of Autun, although limping, passed through them all with an enormous amount of baggage, to which he continually added; a few particulars are to be given hereafter.

Hence it was that the Bonapartists of Talleyrand's stripe, although they had sacrificed their chief, would not sacrifice any of the advantages they owed him; and the falseness of their position compelled them to defend the importance of the party with which they connected the security of their existence. For this reason, as I had in no wise displayed in the course of my speech the consideration commanded by a knowledge of the person one is addressing, and which consists, as the familiar saying goes, in not talking of hemp in a family one of whose members has been hanged—as I had shown myself careless of disguising or veiling its pertinent and direct application to my interlocutor, Talleyrand, unable to escape embarrassment, glanced at me with an air of ill-temper more frankly revealed in his features than he had ever shown me; he saw that I had found him out, that he had been unable to deceive me, and that he could not rank me among the pliant men from whom a servile adhesion could be obtained. So Talleyrand said to me in a friendly and even feeling tone: "I cannot forget, Monsieur de Barras, all that I owe you; I know what my position was when you made me a Minister. I may perhaps boast of having

maintained myself at that post, but after all it was my beginning; it was you who put my foot in the stirrup; but can you at this juncture, my dear Monsieur de Barras, you whose judgment is so sound, renounce the quality which has ever been your chief characteristic? You do not at all know men; they are the same under a restoration as under the Empire and the Republic; they yearn for physical enjoyments, and they are not wrong, for nothing else is true: all the rest is but theology and quibbling, *i.e.* unintelligible and intangible abstraction; we must therefore stand by the positive, howl with the wolves and devour all the sheep which come across our path—in other words, the whole sheeplike herd which belongs by right to superior men."

I was unable to restrain my indignation on hearing the deductions and developments of the morality of the old apostate of liberty and religion. I left him, expressing all my contempt for him in a single look, but a decisive one from which there was no appeal.

Talleyrand hobbled after me as fast as his infirmity would allow, caught me by the coat, and exclaimed: "Do not, I beg you, Barras, repulse the friends still left you; do not alienate them by injustice." I continued walking, in order to be rid of him, saying the while and with still greater animation: "Had I like you worn every livery, I should have preserved friends, and should not have experienced all the revenges of a usurpation to which you have not only bowed, but which you

created, encouraged in all its excesses, stimulated in all its mad acts, and which has so generously paid you and the rest." Talleyrand, whose gentle manner increased with my irritation, took my hand in one of his, and still held my coat with the other, like another Mrs. Potiphar, lest I should escape him; he appeared deeply moved, and tears seemed to well up into his eyes. "Can you believe I ever was your enemy?" "You have been that of the Republic, which you destroyed." Talleyrand, who was repeatedly being sent for, and who had many reasons for not allowing any one to suspect all the contempt I was expressing to him, pressed my hand with still greater warmth, and said to me: "I beg you will give me your word of honour that you will remain a few moments longer with me. I am compelled to leave you for an instant; meanwhile, read this despatch which I have just received, and which I am about to lay before the king." It was a most audacious proclamation written by Bonaparte previous to embarking for Elba, wherein he protested against the illegality of his abdication, wrested from him at the point of the bayonet. Talleyrand returned, saying: "Just look at the haughtiness of the man who abandoned France after having so disgracefully compromised her, and after having rejected the proposal of defending her at that! We are also going to have some trouble in getting rid of another pretender to the Kingdom of France; for has not Bernadotte, whom you knew so well, conceived this desire

in his turn? But he has been too slow about it. True to his wont, Bernadotte has turned fishmonger at the end of Lent. He arrived in Paris after all the allies, and after we had given the vacant place to the Bourbons. Not only did Bernadotte have his nose, which is in conscience long enough, lengthened by the vulgar gesture made to him; he could not, or feigned not to, understand that it was in his interest that he was advised to leave France at once and return to his hyperborean kingdom, there to found his dynasty; but, desirous of seeing up to the very last what he might expect from France, he must needs call on Louis XVIII., who had just entered France, and who was already at Compiègne; after having made the Prince-Royal of Sweden wait a few moments in his ante-chamber —the prince who wished to be his brother there and then, and who had just missed being King of France—Louis XVIII., inaugurating from that time the fiction of a twenty-one years' reign, received Bernadotte as a soldier who had been in his service during his absence; he expressed his gratitude to him for his conduct during that period, when it had been impossible for him to manifest it; thus did Bernadotte learn that, for twenty years a soldier and general of the Republic, he had never been aught but a soldier and subject of Louis XVIII.; he could neither deny it nor escape such a compliment; this is about all Bernadotte carried away from his short appearance in France in 1814."

By thus commenting on Bernadotte Talleyrand

believed he was eluding the main question and diverting my attention, by making me laugh at the expense of the mystified Swedish prince. He was about to resume a political conversation, wherein he doubtless expected to obtain from me a deeper conviction than the one I had just expressed to him. I was tired of the falsehoods and hypocrisy of this pale-visaged man. I took leave of Talleyrand in an animated, not to say violent way, but I seemed to see in the puppet, even when unmasked, the prototype of all the nauseating vices and coldly calculated crimes of the Imperial Government, the imperial spectre itself, and it had been impossible for me to restrain myself.

May 1814.—Like myself Mme. de Staël had been proscribed immediately after the 18th Brumaire, and like myself she had just recovered the right of once more taking up her abode in Paris, by virtue of the return of Louis XVIII., by the grace of God continued King of France and of Navarre; there existed between us a communion of ideas and feelings based on our common destiny. Having perhaps heard something of my interview with Talleyrand, or merely owing to the gratitude she professed towards me on account of all I had had the fortune of doing for her, her relatives, and friends in the days of the Directorate, Mme. de Staël, as affectionate and effusive as in the first days of our intimacy, called on me the day after my visit to Talleyrand. Hurriedly anticipating all that we might say to each other on the subject, she no longer thanked me for what at

her urgent request I had done in former days towards the elevation of Talleyrand. She began by apologising to me most humbly for her interference, and expressing her liveliest regrets for it. She told me that not only was it the greatest blunder she had committed since her birth, but that it was a crime, an awful crime; that she considered herself accountable, and guilty before God and man for having contributed to Talleyrand's entering public affairs—Talleyrand, a man as shamelessly noxious to morality itself as to all politics and every form of government. "He sold you gentlemen of the Directorate," she said to me with animation; "he has sold the Consulate, the Empire, the Emperor, the Restoration; he has sold everything, and will not cease selling to his last day all that he will be able and even not able to sell." Mme. de Staël quoted to me in this connection a line of Virgil which chanced to be the epigraph of a pamphlet lying on my mantelpiece, and which she translated to me, as I had no knowledge of Latin, never having learnt it:

Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit. . . .

Mme. de Staël continued in the same strain: "Talleyrand has sold the Bourbons to the allies; he has sold the allies to the Bourbons; he has sold during these last few days fifty-four fortified towns at a stroke, and, what is still worse than to have sold the material fortresses of the Republic,—when speaking thus of him, if I do so without any reserve whatsoever, it is because I cannot express all the

harm that this man has done to humanity,—did he not call on me yesterday with every appearance of humility? I was far from expecting him when his name was announced, and I saw him enter my drawing-room at the end of dinner, to which he had learnt I had invited a few persons of note and now in power at Court, for Talleyrand always scents and seeks power. As the conversation must needs refer to present events, I remarked that if (in accordance with the sad observation of Mr. Fox) a restoration is no more than a revolution, and the worst of revolutions, those who have the misfortune of finding themselves connected with it can at least not dishonour themselves; that they can still plead for liberty and morality; in short, that they should not cease respecting the principles which, whether it be a revolution or a counter-revolution, must never be sacrificed,—for men pass away, but principles, which constitute the very essence of things, can never pass away. 'This is indeed what I have sought to do,' replied Talleyrand, 'but the Bourbons did not understand me; they are too dull to understand; all they grasp is their nonsensical legitimacy.' Bear in mind that this word 'legitimacy' is of Talleyrand's own invention, he who as a rule invents little except what is wicked; and he has made it bring him both glory and influence with the princes. On my resuming the thread of the conversation, after a few other explanations which Talleyrand sought to make to me in regard to his conduct in the matter of the Restoration, he went so far as to tell me that such had

moreover been his opinion. This word 'opinion,' coming from lips such as his, and so ill suited to him, set me, I confess, beside myself, and I exclaimed: 'Who are you, sir, to speak to me of opinion, and how does a man like you dare to pronounce such a word? An opinion, indeed! Only men with a conscience have and are entitled to an opinion; you have never had an opinion, sir; you have never had anything but interested motives, and the vilest at that; they have been the sole reason of your conduct under all *régimes*. Money, money, that is what has always been your object. This could partly be excused, I think, when you had but little of it and your fortune was at low ebb; but since then, and in these recent times, when a restoration itself was giving you the opportunity of showing some principle and of being an honourable man, how is it that you have gone from bad to worse? No, sir, do not seek to calumniate yourself to the point of pluming yourself on having had opinions; you have never had any, and you will never have anything but interested motives.' While thus apostrophising him," continued Mme. de Staël, "I paced the drawing-room with animation, carrying my head high; I was, for the time, a kind of Corinne; M. de Talleyrand was trying to keep pace with me, in order to silence me, entreating me to say no more, but I could not stop my outburst in the presence of the author of all France's misfortunes. Can you imagine the reply made to me by this famous improviser, who goes about quoting the rejoinders he alleges he has made

to this and that one, and repeating witty sayings he has never uttered? Thunderstruck, and dumb as is his wont, he again and again tried to assure me that he was going to say something to me, and almost hung on to my gown, in order to entreat me to listen to his answer. At last I stopped in the middle of the drawing-room, and turning round, I said: 'Well then, sir, what is your reply? Tell me!' 'Ah, ah, ah! Madame de Staël, Madame de Staël, I entreat you. Ah, Madame de Staël.' Such was the sum total of his speech; such was the whole of Talleyrand's harangue in answer to my positive and strongly accentuated reproaches; he was unable to go beyond that. And you, dear Barras, who seem to me to have treated him somewhat severely under his own roof, what did he reply to you?" "He answered me with as much eloquence and logic as he did you, madame; words failed him just as they used to when Rewbell made game of him, and demonstrated to us his incapacity and inability in public affairs." "And now, Barras," resumed Mme. de Staël, "do you forgive me for having made such a present to France? Even if you forgive, I shall never forgive myself for it."

A number of traits borne witness to by honourable and perhaps less impassioned persons than Mme. de Staël and myself, prove that but little injustice is done Talleyrand when accusing him of having seen in the Restoration just what he had seen and practised on all occasions—his personal interests. It is an undoubted fact that, while being compelled

to renounce the person of Bonaparte, who had heaped disgrace on him and relentlessly pursued him, Talleyrand would still have liked to have been able to retain all the favours he had received from Bonaparte, while going over to the Restoration with the sole idea that it would procure him money and power—power and money, the two guiding motives of his whole life; hence there was not and could not be for Talleyrand anything changed in France, nothing but "one man less." This man, who had disturbed Talleyrand's enjoyments, once overthrown, the latter's goal was attained, and the French nation should quietly endure the *régime* supporting Talleyrand and securing to him all the sybaritic treasures which this shameless satrap owed to the Empire.

Among the memorable deeds of the Restoration, one in regard to which it is assuredly guiltless, and which it would be wrong to lay at its door, is the oft-quoted division or pillage of a certain forty millions with which Marie-Louise had reached Blois. It was said that she had kept very little of that sum for herself, with the exception of what she had spent up to the time these treasures were taken from her. It was asserted that the surplus had been distributed among all the *corps diplomatique* of the period, to wit: Talleyrand first and foremost, because he called himself and was Talleyrand, Metternich, Castlereagh, Wellington, the Ministers of Russia and of the other Powers. In addition to his personal share, Metternich had secured a million for the Queen of Naples, whose lover he was. Each of the brothers and

sisters of Bonaparte likewise received something out of what was left of these forty millions.

Hence it will be seen that it is an undoubted fact, just as I had told Talleyrand, that nothing had been changed in our new organisation, and that the plundering and tastes of the Imperial Government still flourished. Thus did we once more witness the fulfilment of the truth enunciated by Talleyrand, that men are ever the same, that in this world money is everything, and that by corruption and corruption alone are all matters decided; even admitting Talleyrand's principle as to the necessity of corrupting, it is, however, quite justifiable to point out to him that the application he made of it to himself was somewhat excessive. Before corrupting others, he seemed to say to himself, I must begin by corrupting myself. "God knows," remarked Mme. de Staël, "there is nothing left for him to do in this direction. He was born as corrupt and putrefied as he could well be; he is even in so advanced a state of putrefaction that quite recently, at the funeral of a celebrity which he thought it incumbent upon him to attend, such an odour emanated from his whole person that this livid spectre, although still dragging himself on one leg, was taken for the corpse himself."

But what does Talleyrand care for the remarks made about his conduct? He has declared that there is nothing but money in this world, the gallows excepted. What cares he for the castigation of the press? How can it affect a man who reads himself to sleep with a pamphlet written against him? I

therefore feel certain that I am neither offending nor even touching him in the slightest degree, when inserting at this juncture a kind of statement of Talleyrand's sayings and doings entrusted to me by Mme. de Staël, who told me she had obtained it in England; it is entitled:—

DIPLOMATIC GRATUITIES AND AFFAIRS OF TALLEYRAND, PRINCE OF BENEVENTO.

Green Ledger, A. H.

No. 13. *Treaty with Portugal under the Directorate.*—Armistice negotiated by the Chevalier d'Araujo, at a cost of three million francs. One-half only was paid. The citizen Charles Maurice de Talleyrand was to receive one million first of all; the citizen Talleyrand received 500,000 francs only of the 1,500,000 francs paid. He had a lively scene with the negotiator, charged him with not keeping his word, and complained of bad faith and treachery: he drew up a report, deploring the publicity given to the matter, and concluded that the chevalier should, for the honour of the Republic, be sent to the Temple, which was done . . . 500,000 francs.

No. 14.—*Negotiations with Hamburg.*—After the affair of Lord Fitzgerald, M. de Talleyrand asked for two million marks *banco* (3,600,000 francs). The Hamburg Senate granted only 1,900,000 francs of this sum; he received some 780,000 francs for his share. The Emperor has alleged that he received the whole 1,900,000 francs; and whenever Talleyrand asked that his debts should be paid, reminded him of these 1,200,000 francs. Bourrienne received orders to press for payment of the sum: he received presents of considerable value for the purpose of certifying to the insolvency of the Senate and of getting it accepted. The Prince d'Eckmühl likewise pressed for the integral payment of the 3,600,000 francs. Talleyrand received only 780,000 francs.

No. 15.—*Negotiations with the Republic of Venice.*—De Winck made himself responsible for 800,000 francs, 200,000 of which are still due to my family, upon whom De Winck had drawn. The citizen Talleyrand received . 200,000 francs.

No. 39.—*Compensations granted to the Prince of Nassau Orange, former Stadtholder*, by the convention of Berlin, and negotiated by Duroc. It had been settled that the Batavian Republic should pay the House of Orange 25 million Dutch florins, or about 74 million francs. The payments were made, minus some 600,000 francs in florins, which the Ministers of France and Holland kept for themselves. The Prince of Orange complained of this to his brother-in-law the King of Prussia. The pretext alleged for the retention of this amount, a retention merely temporary and to be made good when peace was signed, was the extraordinary needs of the Consulate. In 1804, at the time of the trip to Aix-la-Chapelle, the King of Prussia wrote to the new Emperor, through General Mollendorf, a friendly and confidential letter wherein he asked him to finally settle this matter of compensation. The Emperor replied that he was under the impression that it had been concluded. Maret received orders to summon Sémonville, our ambassador at The Hague; Sémonville came post-haste: the Emperor was at Cleves, and was about to return by way of Cologne. Maret informed Sémonville why he had been called; Sémonville unfolded all the details of the transaction. Schimmelpenninck and the Dutch Ministers had retained five per cent, giving as an excuse the difference between bank money and currency. These 1,200,000 florins, say four million francs had been made good to them by the bank, which, in order to settle matters, had renounced its rights. With this sum, presents had been made to M. de Talleyrand, to Durand, to Duroc; personally he had received a magnificent silver service; presents had also been made to the President Schimmelpenninck, and to the Dutch Ministers of Finance and of Foreign Affairs.—"What became then of the remaining 14 millions?"—"Talleyrand had them paid over to him in Paris, without any loss in exchange."—"But, my dear friend, the Emperor will never believe you; you are a ruined man; did you receive orders from Talleyrand?"—"I had sent Mme. de Sémonville to Paris. Talleyrand told her that an understanding had been come to in the matter between the First Consul and Duroc, and quickly sent her away again."—"The Emperor is furious; he will see in this affair nothing but a woman's intrigue and one on your part, and you are a ruined man."—"Stop a bit, my dear Maret; Mme. de

Sémonville was displeased with Talleyrand, especially with his insisting on taking his departure, and that without seeing Duroc. I therefore sent a courier to Durand. I cast the blame for the difficulties connected with the remittance to Paris on Schimmelpenninck and the Batavian government. It required an order from the Minister, or at the very least from Durand, to overcome them. My courier brought me back a letter from Durand."—Then show it to me."—"I have left it at the Hague."—"How can you commit such a schoolboy blunder? Despatch Montholon as a courier in quest of it. The Emperor will not be here for the next thirty-six hours; he will arrive in the evening; on the following day, he holds a review which will engage his attention till three o'clock; do not breathe that you have seen me. Go back to Spa, and return as soon as you hear of the Emperor's arrival." Montholon returned from the Hague in 36 hours. The Emperor received Sémonville very badly; Sémonville gave him the particulars which I have just written out, together with Durand's letter, which was decisive and in the name of the Minister. The Emperor put it away in his writing-desk.

The Emperor saw M. de Talleyrand at nine o'clock, and displayed much anger. His minister cast the blame of everything on Schimmelpenninck and the Dutch. "But are you sure that Durand did not give any order emanating from you? None, Sire, I am certain.—Send word for him to come at once." The impassible M. de Talleyrand displayed some confusion; the Emperor noticed it. He related the scene to Maret, wagered that Durand would not make his appearance, and said: He is a man who cannot be retained; he is not to follow me to Mayence, and we must look for somebody to take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. What a liar! And yet he showed confusion."

Three days later, the whole party proceeded to Mayence. In the evening, at *coucher*, the Emperor, who had shown coolness towards M. de Talleyrand, said to him: "Well, your man Durand has not arrived; he is undoubtedly guilty; but are you sure you never gave him any order?—I am quite certain I never did.—That he did not write?—I am convinced of it, or his letter must have been misunderstood by Schimmelpenninck; in all this there is some bungling on the part of the

Dutch ministers. I do not require you at Mayence; go back to Paris, and take a rest; you need it."

On the following day, the Emperor said to Maret: "We cannot send him back to Valençay; but to whom are we going to give the Foreign Affairs?"

The Emperor did not dismiss M. de Talleyrand; while at Mayence, he had fresh reasons for reproaching him with his cupidity.

Still, Talleyrand felt uneasy, and dreaded the storm overhanging him; on arriving in Paris, he at once called on Cambacérès, made him half-confidences, admitted that he had received a small portion of the six million florins, said that the Emperor was mean, that he did nothing for those who had been most useful to him; that they must needs think of themselves, since he did not think of them; spoke of his zeal, of his influence in the Senate, in Paris, threatened, and added that his mind was easy; that his (the Emperor's) fit of ill-temper would be of short duration; that he did not dread it; moreover, that he defied him to find anybody who enjoyed to a greater extent the confidence of the foreign ministers and of the Cabinets of Europe. Cambacérès told him to be quiet, and to mention to no one the two conversations of Aix-la-Chapelle; that he Cambacérès would see the Emperor immediately on his return; that he Talleyrand should call on the Emperor at his *coucher* only, and that he would find that the Emperor had quieted down; this is indeed what occurred. The Emperor at first displayed a certain amount of coolness, but Talleyrand told him some of the current gossip of Paris, and all was forgotten; he remained Minister of Foreign Affairs, with a fortune of over seventeen million francs: he had given something to Durand.

No. 40. *Mayence: Hirsinger's revelations.*—That good M. Hirsinger, a resident of Frankfort, was very fond of good Tokay and old Rhine wine; he willingly received presents, although never extorting them; he comes to Mayence almost incognito, and calls on the Secretary of State Maret. "Well, Hirsinger, have you seen the Emperor?—"No, Count; I am calling on you and am at present in Mayence quite privately.—Oh, oh! —Yes, I am desirous of avoiding an audience with the Emperor. It is repugnant to me to be a false friend; the Emperor would

ask me questions about those accursed secularisations which have caused us so much trouble and which have made the Germans cry out so. All of them have not drawn first prizes; those who have been compensated still complain; the clergy are fretting and fuming; they meet at the house of the Elector Archan-cellor; the latter quiets the prelates who have been suppressed, but they wish to see the Emperor, and will tell everything. Baker and Mathieu de Rezoff have stirred up all these intrigues, and some of them are abominable.—But this is a reason for asking an audience of His Majesty. Do not anticipate his questions; content yourself with answering; tone down matters and mollify him. Act as a man of honour who tells the truth wisely and speaks from facts only.—Oh, Count, this is most em-barrassing. I will not 'split.' I am off.—Do nothing of the kind; your departure would be more eloquent than anything you might say. The Emperor, who knows everything, already knows that you are here; he will send for you; you ought never to have come.—True, true, but I never thought of it.—The Emperor is inspecting the fortifications; go and dress yourself and come to the audience; he will perhaps not take any notice of you. Are these secularisations then so odious? Has there really been so much intriguing?—Oh, yes indeed. I should not be surprised if they had not cost the dear old German Fatherland from 9 to 10 million Rhenish florins.—The deuce! That is rather stiff.—Indeed they have. The department of relations has had at least 15 million francs; Baker, 3; Mathieu de Rezoff, 1 million, or 1,200,000 francs."

Good Mr. Hirsinger went to the audience. The Emperor subsequently made him prattle in private, and got the whole truth out of him, whereupon he fretted and fumed against Talley-rand, but for all that did not give any orders that the portfolio of Foreign Affairs should be taken from the minister whom he called a liar. He learnt much about the matter from the Elector of Dalberg. The pensions of the suppressed prelates and mediatised counts were increased, and there was an end to the matter.

Mathieu de Rezoff, whom I have known, later on confessed to all these facts; he pretended that he had received 800,000 francs only. Good Mr. Hirsinger had received a present of 700,000 or 800,000 francs and a well-stocked cellar; Baker, over 3 millions;

Talleyrand, Montron (*sic*), Durant, Roux-Laborie, and even Hamelin, over 15,000,000 francs. Foreign Affairs were for the ex-jobber in the water-supply of Paris, the ex-bishop, the *ex-constituant*, a good milch cow. (Mathieu de Rezoff had been the confidential secretary of the Alsatian nobility. He was a brother of Mathieu, a notary in Paris, and of Mathieu Favier.)

No. 55.—*Affairs of Spain: Prince of the Peace.*—Don Manuel Godoy, Duc de la Alcudia, Prince of the Peace, the friend of the King, the lover of the Queen, the avowed enemy of the Prince of the Asturias, and the actual king of the monarchy, an object of hatred to all Spain, felt the necessity of being supported by the help and protection of the Emperor: he sought to obtain it through M. de Talleyrand; he had in Paris a special agent, Don Isidore d'Urquijo, general intendant of the Botanical Garden of Madrid. Urquijo lived in Paris on a footing of intimacy with the beautiful Mme. de Bure, formerly in charge of the King's library, and at one time M. de Talleyrand's mistress. Heavy sums in doubloons were from time to time got from the chief satrap of Spain; the greater part of this money found its way into M. de Talleyrand's hands. In addition to this, money was advanced for the following purposes: 1.—to obtain that Spain should not be compelled to declare war against England; 2.—to repair the clumsy blunder made in October 1806, at the time of the war with Prussia; 3.—at the time of the Treaty of Fontainebleau, August 1807, the secret articles of which guaranteed to the Prince of the Peace the principality of the Algarves; 4.—to secure France's silence in regard to the daring arrest of the Prince of the Asturias at the Escurial, in November 1807. A few sums were also paid at the beginning of 1808. Don Joseph d'Urquijo, a nephew of the agent of the Prince of the Peace, assured me that over 2 million pistoles, say from 27 to 30 million francs had passed through the hands of his uncle, as secret-service funds. This young man was to have married his cousin, nowadays under-governess to *Mademoiselle*, with a married woman's title, as countess . . . (*sic*). He had unfortunately gone to the bad: I do not know what has become of him.

No. 127.—*To come to the Restoration.*—It was worth a good deal to the Prince de Talleyrand. Of the 46 million francs it cost, it is estimated that he retained:

For the purpose of conciliating people personally	12,000,000 francs
For the purpose of sending up the funds	3,000,000
The provisional government had for that purpose 1,500,000 francs. Talleyrand, Dalberg, and Louis speculated in the funds; their profit amounted to about 16 million francs: $\frac{2}{5}$ths for Talleyrand .	6,400,000
The Orleans affair known as *The Cossack of the Don*	2,800,000
Received from Doumère for food supplies to the army	3,000,000
Received from Bernard for the gambling-houses	800,000
Total . .	28,000,000 francs

No. 238.—*Congress of Vienna.* — The Saxony business	6,000,000 francs
The Naples and Murat business, 200,000 ducats	840,000
The King Ferdinand business, his third somewhat curtailed in regard to the £500,000 promised to him, Metterinch, and Castlereagh; the last-named would not tolerate any loss in exchange; the two others shared the remainder. Talleyrand received	3,700,000
The dukedom of Dino entered at 30,000 ducats on the public ledger of Naples, sold at 70 per cent	8,820,000
Total . .	19,360,000 francs

No. 27. *Treaty of Lunéville.*—The treaty was signed by Joseph. Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, had caused to be stipulated therein that the government annuities due by the Emperor of Austria in

Belgium should be paid integrally: they amounted to 33 million florins. Simon, of Brussels, had proposed to Talleyrand to buy them up; they stood at the time at 30 per cent; they were unable to monopolise more than 48 million florins; but Austria was slow in paying them; they sold them again at 66 per cent. Talleyrand's share of profit was 3 million florins. He received twice as much as Simon whose name appeared in his inventories for sixteen hundred thousand francs. Talleyrand's share, of the doubled profit, exclusive of deductions was	3,200,000 francs
The 3 million florins produced in Vienna: 1,500,000 Austrian roubles @ 2 fr. 50 c.	3,750,000
Austria's present to the Minister .	400,000
Present from the First Consul . .	300,000
Total . .	7,650,000 francs

No. 47. *Confederation of the Rhine.*—It is an ascertained fact that the King of Würtemburg paid as seal dues of the royal diploma . . . . . 1,000,000 francs

The King of Bavaria, thanks to the Prince de Ligne, paid only . .	300,000
The Prince Primate, thanks to his nephew, the Duke of Dalberg . .	400,000
The Grand-Duke of Darmstadt, most leniently treated	400,000
Nassau, Saxony, and Hohenlohe, and the Counts of Lippe . . .	500,000
The Margrave of Baden, thanks to Mme. Stéphanie	100,000
Total . .	2,700,000 francs

RECAPITULATION OF THE DIPLOMATIC GRATUITIES AND AFFAIRS BY NUMBERS AND AMOUNTS.

No. 13	500,000 francs
14	780,000
15	200,000
27	7,650,000
39 with M. Durand	17,000,000
40	15,000,000
47	2,700,000
55	18,000,000
127	28,000,000
238	19,360,000
To be added to these sums:	
The rent of Valençay, say 72,000 francs, of which 50,000 were prison expenses[1]	300,000
Income of 603,333 fr. 33 c. for seven years	4,200,000
It has been alleged that Talleyrand had been commissioned to purchase Barras' resignation for ten million francs and that he gave him only 3 millions: he divided the rest with Fouché and Bruix; Talleyrand's share was	4,000,000
It was said that he had advanced the sum, which was repaid to him much later on.[2]	
The Prince of Benevento, Vice-Grand Elector, therefore was indebted to the events of the Revolution for the sum of	117,690,000 francs

The above is exclusive of his speculations on 'Change as well as those of Mme. Grand, his wife,

[1] This refers to the imprisonment of the King of Spain at Valençay for five years.—Translator's note.

[2] I have to remark, in connection with this fact that my resignation, the story of which I have told without concealing anything, never was the subject of any pecuniary proposition. I venture to say that the negotiators would have never dared suggest it. Hence I declare in regard to the matter that if any sum of money was given by Bonaparte for that purpose, it remained in its entirety in the possession of Talleyrand, who, on this occasion as on so many others, did himself the justice of beginning by paying himself with his own hand, since no one better deserved to be bought than himself.

who acquired an income of 60,000 francs, independently of the 40,000 francs he allowed her; exclusive also of the extortions of Montrond, Hamelin, Roux-Laborie, and the modest Perret. Such are the times and the men of the time!

Ah! when the power of the Government is thus coupled with sordid interests and ignoble passions, assembled by a political personage, it is indeed difficult for the governed class not to suffer the direst consequences therefrom. The bad example set by the governing class creates parties, who are led to indulge in every hope. Bonaparte's party, already so strong in a large number of civil political interests, which he had implanted in France to his advantage, was still further reinforced by the soldiers. The party of the Republicans, if the name may still be given to the men who had been attached to the Republic, was content with asking peace and security from the Government of the Restoration. This was the party which the Government should have sought to conciliate, since it was the only representative of the nation's general interests: in lieu of pursuing this simple and common-sense line of conduct, the Government of the Restoration set about dismissing the few patriots who had escaped the scythe of imperial despotism, and giving their places to men who did not even possess the ability of the Imperialists, but who equalled them in servility, and who followed the tactics of despising both liberty and the Charter, in order to appear more Royalist than the king.

This new system of government, organised by Talleyrand for the benefit of the alleged Royalists, from whom he was desirous of obtaining the forgiveness and oblivion of his previous conduct towards the Imperialists, aroused great discontent. All parties feeling equally insecure, an intestine war was kindled: for a while it smouldered; then it broke out openly. The men enriched and decorated by Bonaparte, accustomed as they were to machinations, thought the moment propitious to begin serious intrigues with their former master, the Emperor of Elba. They established a system of correspondence with the island by way of Switzerland and other points. At the same time there assembled at the Tuileries individuals who, passed themselves off as the foes of Bonapartism—men who had been its warmest partisans, and who, like Talleyrand, would have liked to have drowned in privileges, and under the protection of despotism, their shameful antecedents. All their efforts were concentrated upon re-establishing in all its perfection an aristocracy favourable to their privileges. Louis XVIII., in the midst of this impure atmosphere, which enveloped him and concealed the truth from him, nevertheless learnt it through various circumstances, as well as through his natural intuitiveness. He foresaw that his Minister Talleyrand did not possess the ability to secure him against the fresh political accidents which were threatening his restoration.

Although I lived in profound retirement in Paris, in the midst of a few relatives and friends whom,

according to habit, I invited to my table, this was not sufficient for me to be left in peace and considered harmless. There existed in those days a police which tried to pass as mild and paternal; its chief, M. Beugnot, had said, jesting about himself as he jested about all things, that "his police was the drop of penetrating oil"—doubtless a most kindly figure of rhetoric, which posterity will probably appreciate as much as contemporaries did. Well then, since a police there was, it must needs do something to earn its wages.

The king had several times said to M. Beugnot, Director-General of Police: "There is a good deal of talk going on in the house of an important personage of the Revolution, and you do not know anything about it." Beugnot thought that this might be taking place in my house, and so commissioned Thurot, one of his agents, formerly secretary-general under Fouché, to find his way into my house and report to him. Thurot therefore called upon me. His conversation was interesting owing to the particulars he gave us about Bonaparte's last moments and the restoration of the Bourbons. On the following day the king said to Beugnot: "Last night again my government was censured in a house where you must have had an agent." "Sire," replied Beugnot, "these utterances came from the lips of my agent Thurot, and yet all the persons present spoke in measured terms, with the exception of my agent and yours." I have these particulars from a friend of Beugnot's,

as well as from Thurot, whose conduct towards me on that occasion was irreproachable.

August-November 1814.—In the midst of these circumstances, which furnished food for reflection and various forebodings, there called upon me one morning the Duc d'Havré, a worthy old man under whom I had served. He said to me: "The king is very uneasy; his confidence in Blacas is his ruin; he commissioned me to call on you to-day at an early hour, and to bring you into his presence at the château. He feels the need and desire, and has told me to express his wish to you, of consulting a man who has governed France, and who is in a position, in troublous and serious times, not only to give him useful advice, but to assist him in at once carrying out that which will have been decided upon between him and yourself. We have succeeded in shaking the ascendency of Blacas, who must remain in ignorance of the step now taken. The king awaits you; he requires no etiquette of you. A livery coach is at your door; let us at once proceed into the king's presence, since he is willing that we should."

"I cannot but feel flattered, Your Grace, at the message with which the king honours me through the intermediary of an honest citizen; I have no hesitation in thus calling you, acquainted as I am with your sincere attachment to your country. I must nevertheless confess to you that there is something which makes me hesitate, both because of my Republican opinions and the political position in

which the Revolution placed me. I should be failing in my primary engagements towards myself were I to adopt any course tending to take me away from private life. I beg Your Grace to be kind enough to lay these considerations respectfully before the king."

M. d'Havré, after having unfolded to me a number of confidential facts, which no one, he said could better estimate than myself, deduced therefrom that it was the interest of the constitutional king, of France, and also of myself, not to reject his overtures. This sentiment had determined him to confer with me in order to put an end to the disorder and unavoidable intestine commotion about to ensue, were no change made in the course pursued at present—one in contradiction with the organisation presented and guaranteed by all the Powers. "You can," he said, pressing my hands the while, "serve both king and country in expelling Blacas, who deceives the one and compromises the other. You see how insolent and powerful the enemies of the king are already, since they dare to print and circulate such abominable things." M. d'Havré thereupon showed me, and left with me confidentially, the following pen portrait of Louis XVIII. :—

The prince is highly educated; his mind is cultivated; his manners are affable; but he is essentially *false* and *treacherous;* he has the pedantry of a rhetorician, and it is his ambition to pass as a man of wit; he is incapable of any generous sentiment, or of any strong resolution; he has never forgotten an insult, a reproach, a wrong; he dreads truth and death. Surrounded by ruins and flatterers, he has retained only the vices of

greatness. Misfortune overwhelms him in vain; he dares not look it in the face. Hence, however rigorous adversity may be towards him, he will find justification in the eyes of petty and cowardly men alone. The prince shudders at the sight of a bundle of pikes and darts, while for ever pronouncing the name of Henry IV.:

> Intrigant dans la paix, inhabile à la guerre,
> Jaloux avec excès d'un succès littéraire;.

and is no less greedy of riches than passionately fond of pomp; he is an enemy to his truest friends, and the slave of his courtiers; he is distrustful and suspicious, superstitious and *vindictive;* ever *double-faced* in his policy, and false even in the effusions of his heart: such is the Comte de Lille, whom fate has placed on the first throne of the universe, without bestowing on him any of the qualities which command respect or win the love of peoples. His reign will be that of favourites, and France will have to endure at one and the same time all the pettinesses of King James and all the extravagances of Henry III.

Thus spoke, twenty-five years ago, an intimate confidant of Louis XVIII. What would he say nowadays of him when so much blood has flowed to establish and consolidate his domination?

"There is no need for me to read this wicked diatribe," I said to M. d'Havré; "I recognise this fragment, taken from Montgaillard's pamphlet against Pichegru, which Bonaparte caused to be reprinted in 1804, when he was desirous of accomplishing this general's ruin. This is his reprint."

"Well then, would you believe that, in spite of this reprint being undoubtedly a recent one, the Director-General of Police cannot even discover from what printing establishment it emanates? Thus is the king insulted, not to say railed at in his very closet!"

When expressing in these pages all my indignation against Montgaillard's memoir, reproduced by the wickedness of Bonaparte, I do not fear being accused of multiplying it by transcribing it. Louis XVIII. is dead; he sleeps in that eternity whither I am in all likelihood to follow him shortly; he belongs, just as I shall soon belong, to history. More fortunate than myself, who have attached my name only to transitory executive matters, the author of the Charter (although he is not undeserving of blame in that he granted it as a favour, instead of signing it as a synallagmatic contract), can from the depths of his grave still defy his enemies, and reply once for all to the unjust remarks of contemporaries, and even to the best-grounded reproaches which they may have hurled at his weaknesses during his lifetime. I will almost go as far as to maintain that a man has had no weaknesses or that they are forgiven by both God and man when he can say: "I gave to a great nation a fundamental law which, if carried out, will ensure its happiness. Yes, the legislating monarch is assuredly immortal; he has drawn nearer to the Deity. God himself is a constitutional monarch, since he recognises and observes the laws he has made for the government of the world, whose creator he is."

To return to the sequel of my conference. I persisted in the refusal I had just expressed to M. d'Havré, fully persuaded that it was sought to make use of me for the purpose of overthrowing the Ministerial power, but not an evil system which could

not survive its authors. M. d'Havré added: "Blacas and those who have cause to dread the effects of this interview are away; to-morrow, perhaps, the king will be once more circumvented."

Four days went by, and I heard nothing more of the matter; then M. d'Havré again called on me, bearing the following letter from the king:—

I should have liked, Count, to see you in private, on the very day of my preferring the request; circumstances are now unfavourable to this meeting. I have the greatest confidence in your enlightenment; I entertain no doubts as to your attachment to the existing order of things, and of your deference to my person; I should like and am anxious that you should confer with M. de Blacas; he enjoys my fullest confidence; I shall give him instructions. Be good enough to arrange with him in regard to this interview. (Signed) Louis.

Here then is this Blacas, who, according to what M. d'Havré told me three days ago, "hung only by a thread," more solidly established than ever as favourite; and it is d'Havré, who thought he was going to overthrow him with my aid, who now comes, a newly-won-over procurer to the power of Blacas, to ask me to make an appointment with him! I must now say a word of this upstart of the Restoration, whose fortune must not be looked upon as stranger than so many others, if it is pointed out that it consists entirely in having charge of the material wardrobe of an ailing monarch—an office which, coupled with the title of Grand Master and even First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, is nothing more than the disguised image of a thing which decent language cannot express in physical terms.

At the time of my being a member of the Directorate, Blacas, not yet the successor of d'Avaray, had not absolutely chosen between Louis XVIII. and the government of the Republic; he had approached me through third parties with assurances of personal devotion to me, if I would but accept his services. I had never discovered in him the moral qualities and merit likely to attract the attention of any government whatever. He was one of those thorough nonentities who are valueless to the party they propose serving. Recognising that he could not be acceptable in so far as any political interest was concerned, Blacas adopted the course of offering me his services, on the grounds of being able to prove to me that he enjoyed the honour of being "my kinsman." This is one of the most common means I have seen employed by the nobility when seeking to attain some object: they immediately become relations of the person of whom they have some favour to beg. This idea and behaviour have been thoroughly expressed by a man of that tribe, who was wont to say: "When I learn that a man is about to become a Minister, I make it a custom to be his friend, not to say his relation. As long as he keeps his portfolio I will perform the most menial service for him; but when he ceases to be a Minister I kick him."

It mattered little to me that Blacas was my kinsman. Still, he is entitled to his pretensions in this respect, since he is related to the second

husband of one of my cousins, M —— (*sic*), one Marquis de Rochegude, whose fortune she had inherited, and who, in this capacity of aunt of M. de Blacas by adoption and by marriage, had rescued from absolute misery the alleged Seigneur d'Aulps, and had provided for his education. It would seem that it was the dire penury of this Provençal nobleman which had caused him to adopt the course of emigrating and seeing what proximity to Louis XVIII. would bring him. I am told, just as I am writing these Memoirs, that M. de Blacas, created a duke by Louis XVIII., and First Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, is the possessor of a fortune of several millions. I can truly state that, had the alleged Seigneur d'Aulps remained in France, he would not have had the first *sou* of it.

The enormous fortune which he possesses nowadays shows that if he was not successful in the affairs of State, he was at any rate thoroughly so in his own.

"Well," I remarked laughingly to M. d'Havré, "you see, my dear duke, what faith can be placed in the firm resolutions of the Court, and even in those of the king, in matters which depend most immediately on his will; you were good enough, three days ago, to propose to me on behalf of His Majesty an interview, of which, in the first instance, Blacas was not to know anything, and the primary object of which was to combat the machinations of the favourite, and even overthrow him. To-day

it is this self-same favourite with whom you wish me to hold a conference of which he was to remain ignorant. To-day it is all the reverse: this is just like Louis XIII.; but if Louis XVIII. displays as much weakness as his ancestor, he has not for excuse the superiority of a Richelieu to explain the domination of Blacas." "What was I to do?" replied M. Havré; "he does not enjoy the influence of a Minister, not even that of a secretary, for Blacas's capacity does not go as far as that; 'tis the influence of an ordinary valet of the bed-chamber over an ailing man who requires his care; 'tis, again, an influence based on all sorts of private matters which are not to be spoken of, and which would seem incredible; 'tis, in short, a favouritism to be endured in all its plenitude, unless we change the monarch.' This is Louis XVIII. before, during, and after the emigration. What a life we have led with these successive flunkeys, who are so closely akin to the minions of Henry III.! First one, then another; all die in harness. This is what happened to d'Avaray. As to the successor of the unfortunate d'Avaray, there is no fear of his dying at his post. He clings to life and to power more tenaciously than all others. Everything must perish until such times as he shall have made his fortune. He once let fall from his lips that he would descend to every meanness and infamy until his income reached a million, but that on his attaining his wish, he would once more assume all his pride as a nobleman and be Blacas

d'Aulps. You may well imagine what food for laughter was supplied by this utterance. Blacas has none the less gone his gait in most serious fashion, and if he has a hold on the king in many respects, it is especially in shameful or noble ones —if ever Louis XVIII. possessed a noble side M. d'Havré added a few private particulars, at which he had at first merely hinted, but they are of too private a nature for me to repeat them under any circumstances. M. d'Havré went on to say: "Let us, however, return to the question, my dear General. It is a pressing one, for it is nothing less than France's danger; she is seriously threatened by the Bonapartists. Several of Bonaparte's hired assassins have declared themselves, and are seeking to raise the standard of rebellion. Prompt measures are required, or everything will perish—monarchy, monarch, and France. Could you yourself, General, hope to remain in your domicile or elsewhere were Bonaparte to return to-morrow? You have escaped the scaffold which the tyrant had erected for you. Is it not time that you should recover peace and tranquillity? Your cause is ours; our cause is yours. We must prevent Bonaparte's returning and slaughtering us all. Let us despise Blacas as much as he deserves, but let us march to our goal and unite in order to prevent Bonaparte from once more seizing upon France." "I know only of one means to attain this goal," I replied to M. d'Havré; "it consists in organising liberty on a secure and wise basis—in other words, a constitu-

tional monarchy. Your only way of fighting Bonaparte with any chance of success is to meet him on the battlefield of liberty. If, adopting this course, and respecting the legal order of things, you rely on force and on deeds of violence, you will then be arming yourselves with Bonaparte's weapons, and you will probably not know how to use them as cleverly as he can!" "At any rate," M. d'Havré went on to say, "you would not have to go to M. de Blacas's residence; Blacas would come to your house or to mine; name the day and the hour yourself." A few days previous to this conference I had received through Fouché confidential information in regard to the Bonapartist party, which proved to me that M. d'Havré's forebodings were not in the least exaggerated, and that anything might be expected from the Imperialists. As to Fouché, he was no more of a Bonapartist than a partisan of the Bourbons; all he cared for was a general convulsion: he was waiting to see which side won, in order to slip in and seize a portfolio. The Duc d'Havré, pressing my hands, and with tears in his eyes, entreated me to yield to his wishes. This good old man had gone straight to my heart, when speaking to me in France's name and depicting her as on the point of once more falling under the yoke of the Corsican emperor. All the sentiments awakened in me at this awful contingency made me swerve from my resolution; since it was a matter of having Blacas come to me or of seeing Bonaparte return, I could no longer

hesitate in my choice. "Well then, Saturday evening at seven o'clock," I said to M. d'Havré. "Why not to-morrow? Why postpone so important a matter even for a single day? I have, in the first place, to let the king know about it." "True; but I do not care to call on Blacas, especially at the Tuileries, where the royal family are residing." Louis XVIII., when appointing Talleyrand and Fouché Ministers, and the Comte d'Artois, when proposing the latter as a deputy in the electoral college over which he presided, demonstrated beyond a doubt that my scruples were indeed far too delicate, and that when policy demanded it, one should use everybody. So I finally consented to see Blacas at the request of the king, and I decided that the interview should take place at M. d'Havré's.

On the day fixed for the interview I proceeded to M. d'Havré's. On being shown into his study, I saw an individual who wore a decoration, and whose name I have never been able to ascertain. M. de Blacas had preceded me. M. d'Havré introduced us to one another. Our conversation began with an exchange of courtesies. M. de Blacas referred to our kinship, to the former friendly intercourse between our families, and expressed a desire that it might be renewed; I replied politely that neither my poor health nor my tastes permitted of my appearing even in Ministerial drawing-rooms.

We all sat down in silence; I broke it by asking the Minister to inform me of the king's instruc-

tions. A muffled sound came through the partition. M. d'Havré remarked: "Do not pay any attention to it, gentlemen; it is nothing." I have since learnt that Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, had wished to listen to the discussion which was to take place. M. de Blacas began as follows: "General, the king has commissioned me to talk with you in regard to the state of France, the means of restoring tranquillity to her, and the completion of the monarchical organisation."

I replied to M. de Blacas: "The king must preserve intact the constitutional Charter, together with the institutions which it has not abolished, and which it guarantees. The king must not establish any privileges, and must see in his subjects nothing but Frenchmen; all are entitled in an equal degree to the goodwill of a wise king; but his Ministry is not pursuing the conciliatory methods which, while securing the interests of all, win the gratitude of the masses and pave the way for their devotion. Absolutism, partiality, and the encouragement of political revenge have stirred up a feeling of discontent to which it is impossible to shut one's eyes, unless one is totally blind and under pain of both physical and political death; this discontent is such, and the disaffection of the nation is so pronounced, that if Bonaparte and his family, who have been actively intriguing for some time past, reading the nation's mind, add to their machinations the pecuniary means of which they have plenty, they can rally a large number of dangerous men and

nearly the whole of the army, whom you are leaving on half pay. All that Bonaparte has to do is to give the army full pay, and he can march on Paris and take his seat on the throne. Monsieur de Blacas, it is you whom the confidence of the king has invested with so much authority that you may be said to govern. How could you do otherwise than bitterly reproach yourself, were so monstrous a catastrophe to once more place France under the yoke of the tyrant of which the Restoration ridded us? The Bonapartist party is the one to be dreaded; if, like other parties, it is entitled to clemency, it should at least be repressed and most closely watched. Sad forebodings are filling my mind."

M. de Blacas replied: "You censure the Government in most rigorous fashion; you probably are not thoroughly acquainted with the detail of our administration; I grant you the existence of a certain ill-defined discontent; we shall try to appease it, and shall cause the king to be respected. As to Bonaparte, he is no longer anything but a corpse without influence, buried in a little recess of the world, isolated by a stretch of sea."

To this I answered: "My astonishment is redoubled when I find the development of so thoughtless an opinion that it can be looked upon as only vain boasting. I am grieved at finding such assurance in a Minister exercising sovereign authority in France. Continue governing as you are doing; persecute the patriots of the Revolution.

They frankly rallied to the constitutional monarchy; they are still your firmest prop, and you are relentlessly driving them to despair, and reducing them to poverty."

M. de Blacas was extremely ill at ease; accustomed as he was to ignore and disguise the truth, he was amazed at the Provençal vehemence of my harangue. He was good enough to admit that, having been so long away from France, he had perhaps not yet acquired in detail the knowledge of all the means required to regenerate her; he begged that I would send him a list of the names of respectable citizens, even though they had been *conventionnels*, who might have cause to complain at being deprived of their posts; he would at once restore them to their functions, and undo any of those acts of injustice which are bound to occur when one's attention is all taken up with gigantic labours. "Moreover," said Blacas, "it is the intention of the king to increase the number of companies of his *gardes du corps*. What do you think of it?" "I think it would be more proper to reduce than increase this portion of the king's household; it is to be wished that his body-guard should be composed of the brave men who have deserved well of France, and have so gloriously defended her; an army like ours is more than enough for any king; besides, allow me to say frankly that this idea of doubling the *gardes du corps*, of adding to their number, is nothing else but an idea of Bonaparte's; he brought up his

Imperial Guard to 30,000 men, and you believe you cannot stop short of that number. What will be the use of it if the soldiers are ill-disposed and become disloyal? 'Tis organising a Prætorian guard ready to make and undo emperors."

M. de Blacas, feeling that he had no strong arguments in favour of the increase of the *garde royale*, sought to divert the discussion to another subject. He said to me: "We are at present most uneasy in regard to the question of food supplies; the king is sorely troubled about the matter." I replied to him: "As regards the food supplies, which cause uneasiness to the paternal kindness of the king, I am of opinion that a commission made up of commendable men could frame and exercise supervision over regulations which would facilitate their circulation, and encourage agricultural and manufacturing interests. I gave some attention to this matter when a member of the National Convention; I was entrusted with a most important mission in Holland, and in the departments of the North, previous to the 13th Vendémiaire, viz. to re-establish order in France and come to the rescue of Paris. The National Convention did me the honour of declaring that I had satisfactorily fulfilled my mission. Our embarrassments were in no wise at an end at the time of the inauguration of the Directorate; we none the less overcame them. Well, my methods were exceedingly simple, consisting as they did in putting into practice order and liberty.

These two great principles serve in all things, when applied both to food supplies and to all other branches of the administration. I have put them to the test and know of no others. If, moreover, Monsieur de Blacas, you are good enough to report to the king my words, albeit expressed with some animation, I beg you will tell His Majesty on my behalf that I have had no other object than to show myself worthy of his confidence; you will kindly add to this that if measures are not adopted promptly, Louis XVIII. must begin to think of giving orders to have his apartments at Hartwell got in readiness. I spoke to you at the outset of our interview of my melancholy forebodings; after what I have heard, and feeling that I cannot remove the film of blindness, I make bold to tell you that despair has now succeeded my direst apprehensions. I am about to proceed to the South of France to collect a few funds for the purpose of securing a modest livelihood and a far-off place of retreat, in case the tyrant of my country should succeed in once more bringing it under the yoke."

M. de Blacas did not answer another word, and imagined he was getting over the difficulty by showing still greater politeness. Seeing that I had risen and was about to leave, he took a candlestick to light me on my path, while M. d'Havré affected to move an arm-chair which obstructed him. We had reached the drawing-room when M. d'Havré, making a great display of zeal, apologised to M. de Blacas, pretended to take the candlestick from him,

while permitting him to retain hold of it, and then accompanied me to the foot of the stairs. M. d'Havré said to me, laughing heartily the while: "I was desirous that this conceited fellow should enlighten you himself. Moreover, little does he know of light; he is as blind as a bat."

A few days later the king sent word to me that he was gratified at my interview with his Minister, but that he wished me to furnish him with a simple memorandum setting forth anything that might have been omitted at the conference; he begged I would once more meet M. de Blacas, to whom I could not fail to be useful in connection with his official duties. I had had more than enough of M. de Blacas, and did not care to see any more of him under any circumstances.

I drew up the memorandum asked for by the king; it was short. It was pretty nearly a repetition of what I had told M. de Blacas. I delivered it to M. d'Havré. On his thanking me in all sincerity, I assured him somewhat ironically that "none of my advice would be followed."

The king perused my memorandum. "It is excellent," he remarked to M. d'Havré, "with the exception of his opinion of Blacas and in regard to my *gardes du corps;* not only shall I pay no attention to it, but I intend to re-establish the fine regiments of *mousquetaires.*"

A short time after I again saw M. d'Havré; he informed me that it was now the king who, in his turn, wished to send me memoranda, that His

Majesty would give them to him shortly, and that I was in my turn to express my opinion in regard to them. I replied to M. d'Havré that I had previously expressed my opinion fully, that my health did not permit of my bestowing my attention on such serious matters, and that I was about to leave for the South of France.

Among the ravenous intriguers who exploited the Restoration of 1814, it would be astonishing not to find M. Fauche-Borel, who suffered greatly in the cause of the Bourbons, and who claims to have actively co-operated to their re-establishment. This man, because of his continual movements in every direction, has been looked upon as a fly on the wheel; but he who, like all others of his species, never was anything but a nonentity and a speculator, could not fail to exploit all the opportunities offered to lovers of money by the Restoration. Following up his speculation, he imagined that he had found, in the miraculous success of the events which had brought about the Restoration, means of connecting his former intrigues with this event, which had been so foreign to them that it might truly be said to have been just as foreign to the august personages who had derived most profit from it: for Louis XVIII., who is styled, or who styled himself, *le Désiré* (the Desired), was doubtless far less hoped for than desired, and it is probable that he would never have sat on the throne of France had it not been for Bonaparte's insensate defiance of all the Powers of the world, and without the unavoidable

reaction of the latter against an aggression which had pursued them in their hyperborean retreats. Hence it was that Fauche-Borel, in order to acquire importance in the eyes of the party of the Bourbons, conceived the idea of saying at Court that his intimacy with me, in view of his former intrigues, would be of great use to them in dealing with the popular party. Then he called upon me, to inform me that, intimate as he was with the Bourbons, he could be of great service to me and the popular party with the Bourbons.

As a matter of fact, I had never seen nor known, either directly or indirectly, this Fauche-Borel, when, continuing his system of exploitation based on the deception of both sides, pursuant to which he made them carry on an intercourse without either being able to explain itself or come to an understanding, Fauche called on me one morning at my domicile in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. I would not have received Fauche under his name; he had himself announced under that of Louis, so that it was impossible for me to guess who it was. He approached me as an alleged victim of the Imperial Government: this was indeed a way of obtaining an audience; next he told me his real name, and maintained that all he had done for so long a time had been out of hatred for the tyranny of Bonaparte, against which he was one with me in believing that there could be no surer bulwark than the organisation of a constitutional monarchy.

I replied to Fauche that I had never confided

my opinions to him, but that it was quite possible I might entertain ideas such as he attributed to me; that if I preferred the Republic to all things, looking upon it as the most legitimate of governments, I certainly preferred the monarchy to the empire, a king to an emperor, the Bourbons to Bonaparte. A mind like Fauche's could not perhaps grasp such sentiments; it seems that he understood me but little, when imagining that he was chiming in with me by paying me compliments on behalf of the Royalists of every stripe and handing me a copy of the letters-patent which he had already addressed to us at the time of the alleged negotiation in the Year VIII.

I glanced over the copy of the famous letters-patent produced by Fauche. The substance of it had little importance in my eyes, but it lacked even form. It was a document which bore no character of authenticity, and was brimful of erasures and substituted words. I looked at it, I confess, in order to acquire the proof of what I suspected, and I quickly returned it to M. Fauche, throwing it in his face and saying to him: "'Tis with such rags and with all your invented stories that you have dipped into the purse of the credulity of the English and of the French princes. Moreover, since I have got you here, you may as well tell the truth. Explain to me without subterfuge your alleged negotiation with the Directorate."

Fauche replied: "I admit that I was fooled by the Republicans; but, General, it may greatly help

you with the Bourbons, and the interests of your party, to allow it to be believed that you have been pleased to receive me; I beg you will let things remain as they are."

I replied to M. Fauche that the plain truth of the case was that I had never betrayed the mandate I had received from the Republic, and that I had, in those days, been sincerely and totally the adversary of the Bourbons; that in March 1814 they had become the *de facto* liberators of France, although submitted to the disgrace of following in the wake of the allies, but that they could still be the saviours of our country if they did but organise liberty. This was not, on my part, a confidential communication to M. Fauche; it was my openly expressed opinion to all parties, to the agents of police or of royalty who might be spying on me, and against whom I exercised no other precaution than my frankness.

It would be thought that after all this the intriguing Fauche-Borel would have been silenced and disposed of once for all; still, the continuation of his intrigues will be seen in the future.

Such is a truthful summary of my life during the time following the 18th Brumaire. I spent it, as usual, in receiving my relations and friends, and in freely expressing my thoughts. I likewise spent it in hoping much in the first instance, then in hoping less, and finally, in despairing. I do not pretend to have remained foreign in my desires to all that seemed to me capable of assuring the tranquillity and happiness of my country; it is impossible to

cease taking an interest, even after the greatest disappointments, in an idea entertained ever since the age of reason, especially one which has been as much a sentiment as an idea; but the co-operation alleged to have been given me by Fauche-Borel and Company is not based on truth, as I have already explained; the sequel will be seen ere these Memoirs come to an end.

CHAPTER VI

Debarkation of Bonaparte at Cannes—Conduct of the authorities—Loverdo and the receiver-general of taxes — The king sends for me — He despatches a courier to me — Bonaparte at Lyons — The courier is arrested—How he disposes of the despatch—An account of Bonaparte's debarkation—M. de Boutillier—A rising against me—General Solignac —I leave for Marseilles—The post-masters of Orgon, Pont-Royal, and Saint-Cannat—My arrival at Marseilles—Masséna's ingratitude—M. de Montgrand's kindness—The aide-de-camp Porcher de Richebourg—The sword of wood and the sword of steel—Tardy repentance of the Bourbons — Their behaviour — Constitutional prostrations of the Comte d'Artois—The Duc de Berry's attempts to make himself popular with the soldiery—Aristocratic silliness—Marshal de Viomesnil—One of the greatest ancient and modern exploits—My sentiments in regard to the return from Elba—Great tumult at Lyons—I receive the King of Westphalia—Our conversation—Borrowed majesty—Mistakes—Rœderer—A parasitic general—The Duc d'Angoulême and his army—General Merle —His remonstrances—Why the South was lost—Mme. d'Angoulême at Bordeaux—General Decaen—Bonaparte's itinerary—Louis XVIII. at Lille—Courtiers' adulation on the 20th of March—The Additional Act —Its framer—Benjamin Constant—Thibaudeau, Merlin, and Fermont —The real author of the Additional Act—The Champ de Mai—The European coalition—Bonaparte's *mot* at Elba in regard to Talleyrand and Fouché—Fouché *redivivus*—His conversation with Bonaparte—Fouché and the Prefect—The party to which Fouché belonged—The Duc d'Orléans as depicted by Fouché—Dumouriez and Mme. de Staël Orleanists — Fouché's policy — Bonaparte's preparations against the coalition — His departure — Early triumphs — Waterloo — Grouchy— Bonaparte believes the battle won — Ney — An appalling disaster — Bonaparte flees—His arrival in Paris—A fresh deposition—The provisional government—Bonaparte's position at the Elysée—The men of the Hundred Days—A friend's advice—A scheme of public instruction which Bonaparte turns to his advantage—Mutual instruction—MM. de Laborde and de Lasteyrie—Bonaparte dreads assemblies—The dictatorship — My opinion on the projected dissolution — Important service

rendered by M. de Lafayette — Bonaparte's stupendous mistake — Treachery—Fouché and Davout correspond with Vitrolles—Bonaparte fears the National Guard—His refusal to receive deputations tendering assistance—The obsequious Maret—Amusing plan of the president Portalis — Bonaparte feigns deference to all advice given him—The aide-de-camp Bernard—His noble frankness—His reception at the hands of Bonaparte—Bernard's behaviour at Waterloo—His position in the United States—Death of Josephine—A trait of Bonaparte's vanity—I ask for employment—Laignelot—An interview with Carnot—My regrets —Fouché's perfidy—The Oratorian Gaillard *redivivus*—His mission at Ghent—General Morgan—General Lamotte—Laborie—Lamotte interrogated by Guilleminot—Grand council of war held in Paris—Davout's opinion—Paris surrendered—I ask to be heard by the council of war—Colonel Zenowitz—A proposition to appoint me general-in-chief—Disapprobation of the proposition—A predetermined course —Opposition — Freycinet and Vandamme — The latter's energetic outburst—The capitulation of Paris—Davout's declaration—Freycinet's and Vandamme's rejoinder—The soldiers of the Loire—Davout's harangue—Unreasonable demands of the fallen Bonaparte — He is anxious to leave for the United States, but dares not—Joseph bolder— They carry off the treasures of the State—Bonaparte wishes to be treated as Emperor by the captain of the English ship on which he seeks an asylum—He meets with a refusal.

I HAD reached Montpellier, when Bonaparte landed at Cannes with 800 men, and followed without meeting any opposition the road along the Alps. The Prefect of the Var, with a few troops, had posted himself near the forest of Estérel. Loverdo and the receiver-general of taxes had carried away the receipts, and had fled towards Valensole; Masséna was temporising at Marseilles; all were seeking to give Bonaparte the facility of surmounting the impregnable position of Sisteron.

The incredible news of the debarkation of Bonaparte and his onward march so terrified the Court, that the king sent for M. d'Havré. "Where is General Barras?" he inquired of him. "I believe he is at Montpellier," replied M. d'Havré. "In

that case send a courier to him at once; I shall write a few words, which you will enclose in your letter, requesting him to come hither post-haste; he alone can save us; he enjoys the confidence of Paris, of the army, and of the Republicans. We refused to believe him although he had predicted this untoward occurrence."

M. d'Havré despatched to me as bearer of the royal message a citizen with whom I had some intercourse. It was hoped that *Monsieur* would, with the imposing forces under his command at Lyons, at the very least check Bonaparte's onward march. *Monsieur's* retreat is a matter of history. Bonaparte entered Lyons, and again assumed the imperial power, which he seems to have overlooked during his progress through the Dauphiné. The courier despatched to me was arrested at Moulins, and had just time to burn his despatch; as a justification of his journey, he showed some trading passports with which he had luckily been provided; he adopted the wise course of retracing his steps. Had the despatch fallen into the hands of Bonaparte, it would have been sufficient to have convicted me as a Royalist. It has been seen how and to what a degree I was one; I was ready to welcome a constitutional monarchy as the restorer of peace, and I do not mind repeating that my efforts had had no other object than to preserve a few republican institutions, to put an end to the persecution directed against the apostles of the Revolution, and to save the last remnants of the Revolution, which the

imperial Bonapartists sought to annihilate just as much as did certain Royalists, as the two parties were in perfect accord for the purpose of tarnishing the very memory of liberty; while, as regards myself, I was desirous of preserving it, honouring it, regenerating it—in short, of preventing an abominable tyrant from once more muzzling it, subjugating it, and taking revenge.

A courier brought me at Montpellier the news of Bonaparte's landing at Cannes. The Prefect asked me if it was indeed true that I had received it; I sent word to him that it was perfectly true; just at that very moment I received the following particulars:—

AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE BASSES-ALPES FROM THE TIME OF THE DEBARKATION OF BONAPARTE NEAR ANTIBES UP TO THAT OF HIS LEAVING THE DEPARTMENT.

Bonaparte, having landed in the course of the evening of the 1st of March with six or seven hundred soldiers near Cannes and Antibes, retired for the night at Cannes, and sent officers to Antibes, to induce the garrison of that town to follow him. The overtures made by him in the course of that night having been unattended by success, he shaped his course on the morning of the 2nd by the road from Grasse to Digne, and retired to rest on the night of that day at Séramon, a municipality bordering upon the departments of the Var and of the Basses-Alpes.

On receiving information as to the landing and the strength of the detachment accompanying Bonaparte, M. de Boutillier, Prefect of the department of the Var, quickly transmitted the news to the Prefect of the department of the Basses-Alpes, and on Friday, the 3rd of March, the latter received towards two o'clock the letter apprising him of the fact; it would seem that immediately thereupon the Prefect and Field-Marshal Loverdo,

in command of the department of the Basses-Alpes, considering all defence impossible, did not communicate the news to the mayors of the municipalities situated on the right bank of the Durance, and it was only on the following morning, March 4th, at five o'clock, that express messengers sent from Barrême to Digne by several private individuals announced that Bonaparte and his soldiery had arrived there the previous day, March 3rd, at seven o'clock in the evening. This fresh announcement did not result in any means of defence being adopted.

Towards six o'clock in the morning orders were given to the Digne garrison, composed of 200 men, to proceed to Valensole by way of Mezel, in order to escort the public moneys deposited in the strong-box of the receiver-general of taxes of the department. Fortunately Bonaparte, who wished to have his first proclamations printed at Digne, did not proceed along the road skirting the river Asse, whose outlet is at Châteauredon, which would have saved him a three hours' march, in order to reach Malijay, or the escort and the funds it was guarding would have fallen into his hands, and it was only towards noon that Bonaparte and his soldiers reached Digne, by way of Chaudon, La Chapelle, and Truines; towards five o'clock in the morning he established his headquarters at Malijay, and a few hours later at Peyruis, situated on the right bank of the Durance. The special escort charged with the conveyance of three loads of cartridges, on learning that there were no longer any troops at Digne, asked leave not to proceed any farther, and, not receiving any orders to the contrary, shaped its course towards Digne; but, on getting a glimpse of Bonaparte's escort, it deposited its load in a ravine, and was not molested. The surplus cartridges stored at Sisteron were conveyed by wagon to Peyruis; hence the key of the Alps found itself defenceless.

Bonaparte, who arrived at Malijay towards six o'clock in the evening, slept there with a portion of his soldiers, and sent the remainder to Sisteron during the night, in order to seize the bridge of Sisteron on the Durance, which proved an easy matter, as no preparations had been made for defence.

He arrived at Sisteron with his rearguard at about ten o'clock, and left at two o'clock for the department of the Basses-Alpes.

The confirmation of the news of Bonaparte's landing and his triumphant progress did more than excite murmurings in the South; popular gatherings took place in Montpellier; no very distinct expression of sentiment was manifested against Bonaparte; the most unfortunate circumstance about the matter was that these gatherings were harangued by men of ill repute, who styled themselves Royalists because they had pillaged stage-coaches and assassinated Republicans. Passports were denied me by the noble mayor. He coupled such insolence with his refusal that one of these groups, headed by the (*sic*) marquis, a robber of stage-coaches, proceeded to my domicile and uttered threats of death under my windows. I was indeed exposed to suffer death in a district where threats are quickly followed by deeds, as shown by so many cruel examples, had not the mayor, who was with me at the time, gone and shown himself to the infuriated mob. The greater part of those who were hounding me in so strange a fashion, were the very ones to whom I daily dispensed charity. "What," exclaimed the master of the house, "you live through the charity of this benevolent man, and listen to the advice of wicked men threatening his person!" This apostrophe dispersed the gathering.

General Solignac called on me and said: "So the Emperor is back; you are off to Paris; I beg you will lay at his feet the expression of my devotion to his august person." I replied: "You will

doubtless deliver this message yourself better than I can; I am about to proceed to my domicile in Marseilles."

I went thither by way of Orgon, where I was known and respected by all the inhabitants; a few gendarmes said to the people assembled in the public square: "He is a revolutionist, who should be arrested." M. Michel, the post-master, seeing the fresh danger I was running, quickly got my carriage in readiness for me. "Flee," said that worthy man to me; "postilion, whip up your horses!" I arrived at Pont-Royal; the post-master, a rich landowner and a Republican, said to me: "I offer you a safe asylum under my roof, since you are in trouble." I declined with thanks this kindly citizen's offer, and proceeded on my journey. The post-master of Saint-Cannat, a man highly thought of by all patriots, said to me: "Take advantage of the night and do not stop at Aix; the stage-coach which follows is driven by a worthy citizen whom you know; you shall be quickly conveyed to your home ere daybreak."

Immediately on reaching Marseilles, I thought it proper to notify the fact of my arrival to Masséna —who commanded the military division in which is included the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône —through my cousin Pierre Barras, who was on a footing of intimacy with him. Masséna was for ever saying that he was one of my oldest and most sincere friends. Marseilles being in a state of great agitation, I gave my cousin a letter for Masséna, begging

him to grant me a passport to Paris. In spite of his entreaties my cousin was not received, and my letter remained unanswered; he tried in vain to see Masséna once more. I must here confess to the grief I felt at such forgetfulness by this general, not only of the rules of decorum, but also of all the favours I had loaded him with. Twenty-five officers and grenadiers of the National Guard of Marseilles came and assured me that I might set my mind at ease, as they would have a watchful eye to my safety. I next applied to M. de Montgrand, an *émigré*, and the then mayor of Marseilles, for the passports refused by Masséna; they were sent to me at once. The letter accompanying was most kindly in tone, and I was all the more grateful for it since the Duc d'Angoulême had suspended the delivery of passports. It is not a rare occurrence in times of revolution, and perhaps even in all times, to receive better treatment at the hands of our adversaries than at those of our own party.

Meanwhile Masséna, on learning that Bonaparte, master of Grenoble, was proceeding to Lyons, sent his aide-de-camp Porcher de Richebourg with two despatches: one of submission to Bonaparte, should he be master of Lyons, and a congratulatory one to the Comte d'Artois; one of them was to be burned, as the case might be. Bonaparte entered Lyons without difficulty, since *Monsieur* had evacuated it.

On this occasion, on that of my last sojourn in Paris, as well as on that of my exile, I had never

entertained but one and the same thought as to the mode of opposition to be employed in regard to Bonaparte; it consisted in fighting him with the weapons and on the battlefield of liberty. Any attempt to pursue the system, forms, and ways of his despotism would fail, as it would be impossible to do so with a dexterity equal to his own.

A king who was all but a cripple, who wielded a wooden sword (a crutch), and who was even said to be in petticoats, could not display himself to the people as often and in as imposing a fashion as the warrior who had risen from the lowest rank, accustomed to be on horseback and to win battles. The wooden sword of the inoffensive monarch could not gleam like the terrible sword of steel of the daring soldier who had for so long and again and again hacked and hewed, crushed and mutilated Europe.

In the course of the previously recorded relations which the Bourbons had of their own accord sought to establish with me, but towards which I had in no wise made any advances, I had expressed the opinion that the new French monarchy could not rest on a firm basis, nor protect itself against its enemies, beginning with the Imperialists, except by the sincere establishment of constitutional liberty, which, like a central battery, would face the enemy on all sides. Vain words, impotent remonstrances! A momentary success ever renders kings deaf. It requires dire adversity to make them hear, but then it is generally too late. Hence it was that on Bonaparte's landing at Cannes the Bourbons began to feel,

if not to admit, that it was necessary to oppose to him liberty and the Charter so far presented as the expression of it.

I learnt that Louis XVIII. had proceeded to the *corps législatif* for the purpose of renewing his oath; that *Monsieur* had declared his respect for it with still greater forms, going so far as to prostrate himself, since he had knelt down on the steps of the legislative throne, and had taken his oath on the Gospel, thinking to further reassure the nation with his oath and his genuflection. I learn simultaneously that the Duc de Berry, who had hitherto treated the soldiers with but scant consideration, many even with rudeness, had drawn nearer to them with a great display of courtesy; that he was visiting barracks, and believed he was winning popularity by sticking their pewter spoons in his button-hole and tasting their soup; but popularity is not to be won by momentary caresses: it is the result and the reward of a behaviour in which soldiers and citizens have seen some amount of sincerity in the sentiments it is sought to inspire them with. Even admitting that the Bourbons displayed all the sincerity inspired and commanded by their self-interest, I learnt that the incorrigible men by whom they were surrounded, the men "who had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing," persisted in their silly conduct; for instance, while ancient Court dames remarked ingenuously that under the ancient *régime* "the scamp who had landed at Cannes would have been captured and hanged," Marshal de Viomesnil,

the Coignys, and others of that ilk, said just as seriously: "Orders have been issued to arrest him between Lyons and Paris." Louis XVIII. was less presumptuous, for as early as the 5th of March he had told his valets to pack his trunks. Whilst the Bourbons were unable to escape the poisonous atmosphere of their courtiers, Bonaparte was continuing his onward march, having once more recovered what has appropriately been called revolutionary daring, since it expresses the power which the Revolution ever gave to those who invoked its genius; for, after all is said and done, it can never be denied that the landing at Cannes and the marching to Paris in twenty days is one of the greatest exploits recorded by either ancient or modern history; it seems to me to belong to the heroic age, nay, to mythology.

As for myself, in the midst of all these tribulations and the respective pretensions of these two monarchs, one of whom certainly could not boast antiquity of race—a thing which did not injure him in the slightest degree in my eyes—I confess that in spite of all the horror with which the Corsican Napoleon had inspired me since his advent to the Empire, I could not restrain a certain feeling of emotion concerning his new destiny, since it seemed to me that I once more saw the soldier of Toulon and of the 13th Vendémiaire, the general-in-chief of the army of the Republic, entering upon the career of his true glory, the one which had rested on the defence of liberty and the independence of our

Fatherland. I could have almost applauded this man, and, on seeing him march onward before France dumfounded with admiration and meeting no obstacle on his journey to Paris, I could have almost exclaimed, like James II. on seeing the French fleet which was taking him back to his throne beaten at La Hogue by the English, who were preventing his ascending it: "Well done, my beloved Englishmen!" "Well done, Bonaparte, child of the Revolution; try and deserve the forgiveness of the mother you have betrayed; once more be worthy of her!"

But, since my heart was sincerely enamoured of the liberty of my country, I could see as little hope in this quarter as in the other.

I left Marseilles in the state of ferment which results from uncertainty of opinion based on the uncertainty of events, the town dissatisfied with the authorities who could not come to an understanding, and who, like those of the Alps, had suffered Bonaparte to pursue the even tenor of his way.

On arriving at Lyons, I was detained there a few days owing to ill health. I was sitting in the Place Bellecour, enjoying the sun, when there was a rumbling of carriages, escorted by couriers covered with gold lace. As they passed through the square people remarked: "Here is *Madame mère* once more. Here's the cardinal (Fesch) in this one. No, this is the one; do you not see it has left the others to go to to the archbishop's palace?" It was really the King of Westphalia, who was going to

the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Carriage followed carriage. Out of them stepped, pell-mell, all kinds of persons: some who were called, and who called themselves, maids of honour and equerries; others there were who called them chambermaids, and valets wearing a brilliant livery.

I returned to the Hôtel d'Angleterre at my usual dinner-hour; the hotel was crowded with deputations and visitors. Feeling as I did in poor health, I was resting in an arm-chair when an aide-de-camp colonel approached me and said: "The King of Westphalia has just learnt that you are here and in ill health; he wishes to call on you. Will you receive him?" I replied: "Yes, sir."

The king came to me almost upon receiving my answer. "Ah, 'tis a pleasure for us to meet you once more," he exclaimed, throwing his arms about me—"you, my protector, my benefactor, my second father, for I never had the honour of seeing the first. I hope you will soon be restored to health, and we can all meet again. Things have greatly changed; Bonaparte has reformed."

I interrupted the kinglet—who had ceased to be even that since 1814, but who thought he was one once more since the landing of his elder brother—saying: "Do emperors ever reform? Bonaparte is already furnishing proof to the contrary. During the past fifteen years he has ruined me both physically and financially by an unprecedented persecution. There should be an end to all this; he can hasten it, and deliver me from all the sufferings I have experi-

enced at his hands. The greatest in my eyes is that of having destroyed the Republic. Moreover, I am going to Paris. We shall see if he will once more dispute my right of residence there."

Jérôme replied: "Your complaints are but too well grounded. I, his brother, have likewise suffered from Bonaparte's rigours; he was surrounded by treacherous advisers; they will no longer have access to him. I have just come from Italy, where I left Murat in a most embarrassing position; I am leaving for Paris immediately. I shall be there before you, and pave the way for a sincere reconciliation between you and my family, which is under so many obligations to you."

It may well be believed that in the whole course of this interview I had not so far forgotten myself as to call by the name of "majesty" my old little friend Jérôme—not because his family, as he said with some truth, owed me so much, but because I saw that Jérôme actually believed in his majesty. Now this royalty, which might at this juncture have at least saved itself by rising superior to the occasion, was interwoven with so many misfortunes, the results of so many crimes, which were about to be committed once more in order to resume all usurpations in an underhand way, that even the smile of mockery could not, as far as I was concerned, take the place of indignation.

The city of Lyons was just then the obligatory halting-place of all those who were following or fleeing from Bonaparte's new fortune. While His West-

phalian Majesty was with me, a number of courtiers were waiting for him in his apartments for the purpose of doing him obeisance. Others, wrongly informed as to the suite His Majesty was to occupy, and believing that mine was the one, rushed to it with alacrity, compelling me to summon my servants to my aid, in order to explain to these servile wretches that they were mistaken, and that they were anywhere else except in the apartments of the King of Westphalia. It is no doubt owing to a similar blunder that I was indebted to the visit of one of Bonaparte's servants.

Jérôme of Westphalia was followed by Rœderer, commissary-general in the departments. He was in a tremendous hurry, as an agent of Bonaparte, to begin anew giving proofs of his profound respect for the imperial family, and hence his visit to the King of Westphalia. His strange mistake was indeed laughable. Rœderer in the rooms of the Republican Barras was as if in a trap. I had recognised him; he had recognised me; and he could hardly escape me without the interchange of a few polite words. This is not the place for me to draw a pen picture of this personage, so well known from the days of the Constituent Assembly. His behaviour as *procureur syndic* of the Seine on the 10th of August, when he brought Louis XVI. into the halls of the National Assembly, the manner especially in which he boasted of having acted thus for the purpose of delivering up his prisoner, constitute sad jottings in the history of M. Rœderer. Those

even who, like myself, were under the impression that they were fulfilling a duty and a mandate when sentencing Louis XVI. to death, are not compelled to esteem the one whose self-imposed mission it was to place him at the mercy of his judges.

When recalling the fact that this functionary, who landed in Paris in 1789, came from the Metz district, people have sometimes applied to him the popular proverb: "Lorrairer, traitor to God and his neighbour." I think that the application of this saying to him troubled M. Rœderer but little all the time he held an office, which he did uninterruptedly from the 18th Brumaire. He may have felt more strongly the justice or injustice generally conceded when it resulted in his being excluded from the Senate, and he was compelled to go into retirement and content himself with enjoying his large fortune. I had not seen M. Rœderer since before the 18th Brumaire, when he was in the habit of most humbly paying court to me at the Directorate. On our meeting once more in 1815, when the government he had co-operated to substitute for the Directorate was becoming most uncertain, and he was sent to still further prop up this government which had exhausted the nation's patience with its many crimes, it was difficult for him to broach the special question about which we joined issue. For propriety's sake our conversation was confined to the general events of the Revolution. In spite of my desire not to humiliate, even in regard to his conduct, a man who was calling on me, doubtless

most involuntarily, but who stood before me with a certain amount of confidence, it was difficult for me not to institute with some degree of pride a comparison between myself and M. Rœderer. He was yet in power, while I was far from it, yet not far enough for me not to dread its fresh excesses; but the feeling of honour and pride which had never forsaken me in the days of my proscription made me consider that I was entitled to look down upon M. Rœderer from very high, and that I was actually rather the protector than the *protégé* of M. the Commissaire-General of H.M. the Emperor; in spite of all the delicacy which restrained me from indulging in words too severe or blunt, it was impossible for me to conceal altogether my regrets in regard to what I considered the "possible destinies" of the Revolution, or refrain from expressing my grief in regard to the fatality or rather the perversity which had sought to destroy it, although it had not succeeded in injuring it altogether nor in extirpating the roots deeply implanted in the bowels of nature.

A consoling observation, one which I have been able to make more than once in my obligatory meetings with so many men who have failed their party, and who have been compelled to invent some sort of an excuse for their conduct, is that these individuals have never hesitated to believe that they could justify their political conduct by private sentiments altogether at variance with it, and that they have ever persisted in arguing that they were sentiments of fidelity to liberty and the Republic, so true

it is that slaves will never confess to their servility; they for ever affect a devotion to liberty, even when they have most impudently betrayed it. Such conduct can be looked upon as only another machination whose sole object is yet another act of treason. There are those who would seek to stretch their excuse far enough to include in it their chief Bonaparte. M. Rœderer was one of these, although he had for the last fifteen months seen how matters stood. He would have liked to have convinced me that his master had oppressed, strangled, and drenched the world in blood for so many long years simply for its own happiness; that he had, moreover, again and again, and for a long time past, reformed in regard to his system; that for the past year France had been breathing a constitutional atmosphere; and that it would be difficult for the returned Emperor to escape this atmosphere, which would envelop him on all sides. I replied briefly to the disinterested eloquence of M. Rœderer: "My old little friend Jérôme, who still believes he is King of Westphalia, was just now in this very room, and told me exactly what you have; I no more believe his prediction than yours."

I had just sat down to dinner, after having got rid of these two powers, when there came to me a certain general, in command at Grenoble, whom I knew only from the circumstance that I had given him promotion and signed his commissions when I was president of the Directorate. "I have been greatly inconvenienced," he said to me, "by the

non-arrival of my equipages; I have paid my court to the King of Westphalia in a borrowed uniform. I am shaking with ague, and I take the liberty of asking you for a plate of soup, after which I shall go to bed." This improvisation might have deceived anybody except myself, but I have sufficiently known and been connected with military men to be aware that for many of them, whatever their opinion and position, they are ever ready to accept even that which is not offered to them—in short, that it is always for the benefit of their health that they take something. This constitutes the usual compensation of a life of hardships and dangers.

The Duc d'Angoulême, who had been sent into the South, was overrunning it as a conqueror. He marched on Lyons against Bonaparte with the small army under his command. He was compelled to retire from the department of the Drôme after the exchange of a few shots, which were, perhaps, fired at His Highness. General Merle remarked to this bellicose magnate: "Monseigneur, if you had, following my advice, remained master of the confluence of the two rivers and of the Pont Saint-Esprit, your position would not have been turned; you would not have been forced to capitulate; your person would have been respected; you would not have been arrested; and you would have been enabled to flee to Bordeaux." Even admitting the correctness of General Merle's ideas, I think that the primarily decisive cause, not of the misfortune of the Duc d'Angoulême but of Bonaparte's whole

triumph, was the double-faced and treacherous behaviour of Masséna.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had sought refuge in Bordeaux, displayed great character there; she braved the threat conveyed to her in the shots fired by Frenchmen posted on the opposite bank of the river; and this fine attitude had a great effect on General Decaen, who commanded the troops of the department, which caused Bonaparte to remark—Bonaparte, whose praise of some always contained an insult to others—that "Mme. d'Angoulême was the only man in the Bourbon family."

The Imperialist Bonapartist and the Royalist Bourbon parties are once more brought face to face. In the midst of these two parties, which the actual uncertainty of victory allowed to exist and might possibly reanimate—a victory once more to be decided by and for the foreigner—Bonaparte pursued his destiny without being able to dissemble entirely how many melancholy musings it cost him, and trying to escape from them by braggadocio. He issued proclamations which his partisans and all fools considered reassuring; he made promises sufficient to enable him to march in full security with a small escort from Lyons to Paris; and he once more came to the Tuileries, to fill the place of the Bourbons who had fled without making any defence. Louis XVIII. had thought he could safely stop at Lille. The commandant notified him of the murmurings of discontent aroused by his presence; Louis XVIII., without asking for any

further explanations, naïvely remarked: "Be quick and open a postern for me, and I flee to Ghent."

On the day following Bonaparte's return to the Tuileries, the courtiers of Louis XVIII., the alleged Royalists, the self-styled aristocrats, the generals and even the priests flocked to the château. The throng gathered about the man who was once more being called the Emperor, and all bowed with shamefacedness when coming into his presence. The authorities humbled themselves; the eagerness to approach the usurper resembled idolatry.

The melancholy and dreamy air noticed in the first instance in Bonaparte was quickly followed by his imperious tone and imperial insolences. All the heralded reforms, all the solemnly made promises became illusory; he summoned his councillors for the purpose of framing an Additional Act to the constitutions of the Empire. Some have said that M. Benjamin Constant was the author of this monstrous addition; others have attributed it to Merlin de Douai, Thibaudeau, and Fermont. It is true that these three were ever at the service of despotism in the matter of counsels and of drawing up documents, and it is no less certain that the new masterpiece resembles their style rather than that of M. Benjamin Constant. The well-known principles and the many writings of this publicist are in general favourable to liberty, and reveal beyond doubt his true sentiments, although the desire of playing an active part at all times may perhaps have rendered him too accommodating towards the

rulers *de facto*, and have made him resign himself too quickly to circumstances not to be charged with some degree of pliancy. Moreover, Machiavel has laid down that "it is the prince who makes his councils, and not the councils the prince." Now never did this principle apply more strongly than to Bonaparte, who more than any other despot of this world could and did say: "My Council is in my head: my head is in my Council." Thus, in the drawing up of the Additional Act to the constitutions of the Empire, as well as that of these anterior constitutions, the hand of Bonaparte is revealed in unmistakable fashion. The Additional Act, with all its craftiness and tyrannical foresight, is undoubtedly Bonaparte's handiwork; and in giving credit for it to his satanic genius, it may truly be said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

To give support to his new creation, Bonaparte conceived the idea of again beginning with the origin of his monarchy, and regenerating it with a great popular solemnity which he styled the Champ de Mai. He had himself conveyed to this Champ de Mai, which was formerly the Champ de Mars, in his coronation carriage, and showed himself with his brothers in theatrical costumes which he thought imperial because they were dazzling, but which were no longer anything except objects for ridicule. He knew from that moment, in the midst of the few plaudits which did not extend beyond his creatures, that he had lost his hold—he has admitted it—on

"the imagination of the nation." *À propos* of the costumes of the Champ de Mai, I may quote the following stanza from a song of the period :—

Je vois Napoléon blanc,
Lucien blanc,
Joseph blanc, et Jérôme blanc ;
Pour se mettre tous en blanc,
Est-ce qu'ils auraient envie
De jouer une comédie
Ou une tragédie ?
Non, moi qui connais leur plan,
En plein plan,
Tire lire en plan,
Je dis, en les contemplant,
Que c'est une parodie.

No sooner did it become patent that the man who had returned from Elba had in no wise changed, that the same causes were to produce identical effects, than the nation, whose discontent at many acts of the Restoration had seemed to rally to him for a moment, once more stood aloof. The foreign Powers could not but notice the state of men's minds in France ; they once more formed a coalition, and their armies received orders to march on Paris. History affords no similar example of a tyrant, expelled from the throne a year previously, reconquering it without encountering any opposition the following year. The invasion of Bonaparte, conceived and carried out so rapidly, had been looked upon as one of those daring conceptions which create astonishment and are truly worthy of admiration ; it had also added to his former reputation, and

had engendered the belief that his rest in the island of Elba had given him renewed energy.

It has been related that, during his stay in the island of Elba, Bonaparte said: "I should still be on the throne had I but hanged two men—Talleyrand and Fouché." On his return to France, when fate confers a great benefit on him—that of no longer having Talleyrand as a friend at his side, but kept at a distance as an avowed enemy—Bonaparte must needs fall once more into the clutches of Fouché. During the whole of the year 1814, the latter had done nothing but intrigue against the ex-Emperor and pay court to the Bourbons. Bonaparte returns miraculously from his Elba; at once Fouché tenders his services to him. Bonaparte's sentiments of distrust and uneasiness were continually bursting forth; he almost seemed to cherish an impatient desire to have Fouché shot; again, he seemed no longer to dread having within his reach this malevolent man, whose inventive genius and perpetual machinations offered him resources he could not have found elsewhere. I heard in those days of a conversation which was said to have occurred between the Emperor and the Minister of Police.

"Monsieur Fouché, I am informed that you are on the side of the Bourbons." "You are being deceived, sire; I consider them incapable of ruling; you know my fidelity." "It is believed that you advise me to sacrifice the Jacobin party." "My conduct must have proved the contrary to you, sire." "Learn this, Monsieur Fouché, that these Royalists,

Jacobins, Republicans, Orleanists, and that clique of *conventionnels* are odious to me, and that I shall end in transporting all this *canaille*. The Bourbons shall be shot if they fall into my hands. It is time that the nation should rally to my government. I shall render all the Ministers responsible, and you in particular." "Sire, *your greatest enemies are in foreign parts.*" Fouché was wont to say that, on his uttering these last words, Bonaparte had burst into a rage, raising his hands above his head as was his habit. Fouché further related that, in the course of another conversation of the same kind, Bonaparte repeated to him more bluntly and in more direct fashion what he was alleged to have previously said at Elba: "Monsieur Fouché, I ought to have had you shot, and I ought to do so now." Fouché claims to have replied: "I am not of your opinion, sire."

Moreover, Fouché, ever the most talkative and indiscreet of men, followed his habitual line of conduct; it consisted in keeping watch over circumstances it was impossible to create or control, and in holding himself in readiness to derive advantage therefrom. He has added another trait to his character in the following conversation, which was reported to me by a Prefect of the Hundred Days, who was dining at my house previous to leaving for his department.

This Prefect, who owed his appointment to Fouché, urgently begged him to give his instructions in regard to a department which was believed

to be in a state of great excitement, and wherein gatherings of *clubistes* and *fédérés* were taking place. Fouché replied: "Instructions! Why, I have none myself, and I am not giving any. You have resources at your disposal; get out of it the best way you can. Do not let us worry about these alleged instructions; sit down, and let us chat. You know Paris thoroughly, do you not? What do they say about me? Does one party still designate me as sold to the coalition, another as a Royalist, and a third as both Jacobin and Orleanist combined?—for in the eyes of these gentry Jacobins and Orleanists are one and the same: they will not learn that the Orleans branch descends just as much from Henry IV. as the Bourbons now in the line of succession. As to the Duc d'Orléans, they do not know him, and persist in believing that he is seeking to seize the throne. They do not know that he is the man least disposed, by taste and character, to this style of occupation. Dumouriez and Mme. de Staël, whose great desire it was to give him to us as king, both vie in testifying to the absolute repugnance of this prince to a throne; they tell me that they do not find him enough of an Orleanist; that he is merely a gentleman of prodigious wit, who looks upon royalty as a misfortune, and who would not like to be unfortunate enough to be invested with it either for himself or his own. The worthy man is as strong as a Turk; he is the Hercules of princes, and the prince of men like Hercules; he has children by

his wife, he loves her and her alone in true *bourgeois* fashion; he has neither mistress nor confessor, and yet this is the alpha and omega of the Bourbons. What is to be expected of a prince who has neither mistress nor confessor? How is he to be got at? Moreover, as far as I am personally concerned, I have no object in view when asking you what is being said about me; I in no wise wish to know, for I do not care a fig about it: the truth is that I am nothing of all that I am said to be, and that I am at the same time all that people say I am, Royalist, Bourbonist, Orleanist, Jacobin, according to the turn of events; I am and shall be the servant of circumstances; victory or defeat will sever all knots. If we are defeated, *Væ victis*, woe to the defeated!

Si j'eusse été vaincu, je serais criminel!

"If we conquer, we shall still have many difficulties to face, and the Emperor will be likely to create fresh ones; he will once more seek to bestride his hobby-horse of absolutism; he will seek to once more begin the Empire; he will seek—God knows what he will not attempt. Does he know it himself? Have we not seen ever since his advent that Gargantua's appetite has increased apace with his feasting? Moreover, we are on the spot, and can wait and see what he is driving at. Let us gain time; I know time flies rapidly, but so much happens in the course of time! I know full well that such is life, but we cannot help our-

selves. We must therefore take times as we find them, or they will take us. Let us gain time, I repeat; therein lies the secret of all revolutions. There you have my policy and your instructions, *Monsieur le Préfet;* they will be more fully explained according to the issue of the battle about to be fought in the North."

Bonaparte had lied in regard to the alleged understanding between Austria and himself, just as he had lied about everything else. Austria was keeping the King of Rome. Marie-Louise had been relegated to Parma, and committed to the keeping of one Count de Neipperg, who was believed to be her lover, and who is alleged to have since become her husband. Bonaparte claimed in vain that his son should be restored to him; every attempt at negotiation was rejected. The allied armies were arriving on our frontiers. Bonaparte composed a fresh army of all the National Guard, of the regiments of the interior, and of his Guard—in fact, of all he could compel to return under his flag; he raised many battalions of National Guards, which, mobilised by enthusiasm, still constituted a considerable resource; then, after having made in the *corps législatif* a speech which was not likely to win over hearts to him, Bonaparte left for the front, not without some misgivings in regard to this *corps législatif* he was leaving behind him, in order to take command of the army. A few successes obtained over the Prussians so emboldened Bonaparte as to decide him to fight a general battle, and

he attacked Wellington in his formidable position of Waterloo.

In spite of all the resources he had created, and all the military means he had improvised in three months, it would seem that he was far from possessing his old activity and his pristine energy. Still, his plan of attacking the Prussians was considered well conceived. It would have been successful had he allowed himself the time to call to his aid all the troops of the interior, as well as the National Guards stationed along the frontier. This appeal to arms would have been responded to by all the friends of liberty and the Fatherland, who would have defended France against the foreigner.

Bonaparte, although with inferior forces, defeated the Prussians and instructed Grouchy to harass their retreat, while not losing touch with the main body of the army, after which he rapidly advanced on the English army, thus cut off from the Prussians. Wellington had intrenched himself at Waterloo; dreading the issue of the battle he was about to fight, he directed on Brussels all troops which were not to take part in the engagement. Both attack and defence were brisk. Bonaparte's repeated onslaughts had even caused some disorder in the English army. For a while Bonaparte thought he was sure of victory, since, seated on an eminence, he exclaimed: "Victory is ours. Here comes Grouchy; he will complete the destruction of the enemy." The generals about him soon saw that it was not Grouchy, but the Prussian army; the fight was thereupon

actively renewed, and with disastrous results to the French. The enemy gained ground. Ney, who had accomplished prodigies of valour, saw that our defeat was certain, and that nothing was left but an honourable retreat; addressing Bonaparte, he said: "Give orders for it at once; Grouchy has lost the day for us; he has not even shown himself, although the commander must have told him that the two armies were locked in struggle." Bonaparte, pale and dismayed, asked, it is reported, to be placed on horseback; he then galloped through the ranks of his army, which was retreating in disorder; it was no longer possible to bring back the flying soldiers to the standards forsaken by their commander. No order was issued; the remnants of that valorous army were finally joined and rallied by Grouchy on our frontier.

This is not the place to tell the story of this disaster: France has had to suffer from its deplorable consequence. Always unable to bear up under reverses, Bonaparte, losing his head as usual, once more deserted the army, and sought refuge in the Elysée-Bourbon palace at Paris. That which doubtless influenced his adopting so quickly the truly desperate course of returning to Paris, was that he felt the presence of the *corps législatif* there; his dread of deliberative assemblies was akin to hydrophobia, and he wished to avoid the catastrophe which had befallen him at Fontainebleau the foregoing year. But why then, was it asked at the time, did not his advisers of every kind, as well

as his generals, dissuade him from a war of invasion, and counsel him to remain on the defensive and dispute every inch of French soil with the enemy?

Bonaparte's return to Paris and his persistency in remaining there, when his person was the actual cause of all our misfortunes, produced a feeling of alarm. Although he had hastened to Paris in order to escape a fresh deposition, it was soon seen to be unavoidable. Bonaparte was compelled to abdicate for the second time. A provisional government of five members was established, composed of Fouché, Carnot, Grenier, Caulaincourt, and Quinette.

Will history tell how Bonaparte, eating and drinking copiously in the palace of the Elysée, surrounded by a cordon of devoted soldiers with loaded muskets, parleyed with the provisional government, which vouchsafed him no reply either one way or the other, not even in regard to his request to be allowed to take command of the army? Davout said: "I am prepared to yield the command of it to him, and to secure his recognition by it"; the Chambers replied: "Your (Bonaparte's) reign is rejected by Frenchmen; your abdication is compulsory." Lanjuinais, the president of the *corps législatif*, announced that the Bourbon dynasty would again be placed on the throne by the allied Powers. It was certainly not his personal wish which he was expressing; it was a fact begun in 1814, and which he could see the force of things continue in 1815. In the midst of all these parleys

a warrior in Bonaparte's position who retained all his energy, would have shown contempt for all this talk, and, listening only to the voice of the army which was still calling him, would have found sufficient legality in his duty to show himself to his troops and resume supreme command of them.

But the men who played a part during the Hundred Days, neither knew good faith nor had any esteem for one another; they had all seen and known one another under the Empire, and afterwards under the first Restoration; they knew how false they had been to everything, and how they were lying to one another at this very moment. Elements of triumph and security in regard to the new coalition gathered against France were not to be found among them. The authors of this fresh coalition had all the greater reason to hope for the success of their enterprise, since they proclaimed that they were in no wise waging war against France but against Bonaparte only—which declaration, when coupled with all the principles of disunion existing among Frenchman, still further separated their cause from Bonaparte's.

As for myself, having had the good fortune, or, if one prefers, the honour of having been only persecuted under the Consulate and the Empire, I saw no reason for departing from an attitude assumed not from calculated but conscientious motives; I could not but see that it was as dangerous for me as it had been hitherto to hold aloof from Bona-

parte's government, even as a neutral, for he would beyond doubt look upon neutrality as hostility, and I was aware what the consequences would be. A sincere friend, whom I have had occasion to mention previously[1] in connection with the 18th Brumaire, was at the time attached to M. Carnot, who had placed him in charge of the Department of Public Instruction. To this worthy citizen, be it said in passing, are due the two exhaustive reports on elementary education which appeared in the *Moniteur* at the time, and of which Bonaparte was clever and politic enough to appropriate the principles, for the purpose of pluming himself on them in the eyes of the nation, and of trying to make it believe that at the very moment he was most beset with the cares of war, he was sufficiently in possession of all his mental faculties to attend to matters of home administration. The result of this happy idea was, as already stated, the establishment of mutual instruction. The man I have just mentioned explained its first bases together with MM. de Laborde and de Lasteyrie, those two worthy philanthropists known for their many other services to morality and humanity; and it is a source of pleasure to me to place on record that the setting in motion of this great and useful engine throughout the whole of France did not cost the State more than five or six thousand francs.

To come to a personal matter. Like myself, proscribed for fifteen years past, the friend of

[1] M. Rousselin de Saint-Albin is here referred to.

whom I speak, unwilling to begin anew so tempest-tossed an existence, had determined to accept a post the filling of which would proclaim that he was not hostile and at least inoffensive in regard to the Government. Rightly judging that at this juncture Bonaparte was more than ever likely to take umbrage at things, my friend, of whose conduct I approved, proposed to me that I should follow his example, and, in order to escape from an equivocal position, accept one which would assure my tranquillity—in fact, the humblest and most insignificant function, as, for example, the office of mayor in some small municipality of Provence. I declined, since I would accept nothing at the hands of the Corsican Emperor which would bind me by my seeming to consent in any form to his government, which I looked upon as usurped, since it had established itself through the overthrow of liberty and the annihilation of the national representation. Besides, what was the significance to be attached to acceptance of such posts? They served merely a personal interest, and did not supply the means of serving the public weal; now this was for me the real question at issue, one which could alone induce me to adopt a course at variance with my way of thinking.

But should that public weal—which I have so greatly loved, and which I shall love to my dying day, even if it be no longer called a republic—become exposed to fresh dangers, then it is that, laying aside all personal feeling, every citizen should con-

sider himself a conscript enrolled for the defence of the country, whatever his age. At the time of Bonaparte's return from Waterloo the news had been brought to me that, yielding to his spleen, and more especially to his dread of deliberative assemblies, he was about to dissolve the Chamber of representatives and assume the dictatorship. This would have been the greatest misfortune which could have befallen France, and a thing for which there was no justification; for if Bonaparte was truly necessary to France, it was in the matter of defending France against the foreign enemy. Now the dictatorship required for this was already his *de facto* from the necessity of the times. I had as much confidence in deliberative assemblies as Bonaparte had dread of them, fully convinced as I was that they could alone offer to nations in peril all the guarantees to which such nations generously respond, by granting to them all the resources which are alone capable of saving the State, and for which despotism cannot hope. It can sometimes obtain them partly and momentarily, but, as Montesquieu has said, "by felling the tree in order to gather its fruit." My conviction in this respect did not rest merely on the experience of the nation in the days of the assemblies which had enjoyed its fullest confidence, but on Bonaparte's own conduct during his too long reign previous to the present crisis; while stifling the national assemblies, the despot had for a lengthy period displayed the prudence of preserving at least their names, such

as those of Tribunate in the first place, then of Senate and *corps législatif*, and, when he had made up his mind to sacrifice the Tribunate, he had still retained the Senate, in order to be able to levy his conscription, and the *corps législatif*, for the purpose of sanctioning his budgets and making the nation believe that he rendered accounts to it. When Bonaparte finally sought to place himself above such forms, considering himself powerful enough not to take the trouble of continuing the farce, then did the nation forsake him wholly; hence it was that the allies had so easily entered France in 1814, in spite of his scientific campaign in Champagne and the prodigies of Montmirail and Champaubert.

I therefore looked upon it as the greatest of misfortunes that France, already so overwhelmed, should, especially at the present critical juncture, be deprived of her representatives. It was impossible to know what course to adopt, and, in view of the confused state of men's minds and the state of moral and physical debility undoubtedly reached by Bonaparte, I could see nothing in store for us but the madness of Masaniello or of Rienzi; for these two truly improvised dictators seem to have ended by really losing their wits, either owing to their elevation on too high a pedestal, or as the result of some potion which historians allege was given them.

Such being the state of affairs and of my thoughts, I considered it my duty to notify several

deputies of what I had heard of Bonaparte's intention of dissolving the Chambers, and to express an opinion that they should declare themselves *en permanence.* I do not attribute to my personal inspiration the memorable motion made by M. de Lafayette that they should declare themselves *en permanence.* He secured the acquiescence to which his purity of sentiments entitled him, and I proclaim that this service is one of the most important of those rendered the Fatherland by this worthy citizen. It has been seen and it will again be shown later on which side lay my inclination, which, I may truly say, favoured neither internal nor foreign despotism; but I repeat that M. de Lafayette, by preserving France from the dictatorship of the new Masaniello, saved her from a greater misfortune than even the advent of Blücher and Wellington—an advent for which I consider Bonaparte primarily responsible. Whatever may be the military reason given for the catastrophe of Waterloo, is it possible to ignore the cowardly despair which, seizing on this fighter of so many battles, left him after the event the faculty neither of giving an order nor of allowing one to be given, when the French army, defeated beyond doubt at this unfortunate battle but more enthusiastic and heroic than ever, awaited but the sound of a voice to rally and march against Wellington and Blücher. These two generals, who had advanced rashly on the strength of the words of Fouché, might have been exterminated and engulfed with their armies by the French army once

rallied and supported by the magnificent reserve of the *fédérés*, numbering over 40,000, and the National Guard, still burning with a desire to fight.

I am fully aware of the many crimes and acts of treachery perpetrated by the chiefs of the provisional government and of the army, and by Fouché and Davout, who had dealings with Vitrolles and all the hostile parties at one and the same time. But the whole blame rests, I repeat, upon the man who, having had the ball at his feet and having so often staked his all, lost his last stake.

What has conclusively proved how little might be expected from Bonaparte had he dissolved the Chambers, is not only his hydrophobia of deliberative assemblies, as revealed by his atrocious utterances and tyrannical conduct for fifteen years, but also his conduct at this juncture, and the perpetual state of terror he lived in at the mere idea of seeing the people gathered either under arms or in assemblies. For instance, it came to my knowledge that generous deputies from several provinces of France, first and foremost among which was Brittany once more, had offered over 100,000 citizens for the defence of the Fatherland—conditionally, it is true, upon liberty being restored to her—but that Bonaparte had kept the deputies entrusted with these propositions waiting in vain, and had declined to receive them and grant their demands; the obsequious Maret had, by his orders, indefinitely postponed his meeting them. Were a smile permitted in connection with such grave and decisive questions and moments, I

should recall the fact that M. de Portalis, president of one of the tribunals of Limoges, and, I believe, later keeper of the seal to Charles X., not satisfied with the enthusiasm of his province—which enthusiasm he undoubtedly shared—further proposed "to federate even the tribunals"; this would doubtless have presented a highly respectable militia, but one perhaps hardly capable of the hardships and evolutions of an active warfare, which does not afford the time to learn the exercises of the conscription as at ordinary seasons. But for Bonaparte to resign himself to accepting his salvation even at the hands of the people, it would have been necessary for him to have undergone some actual personal change. I have stated that he had in no wise reformed in regard to his political principles, and that he had not in the slightest degree resorted to sentiments of liberty and equality. Could it be otherwise? Can character, which is the very expression of our organisation, change in a moment? The Oriental proverb says: "Mountains can shift their position, but man's character never changes." At the very moment when people thought he had changed, and when he was seeking to make them believe that his ideas all tended towards the recognition of the principles of liberty and equality, and that it was with this aim in view that he was soliciting and seeming to call to his aid the ideas and views of everybody, not only of the members of the Chamber, but of all the enlightened or supposed to be enlightened men of France, he confidentially and

carelessly remarked to one of his military familiars: "Let each one frankly give me his ideas, such as they are, leaving me to turn them all to my advantage." Several there were who believed in the sincerity of his invitation, and replied to Bonaparte according to their liberal opinions, which they believed had once more become his own. Of such a kind was, for instance, the reply of his aide-de-camp Bernard, an officer of Engineers of great merit, who was ingenuous enough to freely express his mind to Bonaparte in regard to a liberal organisation which alone he thought capable of rallying the French nation, by restoring to it the enjoyment of its pristine rights. Not considering it necessary to mince matters with his aide-de-camp, Bonaparte said to him with bitter irony: "And so you have come to that — liberty and equality; you indeed show by all your reasonings fashioned with a square that you are nothing but the son of a bricklayer." The gallant officer kept a respectful silence, and forced back the tears welling up into his eyes. He was the last officer whom Napoleon had seen at his side at Waterloo, and he would have saved him by his energy had it been possible. Better appreciated subsequently in America than he had succeeded in being in Europe, M. Bernard has been placed by the United States at the head of the defence of that republic; he has conceived and carried out noble works, which have won for him the esteem and gratitude of the great republic, a model for the world to follow.

1815. *The Truth about Josephine.*—Bonaparte's character can be further judged from the following trait connected with Josephine, buried at La Malmaison.

I have, in the course of these Memoirs, recorded several circumstances referring to the matrimonial union of Bonaparte and his first wife; it will have readily been seen how little there was of true love in this affair, and what an important part intrigue played in it. It has been seen, at the time of the divorce required to enable him to marry Marie-Louise, what a small part sentiment played between the two divorced persons, as compared with policy and interest, since, on Josephine's at first refusing to yield a position so important to her and to her own, Bonaparte made no other remark than: "Come now, to calm her I shall give her another million!" Now this gift of a million and the appanage of Navarre, besides so many estates and personal property which it cost Bonaparte so little to give, since he always gave what did not belong to him, were the price of Josephine's alleged resignation.

The ex-Empress had called to aid, in her dealings with the allied kings who had come to Paris in 1814, all her coquettish blandishments, which, as usual, and in regard to all those who held power with whom she came into contact from first to last, had no other object than that of obtaining more money in addition to what she possessed, and it is a known fact that this greedy and prodigal woman

had never had enough of it. In that hypocritical retirement at La Malmaison Josephine had ceased to live, carried away by a disease which medical science, as is often the case, could not define, but which was looked upon as a genuine putrefaction, an anticipated dissolution: it was the result of a life agitated by intrigue and consumed by debauchery. This woman has been given a *trousseau* of extraordinary virtues since her demise. It has especially been sought to attribute kindness to her, and it is the correct thing to speak of her as "kind Josephine." This trivial qualification, which would be an honourable one were it deserved, recalls to my mind the distich which appeared at the death of Louis XV.:

Ci-gît Louis, ce pauvre roi;
On dit qu'il fut bon, mais à quoi?

It was circulated that, on learning of the death of Josephine, Bonaparte was strangely affected by it, and those who thought him susceptible of at least some personal affection, imagined that he sincerely regretted his former consort. Others there were who perhaps thought that the vicissitudes which had followed his divorce, and which were separating him now and for ever perhaps from Marie-Louise and his son, had possibly reacted on his superstitious imagination. It is true that fortune had smiled on him in almost every case during his union with Josephine, although I do not think the woman was a protecting star. It may at most be

believed, and this with some show of reason, that Bonaparte, not having reached the apogee of his frenzy previous to his divorce, had up to then been saved from himself by a kind of instinct of self-preservation, akin even to prudence.

I learnt that Bonaparte, having gone to La Malmaison, and having strolled about the grounds for some time, had come across Josephine's grave. He had appeared to be plunged in a kind of reverie, which could be taken for grief (a grief without tears, for Napoleon never shed any; but he was acquainted with the saying of Macbeth, and he more than once said in the course of his terrible career: "Could I but weep!"). His courtiers respectfully pressed forward to prevent his seeing the spot he had been the first to perceive. Bonaparte quickly relieved them of their embarrassment. Suddenly awakening from his sham reverie, he exclaimed abruptly, as was his wont: "So 'tis here that the Empress Josephine is buried? Why was she not buried at Saint-Denis?" As, naturally enough, no one replied to so unexpected a question, one indeed put to himself, he pursued with a show of ill-temper, not to say anger: "After all, there is no cause to regret not having been buried at Saint-Denis; one need not be in a hurry to lie side by side with Couthon, Saint-Just, and Robespierre, for, with all their exhumations of the 31st of January, the Bourbons, instead of recovering the bones of Louis XVI., eaten away by lime, secured only those of the members of the Committee of Public Safety and of the Commune

executed on the 9th Thermidor, whose bodies were cast into the cemetery of La Madeleine, for they are truly the last victims who lost their lives on the Place de la Révolution!" This then was the sum total of Bonaparte's sadness and affliction. The vain individual was on this occasion, as on all others, true to his nature of *parvenu*, as Carnot so aptly christened him; he must needs, when standing by the grave-side, prove that there still remained in him the sentiment of arrogance, as well as the stubborn concealment of his origin, which the severest lessons could not correct.

I have already told how, on the 9th Thermidor, the Public Prosecutor Fouquier-Tinville had asked me whither he was to send the men just sentenced to death, and how I had peremptorily replied: "To the Place de la Révolution, and let them be the last!"

It has been seen how, on the 10th Thermidor, Sanson, the executioner, having asked me, with as great a show of deference as that displayed by the Public Prosecutor, his chief, towards the representative of the people just then invested with the fullest powers, "where they were to be buried," I had replied with all the vivacity with which this awful circumstance inspired me: "Throw them into the grave of Capet, for the scoundrels have been worse than kings; they have been the tyrants of the Fatherland."

I shall later on trace the developments of this unquestionable fact to the Bourbons themselves, through the person of one of their agents enjoying

the full confidence of Charles X. He will open his eyes wide when I reveal to his folk a few traits of that truth which is ever new to "these gentry." I so style them because even nowadays they do not call us by any other name. The expression "these gentry" is the only one used by the men of the aristocracy when speaking of the men of the Revolution, even when they most need them, and when they are most humbly invoking their aid. It is told how one of these aristocrats, pretending not to know but compelled to recognise what they call "a man of the Revolution," to whom he owed no less than his life, remarked with an air of surprise and disdain: "Oh true, 'tis one of those wretches who saved my life in days gone by!"

The battle of Waterloo being lost, and the salvation and independence of our country being at stake, I was of opinion that no human or political consideration could outweigh or withhold the devotion owed to one's Fatherland; so, forgetting all the injury which Carnot may have wished to do me, Bonaparte's atrocious conduct towards me, and the fearful calamity of having him as chief of the State, on learning that the enemy was marching on Paris, I did not hesitate, setting aside every personal consideration and faint-hearted reflection, to tender to the State my feeble resources; and, compelled as I was to tender them only through a man against whom I had cause for complaint, and who perhaps thought he had no less grounds for complaint against me, I accepted the proposition made to me

by one of my former colleagues in the Convention, Laignelot, that I should call with him on Carnot, Minister of the Interior.

We went to his residence in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 6th July, just at a most terrible moment—that when Bonaparte, who had returned to the Elysée-Bourbon after having abdicated a second time, would neither take nor suffer to be taken any of the measures of defence which might have saved France.

Carnot, although he had sent for me and was awaiting me, affected some astonishment at seeing me. Was this in order to conceal his feelings of resentment? As we had not met since the 17th Fructidor, we had truly been separated from each other as if by another life. Carnot's exile had ended at the time mine had begun, on the 18th Brumaire. Bridging over in thought this immense interval, which so many circumstances had conspired to make so long to me, I became a prey to the liveliest emotion, and was about to embrace Carnot, when I noticed something cold and gruff about him which compelled me to recognise that the sympathy was not mutual, and that I would have run the risk of embracing a marble statue.

Carnot confirmed my sensation by his words, which bore at once on the word "Republic," which had escaped my lips.

"Why do you use the word 'Republic,' sir?" he said to me. "I thought we had done once for all

with such language and such ideas. The Republic has been an impossibility; it was too beautiful for the men of our period, who spoke of liberty's rights while ignorant of its duties. Moreover, liberty is not the point at issue to-day, but independence; we must above all things wrest our independence from the foreign foe. This independence can be reconquered, and I see only Bonaparte, only the Emperor who is strong enough to take charge of the matter and defeat the enemy. It little matters what he did on the 18th Brumaire and subsequently; the point is that he alone possesses the necessary ability, power, and will."

"But has not Bonaparte," I replied, "abdicated for the second time, and, in lieu of remaining with his army, has he not forsaken it, according to his custom? Has he not just abandoned France herself to her fate? Has he not stated that he was throwing up the game, and going to foreign parts?"

"I do not know what he will do, or what he may do," added Carnot. "What I do know is that I consider him our only resource just now, and, personally, *I look upon him as a father.*"

"As regards myself," I remarked to Carnot, "I do not go so far as to feel filial affection towards him; I think he is a rather harsh father towards the children who love him as much as you do. What seems to me most urgent is to leave the individuality out of the question, and to consider only the Fatherland brought to the brink of the abyss."

Carnot replied angrily: "Bonaparte is the Fatherland itself; hence does the foreigner bear him so much spite."

On hearing Carnot repeat to me once more that he regarded Bonaparte "as a father," I saw that it was impossible for us to understand each other, and I withdrew, saying to myself: "Alas if the foreigner had but the slightest inkling of our position!"

In the meantime intriguing at home and abroad pursued the even tenor of its course. As no intrigue was possible in which Fouché did not have a share—for the reason that, as remarked by a famous personage, "Fouché must needs slip his dirty feet into everybody's shoes"—it may be expected that, for the very reason that he had just been appointed a member and president of the provisional government, he was bound to betray it and form connections with all the Powers likely to succeed it. On good terms with all our enemies, he had seen fit to send to Ghent one of his most trusty agents, an ex-Oratorian, his comrade when a member of that congregation, M. Gaillard—he whom we have already witnessed, at the time of the Hainguerlot affair and that of the Compagnie Dijon, give justice such a fine fillip as member of the tribunal of Melun, and thus lay the foundation of Fouché's fortune and his own. Fouché, taking time by the forelock, had despatched this M. Gaillard, then simply his agent, but subsequently member of the *Cour de Cassation* (Appellate Court) as a

reward for the mission I here recall. Gaillard was entrusted with private missions to the enemy's generals and to the king. He called on General Morgan, the commander of the Péronne garrison, showed him his triple passports, and asked him for an escort in order to enable him to reach the outposts in safety. Morgan replied to him: "I cannot answer in most positive fashion for what may happen during the course of the night." General Morgan, who told me of this, added that the vile and wily emissary, who had supped with him, had seemed to him to have made up his mind to give up the mission with which he had been entrusted, and had vanished on the following morning. He has given as a reason for this disappearance dangers which never existed except in his own mind, but which the worthy Oratorian crony of Fouché used as titles to consideration, and which secured to M. Gaillard the important position of Marshal of France, so to speak, in the judiciary order. He is still nowadays a councillor in the *Cour de Cassation.*

Just at this critical juncture a self-styled General, Lamotte, was arrested by the French outposts. If it is but remembered that he was the brother-in-law of the famous Laborie, it is easy to guess what kind of an individual he was. Lamotte, who was disguised, was commissioned by the Executive Council with oral messages to the king. On being arrested, he was brought to headquarters. General Guilleminot, the chief of the staff, interrogated him. Lamotte replied that he was a general. "In that

case," said Guilleminot, from whom I have the anecdote, "you have violated the regulations of the army, and you deserve to be shot." Lamotte stated that he was justified in his course, since he was the bearer of a letter from the General-in-Chief to the king. It may be that Lamotte really held his mission from the provisional government itself, or from its president Fouché. At any rate, nothing came of the matter.

Meanwhile the marshals, the generals, the Provisional Council, the members of the *Chambre des Pairs* and of the *corps législatif* were sitting as a Council of War instituted by Davout, who was in a state of great indecision as to what course he should adopt. He laid before the Council the desire of the army to fall upon the Prussians, gravely compromised by their movement towards Meudon. "Is victory assured?" asked the Council. "No," replied Davout, "but it is probable." In spite of these data, the great majority of these Republicans, who had risen to the highest ranks in the army, and who had been elevated to the highest dignities of the State, recoiled from the idea of fighting; in spite of a vigorous opposition on the part of a minority of generals and staff-officers, it was decided to capitulate, to surrender Paris to the enemy's generals, to put a stop to all arming of the *fédérés*, who, numbering 30,000 men, were asking Masséna to be allowed to reinforce the French army.

Beset with the idea from which I could not free

myself, of co-operating in the deliverance of my country, I had not remained content with my visit to Carnot; I was desirous of being heard by the Council of War itself, and of laying before it the views with which it seemed to me I could contribute towards the deliverance of my Fatherland. My wishes in this respect had been understood by an excellent citizen whom I had known for a long while, and who was received by me on a footing of intimacy. This well-known patriot, who was admitted to the sittings of the Executive Council, and who was of Polish origin, and colonel of the staff of the army of Davout, was named Zenowitz. At one of the sittings where the great and final question of the salvation of the State was being discussed, he exclaimed, in an outburst from the heart: "Appoint Barras general-in-chief, gentlemen; all the patriots will unite with him, and Davout will execute the military movements agreed upon with Barras." The following answer was unanimously made by the members of the Council: "God preserve us from adopting such a proposition! It would be putting an end to all the hopes we entertain of coming to terms with the allied kings and princes by means of conferences for peace."

The question of the defence of Paris was to all outward appearances being dealt with seriously by the Council; but of all those who made a pretence of discussing the matter, none intended to carry it out in real earnest.

Generals Freycinet and Vandamme must be

mentioned in the front rank of those who showed a noble opposition when it was voted by the Council of War presided over by Davout to surrender Paris to the foreign army. Vandamme, whose opposition had been thrust aside, was unable to restrain his patriotic anger; he rose furiously from his seat, and exclaimed contemptuously as he left the council hall: "You are a parcel of blackguard upstarts who can no longer defend your country!" In spite of these remarks, the following capitulation was decided upon:—

MINISTRY OF WAR.

This 3rd day of July 1815 the commissioners appointed by the commanders-in-chief of the respective armies, to wit:

Baron Bignon, Minister of Foreign Affairs,

Count Guilleminot, chief of the staff of the French army,

Count de Bondy, prefect of the department of the Seine,

Invested with the full powers of H.E. Marshal Prince d'Eckmühl, commander-in-chief of the French army, on the one hand,

And Major-General Baron Müffling, invested with the full powers of H.E. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher, commander-in-chief of the Prussian army,

Colonel Hervey, invested with the full powers of H.E. the Duke of Wellington, on the other,

Have agreed to the following articles:

ART. 1.—A suspension of hostilities shall take place between the allied armies commanded by H.E. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher and H.E. the Duke of Wellington, and the French army under the walls of Paris.

ART. 2.—The French army shall make a forward movement to-morrow, for the purpose of taking up its quarters beyond the Loire; the complete evacuation of Paris shall be carried out in three days, and the army's movement to cross the Loire shall be terminated in a week.

ART. 3.—The French army shall take with it all its *matériel*, field artillery, military chest, horses, and regimental belongings, without exception.

ART. 4.—The sick and wounded, as well as the physicians required by their condition, shall be placed under the special protection of the commanders-in-chief of the English and Prussian armies.

ART. 5.—The soldiers and employees referred to in the preceding article may, as soon as restored to health, rejoin the corps to which they belong.

ART. 6.—The wives and children of all individuals belonging to the French army shall be at liberty to remain in Paris.

The wives may freely leave Paris to rejoin the army, and carry away with them their chattels and those of their husbands.

ART. 7.—The officers of the Line in command of *fédérés* or of sharp-shooters of the National Guard shall be free to join the army, to return to their domiciles or to their birthplace.

ART. 8.—To-morrow, the 4th of July, at noon, Saint-Denis, Saint-Ouen, and Neuilly shall be surrendered; the day after to-morrow, the 5th of July, Montmartre. All the barriers shall be surrendered on the third day, the 6th of July.

ART. 9.—The internal service of the city of Paris shall continue to be performed by the National Guard and the municipal *gendarmerie*.

ART. 10.—The commanders-in-chief of the English and Prussian armies bind themselves to respect and to cause to be respected by their subordinates the present authorities, as long as they shall exist.

ART. 11.—Public properties, except those connected with war, whether they belong to the Government or to the municipal authorities, shall be respected, and the allied Powers shall in no wise interfere with their administration or management.

ART. 12.—Private persons and properties shall likewise be respected; residents in the capital, and in general all persons who chance to be in it, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without any fear of their being molested or called to account in regard to the functions they occupy or have occupied and their political conduct and opinions.

ART. 13.—The foreign troops shall throw no obstacle in the

way of the provisioning of the capital, but shall, on the contrary, protect the incoming and free circulation of objects destined to it.

ART. 14.—The present convention shall be observed, and shall serve as the basis of mutual intercourse until the conclusion of the peace.

In case of a rupture, it shall be announced in the customary form at least ten days beforehand.

ART. 15.—Should any difficulties arise as to the execution of some one of the articles of the present convention, its tenor shall be interpreted favourably to the French army and to the city of Paris.

ART. 16.—The present convention is hereby declared common to all the allied armies, subject to the ratification of the Powers to whom these armies belong.

ART. 17.—Ratifications shall be exchanged to-morrow, the 4th of July, at six o'clock in the morning, at the bridge of Neuilly.

ART. 18.—Commissioners shall be appointed by the respective parties to see to the execution of the present convention.

Done and signed in triplicate at Saint-Cloud by the aforesaid commissioners, on the day and date aforesaid.

Baron BIGNON, Count GUILLEMINOT, Count de BONDY;
Baron von MÜFFLING, F. B. HERVEY, *colonel.*

The present suspension of hostilities approved and ratified.

Marshal Prince D'ECKMÜHL.

PARIS, *3rd July* 1815.

A true copy.
The lieutenant-general chief of the general staff,
Count GUILLEMINOT.

It is related that Davout, after having signed the proclamation which was sending the army away to the Loire, excused himself by saying that he had signed in spite of himself, because the members of the provisional government and the marshals had declared to him that they could not defend Paris.

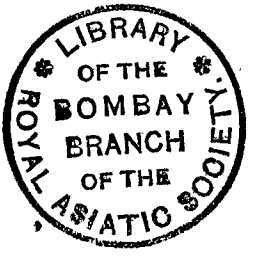
This declaration, he said, having been made in the presence of the commissary of the king, Vitrolles, had bound him against his will; to which Vandamme, Freycinet, and others present had replied that they had signed only because he had. The soldiers had never been more full of enthusiasm; they were furious at having to retreat to the Loire. Davout said: "Gentlemen, we must submit. I hope you will serve King Louis XVIII. as faithfully as you have served Bonaparte; had I been ordered to arrest the usurper, I should have done so."

What in the meantime was the individual doing who was the real author of the misfortunes of his country, and who, by his return from Elba, had incurred a fresh responsibility, in no wise inferior to that of his previous conduct?

Bonaparte had retired to La Malmaison after his second abdication, and was engaged solely with personal matters. The placid Corsican was claiming a library, mathematical instruments, paintings, and a salary commensurate with his dignity; he asked that "this salary should be paid to him in advance, on his leaving Paris for the United States." Then he no longer dared to proceed thither, for reasons fully known, while his brother Joseph, displaying more daring on this occasion, left, carrying away with him all the treasures which had been brought to the coast. It is said that these treasures amounted to no less than 45,000,000 francs.

While Joseph Bonaparte, thus thoroughly pro-

vided with so large a quantity of the State's riches, was taking his departure, Napoleon was asking the captain of the English ship aboard which he had sought refuge, to grant him the military honours due to the rank of his imperial sovereignty. They were brutally denied him, and he was granted only the rank of general.



CHAPTER VII

State of affairs at the time of Bonaparte's departure—Blücher's communication to Lanjuinais—Behaviour of Lanjuinais—Fouché closes the doors of the *corps législatif*—Talleyrand at Ghent—The Army of the Loire disbanded—Defection of the generals—Talleyrand and Fouché—The sum total of their genius—Bonapartist capacities—Marmont—Bonaparte owed everything to the Republic—Bernadotte's behaviour during the Hundred Days—Portugal's and Sweden's neutrality—Bernadotte's remark in regard to Bonaparte's debarkation—Bonaparte's gratitude—Object of Bernadotte's feigned enthusiasm—Aristocratic rejoicings at the return of the king—White handkerchiefs—Embarrassment of the royal government—Fatal selections—Fouché seeks to draw nearer to me—I am a Bourbonist—Fouché's visit—His portrait—A shake of the hand—Probable object of his visit—A talk with Fouché—Robespierre and the Duke of Otranto—Fouché's aristocratic conceit—His kinsfolk—The Castellanes—The Darbaud-Joucques—We are Fouché's cousins—I remonstrate—He thinks I am high in favour—He lavishes blandishments on me—Main object of his step—I in turn prefer a request to him—He grants it—The rendezvous—I once more breakfast at Fouché's—He returns my portfolios to me, but in what a state!—I restrain my indignation—Fouché's virtuous declaration—His accusations—He fears Decazes—A portrait of Decazes by Fouché—Muraire—Queen Hortense—Fouché desirous of undoing Louis XVIII.—Tribute of friendship he receives from him—The Comte d'Artois has Fouché elected a deputy—Fouché's memory—His resignation—Ambassador at Dresden—Talleyrand and Fouché mutually destroy each other—Louis XVIII. shrewder than the pair of them—Parallel between Fouché and Talleyrand—The necessity of Ministerial responsibility—Four apostate priests—M. de Montesquiou and M. Guizot—M. Guizot and his master partisans of the censorship—Danton's prophetic utterance in regard to revolutions—The Fouché-Talleyrand Ministry overthrown—All honour to Louis XVIII.!—The Charter openly violated—Assassinations in the South—Butchery at Marseilles—Brune murdered—His history—Danton's friendship for him—He was not a *septembriseur*—Brune's humanity during the Terror—Mission given to him by me—His behaviour on the 13th Vendémiaire

—His mission in the South—Martainville, Julian, Méchin, and Leclerc—Brune with the Army of Italy—Mentioned in the bulletin—Brune's weakness—It contributes to his ruin—Horrors attendant upon Brune's murder—Hypocrisy of his murderers—Their infamous calumny—M. de Rivière—Brune's excellent education—M. de Rivière exceeds his powers—Macdonald—Ney's history—His conceit in the days when fortune smiled on him—He serves all Powers—Desirous of placing Bonaparte in a cage of iron—Pecuniary interests induce him to forsake the Bourbons—I send him warning of the machinations of his enemies—A trait of ridiculous vanity—His sentence and death—General Despinoy—Lavalette and Rovigo—Simplicity of the great folk; vulgar ostentation of the upstarts—Alexander's *mot* in regard to the statue of Napoleon—Alexander's and Wellington's friendship for Ney—They abandon him to his fate—*Cours prévôtales*—A wretch's letter to the Baron de Damas—Talleyrand's *mot* on the reaction—La Bédoyère—The fraternity of kings—Murat—Official particulars of his arrest—He is sentenced to death—England's conduct—Thoughts inspired by England's policy—Louis XVIII.'s *mot* on receiving the Order of the Garter—Upstart kings and ancient dynasties—The executions of 1793 and of 1818: a parallel—Murat at the trial of the Duc d'Enghien—Are the Napoleonic dynasties to be pitied?—France's misfortunes—Was Louis XVIII. ignorant of them?—Fearful dearth of food—Enormous exactions—Institution of the Public Letter—This fine institution becomes a calamity—Wellington in Paris—An alleged assassination—The sojourn of the Allies in France—Is Wellington a nonentity?—His rapacity.

In spite of Bonaparte's departure and the signing of the capitulation, nothing was as yet positively settled. General Blücher could not agree with England as to the government desired by the French nation. With the exception of the Republic, he considered he had full power to let the nation do what it might please; and it is with this view of the latitude left to the nation that he wrote to Lanjuinais, the president of the *corps législatif*. The colonel who bore the despatch informed Lanjuinais that, out of deference to a great nation, the general-in-chief of the Prussian army was desirous of knowing its wish, as expressed by the *corps*

législatif; that if this wish were expressed in any form whatsoever, with the exception pointed out, six Prussian regiments would at once surround the legislative palace in order to protect its deliberations. Lanjuinais, instead of communicating the permission granted with so much latitude by the Prussian boor, resumed his seat as president and adjourned the sitting. Fouché, president of the provisional government, desirous of ingratiating himself with Louis XVIII. and Wellington, had the doors of the legislative palace locked and the keys brought to him.

. Thus was Fouché acting in Paris, while Talleyrand, who had once more knitted the coalition together at Vienna, was sustaining and encouraging it at Ghent.

Our illustrious warriors and the city of Paris were both surrendered without the indispensable guarantees in such a case being insisted upon. The French army passed sadly through Paris, wending its way to the banks of the Loire, where it was disarmed by Marshal Macdonald. It was commonly said that several of the chiefs entrusted with this parricidal operation had appropriated large sums drawn from the public coffers; they were the men who preserved no decorum in their defection; they changed their uniform, rejected the national colours, donned those of the day, complimented the foreign generals who were masters of Paris, and hastened to do obeisance to King Louis XVIII., whom they had just betrayed in the course

of the hundred days preceding, called the period of the Hundred Days.

Talleyrand and Fouché had always followed each other closely in their career, with a sort of envious rivalry in acquiring fortune and power. Talleyrand had been the prime mover in the first Restoration; Fouché, if only to imitate him, wished to be the one in the second. It was while striving to attain this goal that he had by every possible means, by his letters as well as his agents, truly got round Wellington. "I have not the honour of your acquaintance," he wrote to him ostentatiously, "but you are a great man"; and Wellington, accepting the flattery which he did not consider too strong, had made up his mind that Fouché was likewise a man of superior mould, and that he should be a Minister; it is due to Wellington's influence, indeed, that Fouché received his fresh appointment at the hands of Louis XVIII.

I have nothing new to reveal as to the estimation in which Fouché and Talleyrand are held in regard to morality. The sun shines upon their works, and has shed its light on a series of deeds and misdeeds which have extended over a period of twenty years. Those who have sought to paint Talleyrand and Fouché most accurately, have thought they could not do better than compare and place in juxtaposition these two hideous beings, and have said: "Talleyrand is the Fouché of the nobility: Fouché is the Talleyrand of the *canaille*." The souls of this pair, if ever souls they had, were never better

depicted. As to the capacity of these two personages, I cannot in these Memoirs—wherein, chatting familiarly with my friends, I say freely everything uppermost in my mind—withhold the reflection continually suggested to me by the intimate acquaintance I have had with the actual and intrinsic value of their intellectual merit. I confess that the exorbitant reputation they have always enjoyed as men of wit has always seemed to me one of their most cynical thefts.

In the days when the new Zenghiz Khan was wont to leave Paris for the frontier with an army of hired assassins, none the less heroes for that, when he left in France an army of gendarmes, when in addition to this he had staffs into which terror drove all citizens prepared to act in obedience to his will, and this despotic will directed the police of the Empire, where was the need of genius for the man who had charge of what was styled the Police Department? It seems to me that he had little need to draw upon his own resources: was he not obeyed beforehand and in every respect, from the mere fact that he was the Minister of the Autocrat? When, pursuing his career, the Autocrat, crossing the frontier, fell with his innumerable vultures upon all countries in view, when, after having devastated them with fire and sword, he cut them into slices like a cake, and having thus cut up the world in pieces, he summoned his Minister of Foreign Affairs for the purpose of adding his signature to the acts which he had already signed and sealed

with the pommel of his sword, where lay the genius of that Minister of Foreign Affairs? Were the acts which followed the incredible triumphs of war to be placed on the same footing as the treaties drawn up by the great diplomats of the treaties of Westphalia and of Utrecht? What else is there in all the diplomacy credited to Talleyrand but absolute orders given by victory and executed by the terror consequent upon defeat? Hence it was that Bonaparte, on Talleyrand's coming into his presence after Austerlitz, accurately defined his position when saying to him: "You are once more going to make a great display of wit, Monsieur de Talleyrand, for I have won the battle; had I lost it, you would display less of it." After this victory, of which he was as innocent as of all others, Talleyrand's wit in regard to that unfortunate Germany, his treatment of the Germanic body, and what has been called secularisation and compensation, are all matters of history. And after carrying out all his atrocious measures, Talleyrand would remark to his master: "Sire, all that conquest has given you belongs to you; you are ever generous." Talleyrand and his compeers had impressed the Emperor with the belief that he was the sole owner of all the landed and industrial property of Germany and Italy—in short, of the world into which he carried his arms, as of France which manufactured them.

Since I have been led, owing to my having come into contact with the actors who have made so

much noise and done so much harm on the stage of the Revolution, to examine how far their merit contributed to their elevation, I do not limit to Talleyrand and Fouché my judgment as to the capacity of the different personages who served Bonaparte during his too long reign; and I assert that the men who enjoyed the reflection of his greatness have strangely imposed on people when seeking to impress them with the belief that they possessed personal merit. Bonaparte extracted capital from all the military and political talents which the Revolution prepared, just as from the *matériel* which it turned over to him, and which he absorbed. Where is, moreover, the soldier, whether marshal or otherwise, who had not learnt his business ere Bonaparte appeared, and who is indebted to him for anything more than money? Where is the man of recognised ability who was actually created by him? Is there, with the exception of Marmont, a marshal who goes back to him? There is no need for me to analyse from a military standpoint this marshal, far more famous by his passing over to the enemy under the walls of Paris in 1814—an act called treason by others—than by anterior exploits. General, now Marshal, Marmont is certainly not classed in the first nor even in the second rank of military men. I am not aware that he was ever distinguished for anything except for his conceit. To come to civilians, were the men in the Council of State or even in the Senate, who possessed personal merit, of Bona-

parte's creation? Is it not more accurate to say that he was of theirs, since he appropriated the talents and faculties of all those whom the Republic had engendered and impregnated with her spirit?

He who would try to discover in Bonapartism who is deserving of a reputation for capacity in the eyes of mankind, would find Bonaparte himself, and him alone. All those who served under him were merely servile instruments, and, if they appeared to be something, it was merely owing to the superior direction given to them. Hence, their master gone, they have vainly endeavoured to make people believe that they were something by themselves; they have once more been relegated to the obscurity from which they should, for the good of humanity, never have emerged.

On the Congress of Vienna adopting against Bonaparte so decisive a course that it might be reckoned that by the end of June a million men would be gathered for the purpose of fighting the man who had returned from Elba, it may be asked with justifiable curiosity what became, at so critical a juncture, of Bernadotte, that Prince Royal of Sweden who was the soul of the first coalition.

One can supply the answer oneself, if one but remembers that Bernadotte did not derive therefrom all the benefits he had expected, and if one recalls the compliment paid to him at Compiègne by Louis XVIII., who "thanked him for having served His Majesty for twenty-one years." On the other hand, the imperial Bonapartists had cause to draw favour-

able conclusions even from previous circumstances in the life of the Prince of Sweden, and were doubly on their guard against him.

In this perplexity Bernadotte did what was best, and perhaps all that he could do: he remained neutral. The prudent *rôle* he was assuming was represented by him, with his Gascon shrewdness, as a refusal to bear arms against France, dictated by his regret at having acted previously in a somewhat different manner. Thus it happened that Sweden and Portugal appeared just then as representing the liberty of the nations of their period. These two Powers declared that they would not furnish any contingent to the coalition. Without seeking to discover the secret motives which may have influenced Sweden and Portugal in their decision on this occasion, few are indeed the cases of neutrality which do not, generally speaking, have their origin in the principle of prudence called fear; this principle is as often to be met with in such cases as is the sentiment of justice.

As to the Prince Royal of Sweden, without seeking to fathom his behaviour, which is now a thing of the past, and which scarcely interests France, come what may, it stands revealed to me, especially in the utterance which escaped his lips when the news of the landing at Cannes and more especially of Napoleon's arrival in Paris reached Stockholm; it is related that Bernadotte was really astounded; that from astonishment he passed to admiration, then to enthusiasm, and exclaimed:

"This is greater than Cæsar or Alexander: 'tis Jupiter. This is no longer History; 'tis the most prodigious Fable."

This compliment after the fashion of the Béarnais, who had remained true to himself in spite of his transplanting to the North, reached Bonaparte, who, congratulating himself on it in the presence of his courtiers, remarked: "My mind is at ease in regard to Bernadotte; he has come back to me; if he continues to behave properly, I shall once more think of him when settling our affairs; I shall restore Finland to him, which will do more honour and be of greater advantage to him than Norway."

The enthusiasm and admiration of Bernadotte on this occasion may have seemed somewhat suspicious. Attentive judges of the words and actions of kings have believed that Bernadotte's utterance was intended to reach the highest quarter; that on the one hand he was seeking to build a bridge over which he could pass to a reconciliation with Bonaparte, while on the other he wished to hold out the same perspective to Russia, in order to obtain through her better terms from the Allies, of whom he had according to his habit been complaining for some time past. No one in the world better practised the principle laid down by the merchant of Smyrna in Chamfort's play, to wit: "One must always complain." Others there are who have thought that, in addition to the foregoing, Bernadotte, who is always and at one and the same time

thinking of everything affecting his ambition and his interest, already entertained matrimonial aspirations in regard to the youthful Oscar, his only son, and that he foresaw the great difficulties standing in the way of the boy's entering an old family. Unable to ignore these difficulties inherent in his recent elevation, Bernadotte reckoned that by cultivating a more friendly intercourse with Bonaparte he would be paving the way for Oscar's alliance with the direct or indirect family of Bonaparte, should this family hold its own. The principal branch did indeed fail in this, but Bernadotte's calculations have been justified in regard to the branch which remained in Bavaria, since he has obtained for his son a granddaughter of the deceased King of Bavaria, a niece of the present king, the daughter of that Eugène de Beauharnais who in spite of his personal mediocrity had, owing to the cleverness of his mother and the powerful will of his step-father, succeeded in entering into an ancient house, and mingling his blood with that of a royal race.

To return to the events resulting from the battle of Waterloo. The king, who had sat on his throne at Ghent during the Hundred Days, just as he had pretended to have sat on it in foreign parts for twenty-one years, returned once more to Paris in perhaps a more miraculous fashion than in 1814, although this first return resembled already the most prodigious of miracles. On entering Paris, Louis XVIII. was once more greeted by men and women of high degree. White handkerchiefs were

displayed as tokens of rejoicing; the same white handkerchiefs had been displayed the previous year, and on so many anterior occasions: at the time of the great federation, at the time when d'Orléans was dragged to the scaffold, when Robespierre's turn came, when the Convention triumphed in Vendémiaire, when Bonaparte usurped the power, when he was deposed, etc.

The government of the king began by pronouncing itself in such a manner as to tranquillise the French, who had just emerged from a terrible crisis, and who aspired only to rally to a government which announced itself under favourable auspices. The Ministers of 1815, just as those of 1814, succeeded in paralysing the good intentions of the king by an administration as unskilful as it was intolerant. Men who had figured at all periods of the Revolution reappeared as rulers. These deserters from the Republican cause, long concealed behind a popular mask, now torn off by their new ambition, worked in turns against the Constituent Assembly, the National Assembly, the Directorate, against Bonaparte whom they had clothed with the imperial purple, and against the king himself during his absence of the Hundred Days.

I have related the vain overture I had made to my former colleague of the Convention and of the Directorate, Carnot, during the time intervening between the battle of Waterloo and the fresh occupation of France by the Allies. This overture, which would have cost me a great effort had my

object been merely a personal one, was rendered easier to me because I believed that it was still possible to attempt some effort on behalf of our national independence. Moreover, even were Carnot to understand me as little as he did, and receive me as badly as he did, I was emboldened by my confidence based on his personal probity, even although some passion might lead him astray. I had not nor could I entertain an equally well-based feeling of security in regard to Fouché; and even had I not been acquainted with so many of his antecedents compelling me to judge him most severely, I could, when thinking the matter over, find only conclusive reasons for me to avoid both his person and his power. Learning of my residence in Paris—a residence I owed to no other protection than that of the laws—Fouché showed his desire of extending his own protection over me. This was indeed, as on every occasion, the fly on the wheel, but there always remained behind something more when Fouché did anything resembling goodwill. It would seem that he had learnt, I know not how, that the long persecution practised against me by Bonaparte had, on coming to the knowledge of Louis XVIII., called forth some words of sympathy from him on my account. I admit that, in the sense of antipathy to the imperial tyranny, no one had been more sympathetic than myself towards the Bourbons; and when the Comte d'Artois, on entering Franche-Comté in 1814, had loudly and generously exclaimed, "No tyrant, no conscription,

no *droits réunis* (consolidated duties)!" when he repeated the same words in the Senate, it is most true that I uttered the same cry for my own part, and that I was the most sincere and complete of Bourbonists.

But to a man such as Fouché sentiments so true and so simple could not seem natural and genuine, since his imagination led him to see and believe only interested motives in everything. Hence Fouché, in consequence of rumours having no other foundation than my apparent connection with Louis XVIII. as an adviser, and because he thought I was in a position to protect him, caused me to be informed that he wished still further to protect me. This overture could not efface from my memory all that had happened to me since the 18th Brumaire; it would have been for me a reason for new alarm rather than for security. Far from drawing nearer to Fouché, I could not dream of following any other conduct than that of holding aloof from him as much as possible. Therein lay all my policy, when one fine morning there appeared in my apartment a personage who, having come on foot, had walked upstairs unnoticed and unheralded while my servants were eating their morning meal. It was M. Fouché, Duke of Otranto. His little eyes, bordered with red, which had won for him among my people the name of *Perdrix Rouge* (Red Partridge), were still redder, smaller, and more filmy than usual, which suited all the more the dissimulation of his face,

at times reflecting his impressions, and in this respect inferior to that of his rival Talleyrand, always quoted for his glacial impassibility pushed so far, as I have already recorded, that he read himself to sleep with a pamphlet attacking him, and that, as regards himself, his silence was his greatest expression of frankness, for he has said that "speech was given to man only so as to enable him to lie."

So here I have Fouché in my apartments; with his usual familiarity, he begins by treating me as if he were in his own. The duke doubtless imagines he is displaying affability to the highest degree when taking my hand and pressing it, as in the days of our National Convention. In this hand, in itself as emaciated as that of Talleyrand, who himself even had previously done me the same honour, I imagined I felt, independently of the dryness of this bony paw, an iron key or a piece of wood, and I was about to ask him in all simplicity, "What have you there?" when I discovered what I had in truth not noticed in the days when Fouché was not on such familiar terms with me—to wit, that the fellow had, as the result of I know not what accident, two or three fingers bent into the palm of his hand, which would lead those whom he honoured with a grasp of it to believe that it contained some foreign body. Let us, however, pass by the deformity of Fouché's hand, which is only one more deformity added to so many truly hideous ones, both physical and moral.

Fouché, whom Wellington, the Royalists, and

the Bourbons themselves had, in the first instance, placed the greatest confidence in, and shown the highest regard for, already saw his position becoming uncertain; he felt that it was shaken—a result he had perhaps been the first to contribute to by his loquacity coupled with his ever-equivocal conduct. In this state of uncertainty, he had probably come for the purpose of finding out to what extent I had relations with Louis XVIII., and how far they could be of service to him in his present combinations. As this was the primary object of his visit, it was naturally the last thing he would mention to me. He therefore began by referring to all the persons with whom I had formerly been on a footing of intimacy, asking "what they were doing, and what had become of them." I replied to him in the most guarded fashion, my first feeling of astonishment at his arrival having vanished, and unable to forget that I was speaking to the Minister of General Police of the kingdom—just as he had been of the Directorate, of the Consulate, of the Empire, and as he would be of all governments which would employ him, provided they were the strongest, subject to his betraying and forsaking them when they should be the weakest.

I sufficiently penetrated the secret intentions of Fouché to adopt the tactics of "waiting and seeing what he was driving at." This was perfectly allowable finessing. Having failed in eliciting any satisfaction from my replies to his questions about

persons, Fouché thought he could make me unbosom myself more freely by alluring me with revolutionary recollections, of which he knew I possessed much knowledge, and in which I had remained deeply interested; he spoke to me about the 9th Thermidor, and was kind enough to admit that I had played the part of general-in-chief on that occasion; then he went back to the days preceding it and to the dangers he had run in the struggle with Robespierre. If, on the one hand, he admitted that it was I who had triumphed on the 9th Thermidor, he (Fouché) was satisfied beyond doubt that he had paved the way to victory with all his might and main. He had known Robespierre, he remarked, long before us all; he had seen him at Arras in his early youth, and even then had discovered that he was a wretched scoundrel; he had been somewhat surprised at seeing the cruel development of his character in the National Convention. In the course of a quarrel he had had with Robespierre previous to the 9th Thermidor, he was under the impression that he had handled him without gloves, telling him that he was an infamous rascal, to which, always according to Fouché's narrative, Robespierre is alleged to have replied: "Come now, Monsieur le Duc d'Otranto, you forget yourself." It is Fouché who tells this himself, of himself, and who pushes the madness of forgetfulness to the point of believing not only that he is, but that he was Duke of Otranto! Here you have upstarts. Examples of this madness

are exceedingly common, especially among the imperial upstarts.

I averted my face on hearing this incredible prating, in order not to humiliate the speaker too much, and depart from the serious demeanour required for the sequel to this outburst.

Immediately after this odd and comical conversation, I told several of my friends of this singular anachronic mistake of Fouché's, and of his absolute belief in his connection with the dukedom of Otranto for years past. He could not be rendered any more ridiculous by the narration of this incident. I assert that I am the first one to whom he made the remark, and who spread it abroad. Fouché quickly saw the blunder he had committed, and would have liked to repair it; he did so, but clumsily, and with a still greater blunder, remarking: "Philosophers like ourselves take of nobility what we see fit, and although holding the highest rank in it, we do not believe in it for all that. For instance, I have just married for the second time, and considered it incumbent upon myself to take a wife from one of the best houses of the ancient *régime;* from all of them came offers enough and to spare; I decided to accept a lady bearing one of the first names of the South, a Castellane. The family was in poor circumstances; it was introduced to me by the Darbaud-Joucques, whose treatment of me afforded me much satisfaction when, as senator, I visited their locality. I had had little time to devote to my installation; Mme. Darbaud-Joucques

frequently did the honours of my senatorship for me; no one could have displayed more zeal in the matter; she was my first chamberlain. Bonaparte was indeed right when remarking that these folk understand serving better than others—in ante-chambers and drawing-rooms, be it understood. I have never come across anything as officious and obsequious as the Darbauds; hence have I helped them along with all my heart; I made the Sub-Prefect of Aix a prefect, and I am sure that he is a man who will keep his place under every *régime:* he and his wife know full well on which side their bread is buttered. I have placed two others in the army. The Darbauds are, I am aware, of very lowly extraction; yet I think they are in some way connected with the Castellanes; moreover, I allow them to claim kinship with me as much as they please, for I know full well that a man in power has more cousins than he cares for. A thick-skinned courtier has rightly said: 'When a man is Minister, I am his friend or his cousin at the very least; as long as he is in office I am prepared to render him the most disgustingly menial service; no sooner has he been deprived of his portfolio, than I am ready to kick him.'" "I believe this to be true enough," I remarked to Fouché; "let those therefore who lose their positions beware." "But nobody knows better than you, Barras, the antiquity of the Castellanes." "The name of Castellane is very well known to me," I replied to the Duke of Otranto, "since my grand-

mother was a Castellane-Montpezat." "Well then," effusively exclaimed Fouché, "we are cousins. I am for my part delighted at this, for I know that the Barras are of good stock, and I am acquainted with the local proverb: 'Older than the rocks of Provence.'"

Fouché was about to reel off a list of nobility in such a way as only genealogists like Chérin and d'Hozier could have done. Methought I would spare him this display of erudition, so I remarked: "I have known all this since I was born, both the good and the paltry nobilities of my locality. In our provinces, especially before the Revolution, when time hung heavily upon our hands, our main occupation in the châteaux was to chat and converse about families and their degrees of nobility for centuries back; for the principle governing this matter is not to admit as good nobility that which has a known origin, even the most ancient: it must needs be lost in the night of time. But since that is the bait you nibble at, Monsieur le Duc, and as you are now grafted on the Faubourg Saint-Germain and have become its darling, tell me whither you imagine the alliance with and the protection of these gentry will lead you? You have entertained the belief that you could dispose of them because they disposed of you during your previous tenure of office, just as they dispose of you now; but it seems to me that the question is entirely different nowadays. At the time you were a Minister of the Republic, then of your

Bonaparte, you were able to plume yourself in regard to the latter on your connection with the popular cause; he believed that he could reap some benefit from you in this respect, and you seemed to be a protecting spirit to him in his system, when it was really he who was protecting you. As the result of this position you were a sort of medium between the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Emperor; you were free to tell the noble faubourg anything you pleased, and, strong in the high authority granted you, you really had something to offer and to give to these folk. You were deceiving both them and yourself, and you were deceiving Bonaparte when making him believe that your revolutionary connections were of great help to him. Your connections were limited to those you had with a few scoundrels, for you had lost the confidence of the patriots, and you could not make any promises on their behalf without risking being disowned by them; but after all, this could not be analysed and brought to light amid all the tumult of the times. That which goes to prove that Bonaparte's illusion in this respect had not vanished, is that on his return from Elba he again took you as his Minister; he sought to gain public favour by a so-called constitutional monarchy; you had brought him so little popularity, as he quickly saw, that he was several times on the point of having you shot, and I tell you between ourselves that he could have easily suited the action to the word; but now that there no longer is any emperor, that yours is

sailing toward Saint Helena, that all the Imperialists, his partisans, look upon you, as he himself described you, as an active co-operator in his downfall; now that all Republicans and Imperialists equally distrust you, now that the aureole has been torn from your head, that the Revolution, the Republic, and the Empire, all equally betrayed by you, have abandoned you, reject you, and despise you, what do you wish to do? what can you offer to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, or to the king himself whose Minister you still are? You have neither resources nor party to offer him; you have gone over to the enemy, but you have gone over alone; here you are, then, unable to dispose of anything. Had you with you either the Republicans or the Imperialists, I could conceive that there would be some advantage for the Court and royalty to welcome you, but what resources can they derive from your present position? In the language of their prejudices, what is the Duke of Otranto, the husband of Mlle. Castellane? Granting that he is my cousin, I am highly flattered and honoured thereat; but learn that in their eyes it is nothing, and worse than nothing. It amounts, as far as politics are concerned, to neither one thing nor another. See what they have thought of and done with your Emperor. As long as he was the most powerful they gave him their women, and placed them in the beds of all his relatives and hired assassins. No sooner had he met with reverses than they no longer allowed him to see his wife and son, and their mind, until then hidden

behind the mask of what they called political interests, unmasked itself for an interest which they likewise called policy. As regards myself, cousin, I have not, since the 18th Brumaire, held a position of power equal to yours, nor have I acted from interested motives; my conscience has been my guide; but if previous to the Restoration, throughout all my vicissitudes, as since the Restoration in my peaceful retirement, I have received some tokens of interest and regard from the party whose adversary I have always been, from the Bourbons themselves and from His Majesty Louis XVIII., I enjoy the satisfaction of being able to attribute them to an acquaintance with the sincerity of my opinions and my persistent hostility to the Empire. This struggle on my part against a power inimical to the Bourbons, since Bonaparte was naught but the despoiler of their dynasty and at the same time of liberty, has caused some ingenuous people, and others who are far from being so—to wit, Bonaparte's vilest creatures—to believe that I had delivered or had sought to deliver up the Republic to the Bourbons. The facts are nowadays known. If I am compelled to do so, I shall unfold them still further, provided Louis XVIII. will show me some personal regard."

"Oh, as to that, I am sure of it," replied Fouché in a genuine outburst of enthusiasm; "whatever may be said or done, I am sure that Louis XVIII. regards you and hearkens to you with great consideration; I have it on good authority, and when

a man possesses an independence of character such as yours, and a fortune which allows him to neglect private interests, he must not forsake the public weal, but on the contrary devote his active attention to it. The Republicans and men of the Revolution should unite to prevent the foreigner from dictating the law to us any more than the Bourbons, who are naught but his baggage; together must the men of the Revolution save one another!"

Here was the man who had betrayed everything —the Revolution, the Republic, the Directorate, the Empire—still believing himself a man of the Revolution, and claiming to act as a "patriot," because, hardly a Minister of Louis XVIII., he was already applying himself to betray him, and to prepare intrigues by which he would ingratiate himself with his successor, to whom he would, as was his wont, offer up his latest victim!

This was neither to my taste nor character; my hatred against the Emperor of these gentlemen had never had his person but his tyranny, his wickedness, and his hypocrisy for object; I was in no wise, as it has been shown, the author of the return of the Bourbons, but I placed faith in good intentions, based on their interest to govern better than they had done heretofore. Deceived as they were by their courtiers during the first part of 1814, I believed that the fresh catastrophe of the Hundred Days had possibly enlightened them, and that, for want of a Republic, France could compound with an ancient dynasty which would recognise that the

best way of maintaining itself would be to let France enjoy liberty.

While putting far from me the propositions of union and friendly intercourse made to me by the Duke of Otranto, I could not but feel considerable merriment at seeing myself, just on my return from exile, a mere private individual still uncertain as to where he should pitch his tent, already courted by an ambitious man, just as I had been in the days of the Directorate; and it was nowadays, as it had been then, for the purpose of serving the common weal that he wished to remain Minister of the General Police of the kingdom, as he had been of that of the Republic and of the Empire. Unwilling even to run counter to his conversation akin to a project of a conspiracy, the motive for which against the inoffensive Louis XVIII. I really could not see, I nevertheless ceased to insist, as I had done so far, on the non-existence of my intercourse with Louis XVIII. Since he will have it so, I said to myself, let him believe all he likes, and let us content ourselves with asking him in a precise fashion what he desires, in order to learn his innermost thoughts. Fouché, enamoured solely of the "general interest," to quote his familiar expression, desired two things only: the one was to remain Minister of Police, since he alone in the world was capable of filling the post; the other, that Louis XVIII. should confer on him the title of prince, which he should have received simultaneously with Talleyrand and Bernadotte. The denial of it was

one of the most outrageous acts of injustice ever committed by the Emperor. He had never uttered a complaint about the matter; but, since the Restoration was repairing the unjust doings of the Empire, it should begin with this one; he had done enough for the second Restoration for it not to deny him this petty token of gratitude.

"Well then," said I to Fouché, "since public interests are sometimes not opposed to a reference to private ones, I shall in my turn speak to you of an affair altogether personal to myself—that of my uninterrupted proscription for fifteen years. I know full well what goes on in the policy of States, especially when they are in their infancy, and that the illegitimate chief of a power based on violence which has overthrown the legal order of things, unable to enjoy an easy conscience, thinks it necessary to smite everything he looks upon as an obstacle to his designs. I do not otherwise cherish any feeling of rancour against those who have done me so much harm; I merely wish to know who are the primary authors of it; in short, I am desirous of seeing the record of my case which is in the offices of your department."

"Nothing is easier," replied Fouché; "come and breakfast with me to-morrow at the Quai Voltaire; I shall send for all the portfolios, and hand over to you everything that may interest you. The old government no longer exists; all this is merely Old Testament; you should not bear any one ill-will; men are to be judged not by what they have done, but by what they might have done in their position.

We are merely the mouthpieces of the position, and it is not fair to impute more than that to us."

These profound explanations of Fouché did not teach me anything in regard to my personal position, about which nothing new could be revealed to me; they merely proved to me that his conscience troubled him somewhat in regard to what concerned me; but he had so positively stated that he would send for all the portfolios and hand them over to me that, in spite of my repugnance to accept even a breakfast at the hands of Fouché, I thought I could not lose so precious an opportunity for me to learn the truth, so I replied to my cousin that I would be with him the following day at the appointed hour.

I duly went. The ushers seemed to have been notified of my coming, and asked me whether I was not General Barras. I was at once shown into the dining-room, where I did not find the Minister. He did not make his appearance until an hour after the breakfast had been served. He took more time over his meal than usual, possibly with the object of delaying for a few moments longer the one when I was to enter his study, whither the portfolios were to be brought. They had as a matter of fact been brought thither before breakfast, for Fouché, when pointing to them and turning them over to me in careless fashion, let me see full well that he was not giving up anything, and that the portfolios, which had been quite recently opened and ransacked, revealed the fact that certain papers had been abstracted from them.

Fouché, strong in this operation, invited me in familiar fashion to sit down at his desk, and to examine all that could truly interest me. It needed no profound examination on my part to see that all he was turning over to me was connected with the Rovigo Ministry, while everything appertaining to the Fouché Ministry had disappeared. I was unable to conceal the impression I felt at this regrettable and premeditated abstraction.

But the thought flashed through my mind that it would be displaying too great a severity on my part were I to seek to make a man like Fouché incriminate himself in regard to his own business, and I decided not to abuse the sentiment of shame from which Fouché could not have escaped in the course of such a discussion, so I said to myself: "I shall accept everything he will see fit to hand to me."

Fouché, indeed, gave me many documents compromising all agents of police other than his own, and it is owing to this interview and to his promise made and thus kept, that I owe the possession of many important documents from which I have drawn in the course of these Memoirs. "I give you all these with pleasure," said Fouché; "you can, however, make curl papers of them after they have served your purpose, according to your desire, for it is but just that the rascals who have so long harassed honest folks with the resources of the police and in its name should get their deserts." He pursued his declamation of virtuous indignation,

naming as the most guilty and wicked members of the police Dubois, Réal, and Desmarets. He had, he said, made the fortune of all these men, and had in return met with ingratitude only. At the time when, Minister of Police of the Empire, he thought he most enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor and of his agents, all these agents had regularly organised secret police of their own, which undermined him and worried him greatly on many an occasion. "As we speak," he went on to say, "it is pretty nearly the same story: the newcomers are less powerful, because Louis XVIII., who is as sly as Bonaparte, is perhaps less mistrustful and especially less nimble than his predecessor; but there is at the Prefecture of Police, just as there was under the Empire, a man who seeks to become Minister of Police. He has more wit and a better manner than Dubois, but he is, if possible, less principled. He is one of those Gascons of whom Henry IV. has said that they wormed their way into everything. Decazes is daily trying to undo me in his night reports. He attends the *coucher* of the king, spreads the bed-clothes over him, and as he rocks him tells him all he wishes ere he sends him to sleep. The fat daddy falls asleep believing it all as firmly as the Gospel, and wakes next morning convinced that it has all come to him during the night. Talleyrand and I had had so much trouble in getting rid of Blacas! And now here is another who is far more crafty, and who, although young, has a great and varied

experience. Look at the progress he has already made: he begins by becoming the son-in-law of Muraire, who, as president of the highest tribunal of the Empire, and a great favourite of the Emperor, had great influence; he gets himself appointed to a judgeship; Muraire, his father-in-law, has indulged in unfortunate business speculations, and is over head and ears in debt; it is necessary to pay those debts which will disgrace him if unpaid. 'Tis Decazes who will find the requisite funds, and to whom does he go for them? To the Emperor, whom he seeks at headquarters, and who gives him an enormous sum for the purpose of saving the honour of the president of the highest court. This circumstance, far from doing Decazes any harm, seems to have strengthened his connections. He becomes secretary to *Madame*, the Emperor's mother, and gets himself attached to the household of Queen Hortense. The Restoration finds him in this position: he wheels about. The Imperialist becomes a rabid Royalist. He is chief of the royal volunteers during the Hundred Days. He is nowadays Prefect, pending such time as he shall be Minister of Police. He is admirably furthering his interests in that direction, and he has the key which fits every lock, since the king receives him at all hours. Talleyrand thinks that of all the courtiers of the day he is the one most to be feared. He tells us sometimes that Blacas was far less dangerous. He was nothing but a silly country squire who could see only

through the Hartwell telescope, and even then nothing outside of the wardrobe of Louis XVIII. He was a puny individual physically speaking. His successor has in a no lesser degree resigned himself to fulfil the most obsequious duties towards the king, but he has had a far better training: he has lived in the ante-chambers of the Emperor, where he was well schooled, and he is fit for everything and everybody. Once more, Blacas was nothing but a stupid country squire of Provence: Decazes comes from Gascony; in short, he is the most pushed and pushing schemer of the present time. I am aware that his police functions are circumscribed, that they do not allow him to practise the *haute police* (political police), the *ensemble* of which he is moreover unable to grasp, because his is a shallow although an intriguing brain. Moreover, since he is seeking to undo me, I shall work at undermining him and his master too, if I am driven to it. The day on which I took the oath as Minister, my hand in the king's, as is the custom, he pressed it in quite an intimate fashion, the sincerity of which I could not but recognise; it was genuine emotion. Again, he was the first to express the desire that *Monsieur* should become president of the Electoral College of the Seine, for the purpose of his swaying the electorate in my favour; and I must give *Monsieur* credit for having acted exceedingly well towards me, in that he addressed the electors on my behalf with as much devotion as did the Duchess of Devonshire for

Mr. Fox in a similar circumstance. But for all that Louis XVIII. and *Monsieur* nowadays yield to and are circumvented by their courtiers. They are either the falsest or the weakest of men. Moreover, I am going to make the attempt to let the king know about his situation. I have begun drawing up a memoir which will not be unworthy of *connaisseurs* in liberty and sound policy. I speak with all the frankness of my character; if the king does not hearken to me, I shall let the public judge between us."

Fouché did indeed finish without delay the memoir of which he was boasting beforehand; he drew up a second, followed by a third. He circulated them to an accompaniment of all his braggadocio. Louis XVIII., seeing that Fouché had in no wise influenced public opinion, which treated him with cold contempt, thought the time ripe for him to dismiss Fouché without incurring any risk through such action. He compelled him to resign, giving him the Dresden ambassadorship by way of compensation. Fouché hurriedly proceeded to this post of expatriation, which the force of the new reaction was not to allow him to retain for long. Thus did he ere long obtain the proof of what I had recently told him to his face, that "a man who has betrayed all parties has the support of none," and that he is quickly smitten by those whom he considers his mainstay.

Talleyrand had from the very outset desired Fouché's overthrow; he had gone so far as to

undermine him, perpetually representing him as a revolutionist and Jacobin regicide who should not be allowed to sit in the councils of the king. Fouché having recently remarked in his turn that Talleyrand should be made to unmarry and to re-enter holy orders, that a cardinal's *berretta* should be given him, that "the red garb would suit him admirably," Talleyrand's friends had met this with a "Red let it be; the *berretta* for one, and the red (Phrygian) cap for the other." The courtiers of the two Ministers having repeated these utterances to them respectively, a hatred more active than usual had sprung up between them, and Louis XVIII. had seized with joy upon these elements, judging that if in the first instance they gave him the means of ridding himself of Fouché, he would still find in them those of subsequently getting rid of Talleyrand. Fouché had furnished weapons against Talleyrand, as Talleyrand had against Fouché, and Louis XVIII., more cunning than these two cunning men, made away with both, without the "fat daddy of a king," as these two gentlemen called him, seeming to have had a hand in it. It was indeed a most fortunate deliverance for him; these two men had equally been an encumbrance to him—Talleyrand under the two Restorations, Fouché in the second.

Talleyrand, adopting Fouché's tactics when threatening to appeal to public opinion, sought to plume himself on his resistance to the foreigner, on his self-pride and his French character, in order

to say that, as he could not sign a treaty which the foreign Powers had made too humiliating for France, the Ministry of which he was a member joined him in tendering its resignation; Louis XVIII. took them at their word.

Talleyrand had on this occasion an advantage over Fouché, in that he was not positively compelled to tender his resignation; it was only suggested to him, and he was not thereafter forced, like Fouché, to expatriate himself; he was allowed to remain in Paris and to intrigue there at his ease, —for so long as he is Minister Talleyrand feigns fidelity to the Power under whose shelter he is free to increase his fortune; no sooner does he lose his portfolio than he always busies himself with overthrowing the Power which will have none of him.

Here again, perhaps, Fouché is superior to Talleyrand in the matter of ingratitude, for in his perpetual dabbling in intrigue, even when still in office, he does not wait till he is out of it to speak ill of the Power whose agent he is, and he would amuse himself by overthrowing it there and then, just to have the pleasure of seeing another one make its appearance; these changes are a source of great merriment to him, until his time too shall have come to go.

All these changes of Ministers to whom power has been the source of the immense fortunes with which they go into retirement, and which they carefully preserve—all these changes, I say once more, would be merely amusing, were they not

at bottom so disgusting, and were the dismissed Ministers called to an accounting, which would put an end to the scandal caused by their unpunished peculations; but the consequences of their mal-administration have been sowed, and unfortunate France will reap the fruit. When I saw the cradle of the first Restoration surrounded by four apostate priests, it had been impossible for me to indulge in the hopes held out by the government which was taking the place of the Empire; and it has been seen how one of these four priests spent the year 1814 in disputing to the nation the liberty of the press, and how, supported by his secretary, M. Guizot,

Qui depuis . . . mais alors . . .,[1]

the Abbé de Montesquiou employed all his genius for the purpose of demonstrating that the word "repress" meant "forestall." I venture to say that to this guilty prejudice against the press and to the annihilation of truth was due the return from Elba.

One of our chief democrats, Danton, had said: "Revolutions begin with apostles who perish, and end through priests who betray them." This great revolutionist was in this comprehensive statement speaking of priests in the figurative sense only, meaning that revolutions have their beginning in enthusiasm and end in calculation. Thus does literature begin with poetry and end with prose. In the present instance it is not allegorical and

[1] A misquotation. The line should read: "Qui depuis . . . *Rome* alors . . ." (Racine, *Britannicus*, Act iv. Scene 2.)—Translator's note.

figurative priests that I have recalled. In our first Restoration they are four most genuine priests, although all four renegades; they are four priests invested with holy orders, and with their indelible character, although they are of all shades and of all opinions. They have seized on our affairs; they have looked upon France as their prey, and, if she has escaped their clutches for a while, they have quickly fastened their grip on her once more. In addition to Talleyrand and Company we have had the Oratorian Fouché; therein consists all the improvement in the second Restoration.

All honour to Louis XVIII., whom they call the "cripple," and who, in spite of the petticoats which they pretend he wears, has been clever enough, without rising from his invalid's arm-chair, to get the better of the deepest and most abominable rascals who ever appeared on the stage of any revolution! All hail to Louis XVIII., who has ridded us of these plagues! Whatever the individuality and the stripe of the Ministers who will succeed to the Fouché-Talleyrand Ministry, can there befall our unfortunate France anything worse than these men, whose falseness and corruption, which may be looked upon as survivals of the last years of the century of Louis XV., can never be equalled? No, such creatures cannot have successors in times to come. The mould in which they were cast will be broken on the day of their demise.

But, pending this day of restoration, of rest, and of honour for the human race, their wretched victim,

all the passions, kindled anew by the bad administration of the guilty Ministers, overrun France like a devouring flame: the fire breaks out in all directions.

While the king, reseated on the throne on the 8th of July, was saying, with a good faith which it was his interest to display, that he once more confirmed the granting of the Charter, its first pledges, those of justice and individual liberty, were being violated; assassinations were being perpetrated in the South; at Marseilles blood was streaming anew; a considerable number of women and children were cast into the harbour, and while these poor wretches were struggling in the waters, they were being shot at by slaughterers from the wharves. A marshal of France was being cruelly butchered at Avignon. The intimate relations which I had with this marshal entitle me to giving some particulars about his person.

Brune had received some amount of education; it may even be said that he was the one of modern generals who had received the most, for the greater portion of those I had known had to begin at the beginning in this respect, and several of them did so with honour to themselves. Unacquainted with orthography at the outset of the Revolution, as I can prove by their letters in the early days, several had the good sense to learn it later on; their subsequent letters are there to prove it.

At the beginning of the Revolution Brune was a proof-reader in a printing establishment; he had even attempted literary work, and had described a

journey in the style of Sterne, entitled: *Voyage dans les Provinces occidentales de la France.* Brune was not a soldier when the Revolution broke out; all his military services had been confined to those of the National Guard. He had shown great activity as an ardent revolutionist and follower of Danton, who called him "his Patagonian" by reason of his high stature. It was not until some time after the 10th of August that Brune had entered the service. The provisional Executive Council gave him an adjutant-general's brevet, and entrusted him with the gathering of food supplies from the surrounding departments—a mission he filled with great intelligence, and which proves his actual absence from Paris on the 2nd of September; hence was it materially impossible for him to have taken a part in the awful doings of that day and in the assassination of the Princesse de Lamballe, with which he was subsequently charged.

Brune had next been employed in revolutionary missions, notably at Bordeaux; he had displayed humanity while there, even at the height of the Terror of the Year II. He had since then been, so to speak, watching events, until after the 9th Thermidor, when I gave him work together with Réal on the occasion of the mission with which the Convention had entrusted me of gathering food supplies in the northern departments. I had him at my side on the 13th Vendémiaire, Year IV., and I employed him together with Bonaparte, thinking them the two principal revolutionists amid so many

others. I was wont to laugh at the intimacy of these two friends, of whom the one, who was six feet high, was literally compelled to stoop in order to speak to the other, who measured barely five feet. Brune behaved as well, but not as vigorously, as Bonaparte on the 13th Vendémiaire. It was as a sort of reward for this good conduct that I sent him to accompany Fréron on his mission in the South; with them were Martainville, Méchin, and Adjutant-General Leclerc, later on Bonaparte's brother-in-law.

On his return to Paris, Brune, who had remained attached to the Army of the Interior, had played a decisive part in the Grenelle affair in securing the triumph of the camp over its assailants. It was only some time later that Brune took active military service. In the Year IV. I gave him a letter to the general-in-chief of the Army of Italy, on joining which he was, owing to my recommendation, received with much consideration. Bonaparte quickly gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and, in order to establish my *protégé's* credit, he at once mentioned him in the most brilliant fashion in one of his bulletins, which had already become famous, and which could not but exercise an almost magic power, since the artifice and falsehood constituting their ordinary embellishment and oftentimes their very substance were not yet known. Brune deserves the praise awarded to him by the commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, and if he did not show in Paris sufficient civic courage at the time of the death of Danton, he had wit enough to possess military

courage, so common in Frenchmen, especially in the presence of the enemy, and when it is impossible to fall back, under pain of death and dishonour.

But Brune, who had joined the army as a man of the Revolution, had been proclaimed as such by all who knew him, and had remained very well suited with this reputation as long as the star of the Revolution had been in the ascendant, would have liked to decline it as soon as it had begun to pale. The military men considered that the weak side of his position and character. Brune did not have the good sense to recognise and to uphold that which he had nothing better to do than to give his support to openly, and even to pride himself in so doing. On attaining the rank of general-in-chief, and then the highest dignity of the State, that of field-marshal, he would have liked to have covered up and even effaced all the antecedents of his revolutionary career, and to have wrapped himself up in his military cloak. No sooner is a weak point discovered in a rival than it is taken advantage of; hence the farther Marshal Brune withdrew from the field of the Revolution, the farther his enemies advanced on it, pursuing him and harassing him with calumnies which he might have combated and thwarted with a firmness based on a sincere character. He should at the very least have frankly confessed what he had been, and no one would have dared to supplement his actions with infamous calumnies; instead of that, being seen to be weak and timorous from a feeling of false shame at the Revolution, he was calumniated all the more,

and his executioners, possessing such powerful means of attack against a man already assailed with impunity and morally assassinated in his reputation, had nothing to do but to strike when they wished to consummate his physical assassination. It is in this sense that I mean that Marshal Brune's weakness contributed to his ruin. It might have been averted, had his enemies found him boldly withstanding their attacks and resolutely acknowledging that Revolution of which he could not but be proud; he would then have been defended by it against his worst foes.

It has been thought that M. de Rivière, who was in command at Marseilles, and who was entrusted with the general government of the South, might have averted this untoward event; but having proclaimed the advent of the unfortunate marshal, he may, on the contrary, have been the primary cause of it. M. de Rivière did not have the reputation of being a wicked man, and even laid claim to kindliness. He should, so it would seem, have lost none of that quality, since he was addicted to religion; but then men who say or who even believe that they have religion, have occasionally so poor a conception of it! They do not scruple to participate in deeds which are genuine crimes; they believe they have the right, as remarked by M. de Bonald, "to send their victim before the natural Judge." At all events, few crimes have been met with, even among those which religion and policy have sought to shield, which are to be measured with the assassination of Marshal Brune. Not content with dealing out death to him, his

murderers have sought to make people believe and have declared in an official report that "Brune had taken his life himself." This transformation of an outrageous assassination into suicide is a new invention which history lacked. It was reserved for a period called the Restoration to afford a spectacle to which a Caligula or a Catherine de Medici could proudly lay claim; and, as it was not sufficient for the murderers to make out that Marshal Brune committed suicide, they have alleged that his horrible death was an expiation of that of Mme. de Lamballe, in which posthumous calumniators have charged him with participating. In his lifetime they had already used the weapons of calumny for the purpose of undermining him.

I have already stated that this calumny was all the more monstrous from the fact that at the time of this frightful crime, which was perpetrated in Paris subsequently to the 10th of August 1792, Brune was not in Paris but absent, and proved to be so from the mission which he held from the executive power. I repeat that this calumny, born in the first instance perhaps of the irritation of the aristocrats in the early days of the Revolution, had since been accredited, especially by the generals who were Brune's colleagues and envious rivals; they had thought it quite natural, in order to dim his military talents and reputation, to make people see in him naught but the man whom they styled the "revolutionist": such were the tactics of many generals who had truly been more revolutionary

than Brune. Brune, as I have just confessed, is perhaps worthy of censure on the part of his fellow-citizens who, like himself, were the companions of Danton in the events of the Revolution. At the time of Danton's death he was perhaps fully deserving of censure, in that he did not keep his promise of coming to the rescue of the friend whom he saw butchered under his eyes, and whom he might possibly have saved from death; the reproach perhaps deserved by Brune is that, after having been an out-and-out revolutionist, he should have seemed to repudiate this noble character, and to have believed that he could conceal every vestige of it under his military cloak. His enemies perceived this weakness, and took advantage of it to the fullest extent to pursue him in his wretched entrenchment; and if Brune, for so long a prey to this species of accusation, had boldly faced it—if, in lieu of denying the Revolution, he had confessed it and prided himself on being one of its children, it would have supported him in its turn. His assassins would not have dared to lay their parricidal hand on the consistent and outspoken revolutionist; he believed he could work out his salvation in this sort of moral retirement, and therein lies perhaps the cause of his death. Woe to the man who does not persevere in what he has done and in what he has been; he increases the evils of his destiny, and digs his own grave. With the exception of this artifice, which was nothing more than weakness, laid at the door of Marshal Brune,

I repeat that he was one of the ablest and best educated of generals, not excepting his comrade, the envious Macdonald, who, no less than Brune, is a man of the Revolution, and who would have been nothing without it, although it found him a sub-lieutenant in a foreign regiment, the *Légion de Maillebois*. What justifies, moreover, the charge of weakness I have brought against the marshal in the course of this digression, would be the following document, the original of which was delivered to me; it proves that Brune, this time again alarmed at a position which was becoming too difficult, owing to the loss of the battle of Waterloo, rendered this position still more false and dangerous by shrinking from maintaining it. Brune was not the author of Bonaparte's return; he had co-operated to it in a less degree than so many others who first made it their boast to deny such co-operation. On Bonaparte's once more becoming the government *de facto*, Brune had, like so many others, accepted employment from him; why, then, did he at that juncture assume the initiative of his own transportation and grant M. de Rivière, the king's commissioner, the right to inflict it upon him? The powers of M. de Rivière could not go so far, since they would have exceeded those of the king himself, who, having re-entered France with the Charter, and by renewing on his return the oath he had taken to maintain it previous to his departure, could not, with all his royal authority, dispose of the liberty of citizens in so arbitrary a fashion.

Charles-François, Marquis de Rivière, lieutenant-general commanding the 8th division, ambassador at Constantinople, aide-de-camp of *Monsieur*,

Promises to empower Marshal Brune to dispose, through himself or through *Madame la maréchale*, of his estate, amounting to an annual income of thirty or forty thousand *livres: Madame la maréchale* shall be allowed to take or have remitted to him the amount produced by the sale of his estate.

Ch. Marquis de Rivière.

Cujes, *22nd July* 1815.

To come now to Marshal Ney. I am far from putting myself forward as the defender of this marshal; I had known him when he was all but a private soldier, and I had had something to say in regard to his promotion, as in that of so many military men; he deserved it; he was one of the real heroes of the Army of Sambre-et-Meuse, as far as the battlefield is concerned; but, if on the one hand he identified himself with that army by his bravery, his subsequent and varied behaviour has afforded the sad proof that political principles did not equal in him the warrior's valour; that, for instance, his boasted patriotism in the days of the Republic was nothing more than obedience to a strong government, in presence of which it was difficult to reveal any moral opposition, even if such a thought was entertained. The Republic having been "brumairised," he no more raised his voice in its favour when it was absorbed in the Consulate than he did when the Consulate was absorbed in the Empire. These several transitions ever added to his fortune and his elevation;

although undoubtedly an able soldier, Ney had increased in pretensions and insolence even towards his own. No sooner was he marshal, and especially prince, than he no longer suffered his aides-de-camp to speak to him except standing and with uncovered heads; he very seldom permitted his officers to eat at the same table with himself. Certain characters cannot restrain themselves in prosperity; they reveal themselves in critical seasons, displaying no other principle than their self-interest. This is the sole motor which ever impels them by leaps and bounds. After having been made marshal and prince by Bonaparte, Ney, when he saw his master lost, was one of the most daring and skilful in inducing him to abdicate at Fontainebleau. He went so far as to disregard all show of decency in this act of capital execution, which should, at the very least, have been painful to him. He went over to the Bourbons, and obtained from them all the favours and advantages he could desire.

To which one of all these fortunes and to which line of conduct is Ney going to remain faithful? To the latest one, it would be believed; still, he will play various other parts, and, as usual, without shame, transition, or shade. Thus, no sooner is the landing of Bonaparte made public, than he solicits and receives the embrace of the king, and announces that "he will put Bonaparte into an iron cage." Such an utterance was in no wise necessary in regard to the mission which he was not only

accepting but soliciting; when about to combat the man whose servant and debtor he had been (since he had ceased to be a Republican), he should have done so with some fear of man; the forgetting of all propriety under such a circumstance already constitutes an act of moral treason. When, a few days later, Ney forsakes the Bourbons, to whom he had made such fine promises, to return to Bonaparte, against whom he had made them, and when, in order to cement his new peace, he launches into invectives against the Bourbons, from whom he held a mandate, here is in all conscience another act of treason which can find no mercy in the eyes of honest folk, of whatever party or opinion.

If it is sought to discover the cause of this latest defection, an interested motive, and one of the vilest at that, will be found; it is said that Ney, still hesitating in Franche-Comté as to the course he should pursue, was actually once more drawn to Bonaparte by a letter which ended as follows:—"I am aware, my dear Ney, that you have not been fortunate in your financial ventures; we shall arrange matters satisfactorily, so set your mind at ease." In all that I have revealed about Ney, it will be seen that I am not the defender of methods which cannot be explained otherwise than by self-interest. But, after having so fully and so clearly expressed my real sentiments, and freely given my opinion, I think I am entitled to point out that it is a far cry from a conduct hardly honourable, and even most censurable, to the sentence inflicted as the

result of a strange procedure, and one certainly influenced by the passion of the moment. I felt a presentiment in regard to Ney's unfortunate fate, and the interest I had so long borne the brave adjutant-general of Kléber, whom I had helped in his promotion, made me feel uneasy in regard to his position. Chancing to hear of what was in preparation and of the boasts of the reactionary executioners, I considered it my duty to inform General Ney thereof, whereupon he expressed a desire to see me. I sent word to him that I awaited him at my residence. Would it be believed that the haughty personage—I may even venture to say, under such circumstances, the proud fool—took it into his head to consider that "I owed him the first call, as between general and marshal," thus forgetting, the unfortunate Ney, what our mutual relation was, and how little etiquette and precedence mattered at this juncture? This clumsy pretension, not to say worse, excited the derision of those who had taken towards me the generous step for which Ney showed us so little gratitude. The purest of sentiments had induced them to give me this warning. After laughing at his clumsy and ill-timed pretension, my friends deplored it with me. Ney was arrested. He thought the exceptions taken by his friends and comrades would save him; he was sentenced to death by the Chamber of Peers, and his execution carried out by General Despinoy, in command of the Paris garrison. Public opinion could not approve this sentence; it

was censured, as should be every political sentence which, if removed from the passions of the moment, would at the very least be modified a few days later, did the guilty person but disappear in the first instance, as did Savary, Rovigo, and so many others. This is what my interest in a soldier of the Revolution had dictated to me. When I sought to save him, the upstart showed himself a stickler for military hierarchy and social precedence. He would have considered himself lacking in what was due to his rank, had he not waited for my visit to authorise him to call on me without compromising his dignity! Oh, madness of the upstart, quite in harmony with that of Bonaparte—this other upstart whom they called their Emperor, and who, instead of setting off and honouring his misfortune by means of a noble simplicity, once more saw fit, after his second, just as after his first abdication, to exact a few vain details of etiquette, and to claim honours formerly conceded to his victorious sword, and which could therefore not survive defeat. What a contrast there is between these men, sprung from the ranks of the people, whose sole aim is to forget their origin, and the men with truly lofty souls whom history presents to our gaze! There is no need for me to dive into the history of the Greeks and Romans for examples of this simplicity. We can find nearer home the examples just set by the monarchs of the North. Apart from the necessary *cortège* of the armies accompanying them into France, what

modesty do they not display in their persons and equipages! They go about the conquered city in a carriage and pair, and without a guard. Of the princes now in Paris the one who is least disposed to show simplicity is a prince of yesterday, one who is still an upstart; it is Bernadotte, who thinks he cannot move an inch without his chamberlain, and who tells you ingenuously that "his principal chamberlain belongs to the highest nobility of Sweden." Compare these plebeians, who so forget who they are, with the son of the Czars. On entering Paris, Alexander crosses the Place Vendôme, and, seeing at the top of the column the statue of that Napoleon whom he has just crushed, he contents himself with remarking: "I should be afraid my head would swim were I placed so on high."

Let us return to Marshal Ney, and, after having made allowance for his weakness of character outside of the battlefield, let us say a final word about his unhappy fate. The Emperor Alexander had treated Ney with marked favour; Wellington had shown him the consideration which it is in good taste for a victorious soldier to show to a defeated enemy. It might have been thought that Ney might still have been defended by the protection of the two august and illustrious personages, the sponsors for the declaration that "no Frenchman should be prosecuted for his political opinions." They suffered the putting to death, almost under their very eyes, of the French general, of whom it may be believed they were rather glad to be rid

and avenged at one and the same time, in expiation of the harm he had done them and the shame he had inflicted upon them on battlefields. It did not end with Ney. The *commissions prévôtales*, which were set in motion in every quarter of France, recalled the Kirkes and the Jeffreys of England. Co-operation in these outrageous deeds was even set forth as a claim to promotion and fortune by subordinate men whom the success of those of a higher rank emboldened to cherish hopes in their turn. A specimen of the methods of the period is to be met with in the ingenuous petition of one of these wretches, addressed to the Baron de Damas, lieutenant-general commanding the 8th division.

GENERAL,

There are, I am aware, a crowd of individuals who, more than myself, are entitled to employment owing to their long-rendered services. Still, I have been emboldened by my constant devotion to the august family of the Bourbons to take the respectful liberty of addressing to you my most humble petition.

Proscribed at the very outset of the Revolution, I sought in 1793 to escape persecution, and unable to do so except by adopting a military career, I joined in the month of September of the year aforesaid the regiment of Berchini Hussars, and, owing to the protection of a then powerful man, I was made a captain—a rank which I gave up, besides leaving the corps, four months later, because it was sought to send me to Spain for the purpose of fighting against a Bourbon.

On my return to Marseilles in 1795, I organised there the famous company which struck terror into the souls of the Jacobins, under the name of *Compagnie du Soleil*, and of which General Pacthod had me appointed captain. If the several governments under which France has for so long groaned, had

been in harmony with my opinion, I should have remained a soldier, and I might at the present moment show a twenty-two years' service. But I was so opposed to serving anything savouring of usurpation, that even although I was in Paris in 1813, I refused to join a cavalry regiment as major.

Last March I thought I could still be of service to my king; I hastened, therefore, to enlist as many men as I could, to form battalions which were to march on the devastator of Europe, and the whole town knows that in less than three days I obtained the names of some 800 men, all fit for active service. The Count de Panisse, who has for a long time past honoured me with his protection, the Marquis de Montgrand, our worthy mayor, and Major-General de Gavotti, can specially testify to the fact. I have in addition to this commanded the company of grenadiers of the first of these battalions.

If what I have the honour of laying before you, general, and which is a matter of public notoriety, should enable me to hope that I am among those who have some claim to the goodwill of our legitimate sovereign, I beg you will deign to grant me the post of garrison adjutant in your division. You will thereby bring happiness to a family ruined by revolutions and war, and my gratitude will be commensurate with the zeal I shall display in fulfilling my duties, and with the prayers I shall ever make for all things conducive to your happiness.

I have, general, the honour to be, with the deepest respect,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

ROUBIN.

MARSEILLES, 22*nd December* 1815.

The scaffold was erected in the public squares, and even transported into the municipalities. The law on suspects was again enforced. Not only were the mournful voices which attempted to protest against these bloody executions in the bosom of the *corps législatif* stifled, but these liberticide measures were approved of with exultation, not to say with a kind of frenzy, by the party which prided

itself on punishing violators of the law, and which claimed to be its representative, exponent, and mouthpiece. Talleyrand had said, when seeking to pay court to the new Restoration: "The king himself must not strike; he must let or make the Chambers strike, if the *tribunaux prévôtaux* do not suffice." It was indeed as a result of the declarations of the marshals, who had proclaimed themselves incompetent—that is, not possessing the power to condemn—that Ney had been arraigned before the Chamber of Peers. La Bédoyère met with the same fate as Ney. Royal vengeance was not only exercised against the military leaders who had taken sides against the ancient dynasty during the Hundred Days, but extended to personages who had formerly been the colleagues of kings, and whom the latter, if they had not treated them sincerely as brothers, had at least called them by the sweet name of brother, which, in ordinary human relations, seems to imply an intimate union.

My opinion as to the fraternity of kings has been stated in my conversation with "my cousin, the Duke of Otranto," Fouché. The translation of Bonaparte to St. Helena had already given most conclusive proof of the accuracy of my opinion. I had expressed it just as frankly to Murat at the time of our interview at Rome in 1813, and before the great break-up which followed. I was to be fully confirmed in this my opinion, and to a greater extent than I cared for at that. In spite of all

previsions, I was greatly surprised at the news contained in the subjoined document, and still more surprised at the catastrophe which came on the heels of Murat's arrest.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OFFICIALLY DELIVERED TO GENERAL DELAUNAY.

Murat embarked in six gondolas, with 200 armed men, some thirty officers, and a week's provisions, on the night of the 28th of September. On the night of the 30th, a strong gale drove the whole expedition ashore along the coast, and separated the boats.

On the 4th (October) there was seen off Sorrento a boat which was believed to be from Barbary, and which seemed to await or to seek other vessels. On the 5th, another was signalled in the Gulf of Salevri, and then two other boats which joined it.

Murat landed, with General Franceschetti, a colonel, and fifty armed men, at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria, not far from Monteleone, and at about forty leagues from Naples.

He left forty men and a few officers on the two other boats, with orders to skirt the Calabrian shore.

No sooner had he landed than he proceeded to the public square, assembled the populace, and ordered it to shout: "Long live King Joachim!" telling it that he was the king, and that he had come to take possession of his dominions.

There were no troops at this point; a momentary uncertainty ensued; but the villagers and other good folk of the neighbouring localities, having heard of Murat's debarkation, armed themselves, and came to attack him.

After a long and stubborn resistance, Murat's side was defeated; he himself was made prisoner, manacled and fettered, and conveyed to General Nunziante, commanding in Calabria.

At the time of the departure of the courier the most perfect tranquillity reigned in that province.

On the 10th a division of Neapolitan gunboats captured the remaining boats, which were coasting. The skipper of these gondolas, as well as the officers, stated that Murat had, on leaving Ajaccio, told them that he was bound for Tunis, but that, when

off Cape Carbonara, he had given orders to sail towards Calabria.

At the Council of the Two Sicilies, Leghorn, 18th October 1815.

Doctor GASPERO DISPERATI, *Vice-Consul.*

A certified copy.
Baron DELAUNAY,
Major-General, in temporary command of the 28th Military Division.

A few days after his arrest Murat was sentenced to death, and executed at the very spot where he had been made prisoner. It has been said that he had allowed himself to be led astray and inveigled into the coalition of 1813 by the deceitful promises of the Cabinet of St. James's, and that it was because of their violation that he had had recourse to arms in 1815. It has been added that Sir W. A'Court was present at the council at which the death of Murat was resolved upon, and that he had even been present at the execution. This may be possible; but, looking at the matter from a political standpoint, it would merely prove that Murat, as I told him in my interview of 1813, should have listened to the counsels and accepted the propositions of the English, and remained faithful to his alliance with the Cabinet of St. James's.

I am very far—after as before the recapture of Toulon, where I had the honour of fighting the English in somewhat direct fashion—from having changed my opinion in regard to the morality of that government. I believe that government to be truly perverse, although perhaps not more so and

merely as much so as the other governments of Europe and of other countries of the world (North America excepted). All this does not go to show that the English are individually more wicked than the natives of all other countries; it is impossible that the fellow-countrymen and disciples of Bacon, Locke, and Newton should not at the very least be honest folk and genuine citizens in their ordinary intercourse with humanity; but it may be altogether different in regard to political intercourse, which oftentimes causes men to forget that they are members of the great human family, and the greater their love for private families, the more do they show themselves egotistical in regard to others. This tendency, when exploited by governments, becomes a system. Hence it is that the English governments, cold-blooded calculators and phlegmatic sophists, have many a time justified the saying of a profound publicist, that "the empire of the world belongs to the phlegmatic."

But, as the treaties entered into by English governments are in general carefully based on their national interest, the English have not many reasons for violating them, and I have seen them remain faithful to them on many an occasion; thus individuals and peoples who had resigned themselves to become their vassals, had received from them indubitable and steadfast protection. It was their interest, it will be said; but are other men or other Cabinets than English ones governed by other motives? This is why I had, so to speak, talked myself hoarse,

when attempting to impress upon Murat that his position did not command and did not permit of his being anything but English, at a time when the English guaranteed him Sicily and preserved his kingdom of Naples. Did Louis XVIII. show any more pride than Murat would have shown, and has he not proved that, in spite of his French heart, he did not consider he could remain blind to policy, when, on fastening the riband of the Garter to his knee, he declared "that after God it was to the King of England that he owed the crown of France"?

Had not Henry IV., whether or not the ancestor of the dynasty, said long before his descendants, who would be more appropriately called his *descendus* (degenerates): "Paris is surely worth a mass"?

There can be no doubt that he who wishes to reason *a priori*, and from the standpoint of genuine legitimacy, viz. that of the nation represented under the form of a republican government, would be entitled to be less easily satisfied than I here appear to be, and to admit nothing except what is based on the narrow right whose foundations rest on the principles of primary justice; but, in order to be entitled to prefer a claim on the strength of this superior morality, it would be necessary to have in the first place displayed something of that quality, and not to have attained power through violence and spoliation, in order to perpetuate this power and maintain previously existing thrones, minus the persons whose places it was sought to take. Murat, a creature of Bonaparte's, and temporarily seated on

the throne of Naples, was to meet with a fate very similar to that of his creator. It has even been said that an injustice had been done the former, in not meting out to him on his return from Elba the same fate as that meted out to Murat. Others, more rabidly inclined, have said that the whole Bonaparte dynasty had deserved to be pounded in the same mortar, and that this operation would not have produced a single atom of probity and honour.

While considering this judgment somewhat too rigorous, I must say that the question is to be judged by the people alone. Have they been indebted for greater tranquillity and happiness to the new dynasties which have recently appeared on the world's stage than to those whose places they had taken? Therein lies, to my mind, the whole question.

If, instead of the people having owed more happiness to these modern kings, who suddenly sprang up like mushrooms, it is on the contrary demonstrated by the unhappiness of the nations that these meteoric kings sought merely their own interests and those of their ignoble creatures, that, after having proscribed the titles and possessions of their predecessors, they seized upon everything for their private advantage with as much cruelty as avidity, that the people, still further ground down, did not cease to be the victims of the upstart autocrats even more than they had ever been those of their overthrown sovereigns, it would then become difficult to find out the basis for re-

grets which it might be sought to make appear as genuine.

As regards myself, whose position, passion for independence, and character, tried by so many persecutions, do not admit of my giving way to any vulgar consideration, and who express myself freely in all the sincerity of my conscience and truthfulness of my soul, I think it cannot be overlooked that some of the rigorous deeds just recalled are to be looked upon as rather the vengeance of the peoples than that of the kings. Let it not be thought that one can "quote me against myself," by pointing out the unfortunate and terrible severities to which we also, the stern Republicans of 1793, were cruelly compelled to resort. My reply will be that there was nothing voluntary or spontaneous either in our conduct or in our position at that period; that the superior urgency of the salvation of the community compelled us to act as we did; that, having burnt our ships, it was not left to our choice to retreat. Moreover, what can there be in common between the demands of the people and those of the men who, sprung from its bosom, and having begun by betraying their mandate, have pounced upon the spoils of peoples and kings like tigers on their prey? What is there in common between the Republicans of France and America and the crowned tigers who had themselves called Majesty in all seriousness?

Those who have sought to justify the execution of Murat as a reprisal—a poor excuse indeed for an

intrinsically reprehensible deed—have asserted that Murat had, in 1804, been the president of the military commission which had sent the Duc d'Enghien to his death. Murat's partisans have believed that they had a ready answer to this charge when proving that the commission had been presided over by Hullin. The answer to this is, that in this lamentable and criminal affair Murat had been better, or rather worse, than president; it was Murat who, as commander of the Paris garrison and of the 17th division, had the right, which he yielded to no one, of appointing the president and other judges of the military commission — in short, of organising this nocturnal military commission; and it was Murat who actually organised it. He had made many other such appointments, and managed matters in the case of Georges (Cadoudal), Moreau, and Pichegru. He it was who directed this machination from beginning to end. The title of Prince, of Grand Duke of Berg, and later on the kingdom of Naples, were nothing more than the salary of all these antecedents of a frightful devotion, for it never was gratuitous. The end of Murat may therefore be looked upon as the consequence of his life.

Moreover, let my reader simply turn to well-known facts; his own judgment will then suffice to show him that mine is none too severe. No, the Murat dynasty, the Jérôme and Joseph dynasties, any more than the Napoleon dynasty, do not in any way deserve regret and defence on the part of right-minded men. Our condition as a nation would

assuredly be a better one had not the world been delivered up, even temporarily, to these devastators and frightful egotists, the unfaithful trustees of the fate of nations. The establishment of liberty could alone have absolved these shameless upstarts. In consequence of the revolutionary troubles which had temporarily made them the masters of our destinies, they for a time found themselves at the head of the human race; they might have secured to it the reforms it had so long waited for; on the contrary, they suffered the finest opportunity which the human race has had "before or since Adam" to slip by—a sublime opportunity, which will perhaps not occur again in twenty thousand years.

But after this digression, which has escaped from my innermost heart, thirsting for the justice which I have so long been denied, I return to humanity, who should ever be uppermost in our minds, and I continue to lament the deplorable situation of France, although it is the consequence of the return of the king in 1815. Kings, who pretend to be the images of God upon this earth, and who can at least be the representatives of His justice, should be as impassible as justice herself, and not be swayed in their turn by the very passions of which they may have been the victims. While the putting to death of the defeated constituted or seemed to constitute the enjoyment of the victorious ones both in France and in other parts of Europe, where anterior "action" had engendered "reaction," was the Ministry of France concealing all these horrors

from the king? Let us leave this illusion to the memory of Louis XVIII.

Famine also was making itself felt in many municipalities in the South just at this time; numbers of their inhabitants daily died of hunger. Some poor wretches had gone a-grazing; these walking corpses were (will it be credited?) sentenced to death. Enlightened at last in regard to some of these horrors, the king ordered that the ordinary tribunals should henceforth take cognisance of what were called crimes of this kind. He also ordained that the exceptional laws should henceforth be executed with moderation; it was time, when so much evil had been consummated.

While French blood, which had flowed on battle-fields for so many years, was still trickling in rills from the scaffold, the substance of the people was being exhausted by every kind of exaction: they paid almost without murmuring enormous contributions to the hostile Powers. The readiness with which the payment of these enormous contributions, as well as the wiping off of no less enormous liquidations, was made, is due to the creation of the annuities entered in the Public Ledger.

This Public Ledger is undoubtedly one of the finest conceptions of the Revolution; the credit for it, as well as for so many other institutions, belongs to the National Convention. What idea can be grander than that of a whole nation entering into a partnership for the purpose of becoming liable for a debt contracted in the national interest?

How noble, simple, and truly sublime a sight when all guarantee a thing useful to all! It may indeed be said that this constitutes a genuine social improvement, the mathematical as well as moral demonstration of the advantage there is for men to be united in a social body, whose first object is above all the happiness of individuals, and whose hope is based on mutual help.

But when, in lieu of this fundamental idea, the basis of human partnership, all the means which society can supply are absorbed by a tyrannical force believed to have been instituted for its protection alone, when all the resources placed by nature at men's disposal are incessantly devoured by the power which should be their preserver, when the people are reduced to see the fruits of their labour unjustly taken from them, and themselves moreover treated as mockingly as was Sancho Panza, from whose table, when in the Island of Barataria, the physician removed every dish placed before him—when, in short, the idea of the Public Ledger is so unhappily travestied and disfigured, the result is indeed a subversion of all nature's and society's intentions. The institution of a Public Ledger, kept within just bounds, preserved in the innermost sanctuary, and, like the Ark of the Covenant, never removed from it, would save the State; while by its appearance, with all the formalities and ceremonial of the standard of Mahomet, such an institution, I assert, would become a terrible calamity added to all those with which a

nation is already smitten. At the time of the issue of the *assignats* M. Necker uttered the following words, which events have rendered prophetic: "They will be abused." May we, for France's salvation, never again see the Public Ledger abused, as has already happened to too great an extent!

Wellington was playing in Paris the part of Protector; it has been stated that, in order to give himself still greater importance, he had had himself shot at with a pistol, but that no trace of the bullet had been found. That which would justify a doubt as to this version is that it is in a more special fashion that of the Bonapartists, and that Bonaparte himself, who lent an ear to it, according to reports from St. Helena, seems to be the first to give it the lie, since in one of his wills he expresses a wish to bequeath something to the man who attempted to kill Wellington.

Nobody can better than myself conceive the grievous pain felt by truly French hearts on seeing the winner of Waterloo go about our country as a sovereign; but, say what we may, it is impossible to prevent a fact unfortunately too monumental. Our enemies have for a long time past sought to deny the victories of the Republic: what advantage did they gain thereby? Bonaparte's many victories have also been denied in bulletins, and even by many a *Te Deum;* still, one had to bow to them and to their consequences. And we also, after having marched victoriously through the

world—we have seen those we had vanquished take their revenge. We went to Moscow to ask them for a dinner, and they came to Paris to ask us for one. It is best, under such circumstances, to bow to the inevitable with good grace, and at least to fall nobly, like the gladiator. Yes indeed, we endured the pain of seeing in Paris English red coats, Russian green coats, and other no less sinister colours; yet who but Bonaparte taught the soldiers of various colours the road? By whom were we handed over and betrayed, if not by him? Hence do not let us follow him in his impostures. Yes, we were indeed defeated at Waterloo; and if it is sought to make out that the winner of the battle was so mediocre and insignificant a man, what then becomes of the man who was defeated? Hannibal and Scipio argued with better taste when one said to the other, in the course of their talk about the pre-eminence of generals: "I should consider myself the first of generals had I defeated you."

Apart from this, it seems pretty well established that the nabob Wellington returned to his country gorged with gold. Europe, enlightened as to this as well as France, saw in the new Marlborough an ambitious man far inferior to his prototype, and far inferior to the exaggerated reputation created for him by his partisans. But, when all was said and done, it was impossible to deny that Wellington had won the battle of Waterloo, as a result of which Bonaparte had sailed for St. Helena.

CHAPTER VIII

Dissolution of the *Chambre introuvable*—MM. Decazes and Pozzo di Borgo —State of the new Chamber—Fox's remark on the Restoration—M. de Richelieu—War waged against the Ministers—As to ambition and intrigue in representative governments—The Decazes Ministry—The Holy Alliance—Opposite course pursued by England and by France—France's present state—The partition of human cattle—Russia's strength —A profound *mot* on Bonaparte's conduct—Bernadotte on the throne—My retirement—Calumnies uttered by alleged liberals—*Le Nain Jaune*—*Bouche de fer*—The calumny of the *Nain Jaune* explained—My relations with M. Decazes and the Ministers of Louis XVIII.—Lombard of Langres—His *Recollections and Anecdotes*—Marshal Lefebvre's letter—Retractation of Lombard of Langres—I write to him—His reply—My public reply—M. Sauvo—M. Tissot—Approval of Louis XVIII. and of the Comte d'Artois—The calumniators relentless—*Le Censeur* and *Le Drapeau blanc*—Mme. de Montpezat—A sketch of her life—The Abbé de Choisy—My wife—Admiral Sidney Smith—General Guilleminot—Fernig—The Abbé de Pradt—My dinners—My Memoirs—A visit from the Duc de Richelieu—His impatient curiosity—Bonaparte's Revolution—Thoughts suggested by Bernadotte—M. de Richelieu persecuted by the Queen of Sweden—His love explained—Regrets of M. de Richelieu at his downfall—Massillon's *mot*—Death of M. de Richelieu—The Memoirs of Gohier—I owe him a grudge—We come to an understanding—M. de Lafayette—A visit from M. de Choiseul—Merlin's persecution of him—His generosity—An official visit from M. de Rivière—A serious political problem—Lebrun's frightful prophecy—A talk with the Duc de Rivière—*De jure* reign of Louis XVIII.—The ampulla —Robespierre buried at Saint-Denis—Projected Ministerial changes—Prediction in regard to Jules de Polignac—Peyronnet, Mme. du Cayla, and Corbière—My last word—I furnish a memorandum in regard to the composition of a new Ministry—Casimir Perier, Lainé, Royer-Collard, Bignon, Maison, and Coffinières—General thoughts suggested by the emigration and the Revolution—My reason for writing these Memoirs —As to the one-man power and that of several—The general law

of preservation—The freedom of the press—I owe my life to the English press—A last word to my fellow-citizens—A postcript—Fauche-Borel once more—M. de Tercy—Charles Nodier—My refutation.

Louis XVIII. finally dissolved the *Chambre introuvable*, thus christened so nobly by himself. This important dissolution of so baleful an assembly was an eminent service rendered to France by M. Decazes and M. Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Minister. The assembly succeeding the *Chambre introuvable* was divided against itself at the very outset. The leaders of both sides aspired to power, none being animated by any national sentiment.

M. de Richelieu, who had followed Talleyrand, was undoubtedly a man of probity. This was already in striking contrast to his predecessor, and justified some hope. But he had been unable to acquire in the Crimea an idea of the administration of the France in which, it is true, he had seen the light of day, but from which he had been absent almost from the day of his birth. M. Decazes was beginning to play the part of an astute courtier, or at least trying to be one: was he or was he not abusing the power with which he was invested, or the confidence placed in him by the king? The Right of the assembly bore him a deadly spite; by way of compensation, the Left seemed devoted to him. Soon the Left also vented its fury upon Decazes, doubtless with the object of having him dismissed, hoping that his dismissal and that of the other Ministers would afford them the means of putting others in their place; they had even selected candidates.

Many pretensions were doomed to disappointment on this occasion.

It is natural that under a representative government each one should come forward and seek to become a member of the government by the ascendency of his talents. This is even justifiable when these talents are genuine and accompanied by virtue and by character, and when the men who present themselves endowed with this power, the principal one of all, have for their aim the introduction into administration and legislation of well-digested ideas, of sound and true doctrines.

But when the men who are bestirring themselves to get into office have not beyond doubt these fine qualities and powerful faculties to offer a nation, the impulse known as ambition does not deserve this name, which carries some dignity with it; it is then merely an intrigue, and a most culpable one at that, since it has for its object the disposing of the riches, of the blood, of the happiness, and of the very existence of the people. With which of these different Ministers is M. Decazes to be classed? Did he display the ability, the character, and especially the conscience which have characterised the great Ministers in whom France has gloried? Was he capable of governing, of creating and controlling circumstances, or, being merely their product, could he hope, could it be hoped, that he should be anything more than their instrument and plaything? Was M. Decazes, as it has been said, the primary author of the system of corruption in representative

government, or did he merely carry out his master's will in what he did in this connection? Was it to this obedience that he owed his position as favourite, and was the favouritism shown him the height of his desires and the utmost altitude to which his genius could soar? Had M. Decazes's ideas been less commonplace, his mind loftier, and his heart filled with noble sentiments, might not this Minister, for so long all but sovereign, have exercised an almost decisive influence over the organisation of a constitutional monarchy? Would he not have derived power therefrom in the eyes of and over Louis XVIII. himself, had he possessed the noble ardour and capacity of being more than a mere favourite? It is far from my desire to repeat against a Minister who is no longer in office, and who, when all is said and done, was neither wicked nor malevolent, all the evil uttered against him by Fouché at the time he had good cause to fear he was about to be supplanted by him. But M. Decazes is beyond doubt one of those men who must themselves more than once have regretted that they did not make proper use of the power vested in them. Had M. Decazes displayed any positiveness of character, he would have swayed Louis XVIII. and compelled him to do good. He would, at the same time, have swayed the Court by the very authority conferred upon him by doing good, and would have won thereby the esteem and gratitude of the nation. He would have reaped security for his Ministry and immortalised himself. Never had France been more

pliable and malleable than in those days, when the needs of all would, so to speak, have induced the nation to agree to the dictatorship of public happiness being placed in the hands of whoever might have possessed the capacity and will to consummate it.

But the globe had been in a state of agitation for so many years that kings could not bring themselves to believe that the calm would come of itself; they imagined that it was necessary to arrive at a mutual understanding, like thieves at a fair, as the saying goes, and that they could not come to too close an agreement with the object of muzzling their subjects. Their military crusade was followed by the Holy Alliance, which England alone refused to join. France did not follow this example of moderation; she entered into the Holy Alliance; divers interests have since caused this monstrous union to crumble to pieces. France has now passed under the sway of perfidious or ignorant Ministers. Their opinion, based on naught but their personal interest, cannot but vary with the times. Financial schemes are launched, the only object of which is to procure enormous sums, to be divided between accomplices the highest in power and three or four French and foreign bankers skilled in the art of stock-jobbing, which their authors know very well how to conceal under the pretence of public interests. The Holy Alliance, which formed itself in the name of Jesus Christ and under the protection of the Holy Trinity, does not practice very strictly the principles

of disinterestedness prescribed by the Christian religion, with which it claims connection; not only has it divided our riches among its members, but it has despoiled us of territory belonging to France prior to 1789. The great Powers have, as a matter of course, maintained the earlier partitions of 1772 and 1794; in addition to this they have partitioned out among themselves fresh scraps, and what are called souls by hundreds of thousands and by millions; human cattle are reckoned as so much money in these friendly distributions made among themselves by these alleged shepherds of nations. Russia, who seizes upon every opportunity and means, couples with the depth of the views held by Peter I. and Catherine II. an organisation daily more compact and more solid. The strength of men new and savage is increased by all the inventions and improvements of the arts of civilisation. Russia's ambition has succeeded to that of Napoleon, with the difference that Russia displays more moderation and steadiness; while incorporating Finland, she finally confiscates Poland, who had in vain held out her arms to Napoleon, and whom he forsook like everything else which put its trust in him, for it is a fact unfortunately revealed in every page of Bonaparte's history that others have derived benefit from everything which his incredible activity stirred up. It has been said that "he started all the hares which his enemies have eaten." He delivered up the Mediterranean and the commercial world to the English, and to Russia the soil producing gold

and iron, and the men who know how to make use of it. France has no grievance, whether at home or abroad, which cannot be traced to Bonaparte.

In the meantime Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, pursues the accomplishment of what he calls his destiny; he affects to be enchanted with Norway, in order to appear to forget the loss of Finland with more decorum. This Finland, so deeply regretted by the Swedes, is not what troubles him most, but the desire of sitting on a throne. So long as he has merely been on the steps of the throne he has continued affecting a certain contempt for definite royalty. There are people who have been ingenuous enough to believe it possible that, disgusted with the modern example of his compeers, he had intended to display greater reserve in his ambition. Alas! the modesty of Bernadotte is but one more of his most brazen-faced gasconades, for he will go through with the thing, and end in wearing the royal diadem. Such is his passion no less than Bonaparte's. Charles XIII. has just died, and his adopted son, the "Béarnais soldier," has ascended the throne. I do not mind his staying there. It affords a rather interesting spectacle for those who are content to remain of the people, and who look at things from the stalls, to see a highly-intelligent rope-dancer do his performance in mid-air with a certain amount of agility. In the eyes of the philosophic observer who sets the right value upon things, this potentate is merely a juggler; and how

many and what a variety of tricks he must have performed to have climbed so high!

But after all, if our rope-dancer preserves his balance, if he maintains himself with dexterity in spite of the oscillations of the royal rope, if (to abandon the comparison, which is perhaps too harsh) Bernadotte, King of Sweden, ends by dying quietly at Stockholm, and succeeds in resting in the grave of kings, in mingling at last his plebeian ashes with those of royalty, one must fain grant that he was the cleverest and shrewdest of all his royal colleagues, even those of longer standing than himself. He will have justified the old prediction of Sieyès, who, maintaining that Bernadotte's patriotism was naught but a means to ambition, ever proclaimed him to be *feez e cortez* ("false and courteous"), according to the local proverb, false and mendacious like his compatriot Henry IV. (which was already classing him rather high as a liar); at all events, the father will have succeeded in his ambitious designs. I recommend to his son, in case he is desirous of maintaining this success, to carefully study the cleverness of the political manœuvring the example of which has been set him, and to begin by not forgetting his paternal and maternal origin, which is so far not altogether that of Odin or of Gustavus.

After the tempest-tossed life which I have unfolded to my fellow-citizens, they will not find it strange that I should aspire to the rest generally looked upon as the aim of all men, and which it is so difficult for us to secure. "It is time

for us to look after our garden," says, at the close of his story, the hero of a novel, which the common herd looks upon as merely an amusing and light book, for the very reason that it is both piquant and profound. And I too say with *Candide:* "Let us cultivate our flower-beds." I have no other desire, and shall have no other occupation in my retreat at Chaillot.

But is it given to a man most determined to sever his connection with politics, when he has had the misfortune of having grappled with them, to fully realise this desire? Do the struggles we have entered upon ever cease? They follow us to the grave, and pursue us even beyond. I am fated to receive many more wounds, and to suffer many an assault in the bosom of my retreat. First and foremost among the assailants who will rush at me are once more the men who style themselves liberals, who boldly make people believe that they are defending liberty, and that they love it more than ourselves, because they oppose the Government from motives of interest, and that their opposition is viewed as a struggle on behalf of liberty because it attacks the existing Government. This is not sufficient to make us regret the imperial government, and to go on pursuing its victims by resurrecting old calumnies and inventing fresh ones. I do not think I can better reply to one of the most outrageous sallies issuing from such a source than by producing the document itself:—

EXTRACT FROM THE *NAIN JAUNE* (No. 6).

BOUCHE DE FER.

The first issue of the *Nain jaune réfugié* was handed to the Minister of Police just as His Excellency had caused the arrest of the alleged authors of the *Nain tricolore.* A movement of vexation, which His Excellency could not resist, jerked out of his pocket a note, which was picked up without his noticing it. The signature of this note was almost indecipherable. Nevertheless it was thought to be that of Barras. Whatever may be the real signature of this police note, it read as follows:—"Pursuant to your orders, I have caused to be clandestinely circulated a pamphlet more violent than rational, intituled *Le Nain tricolore.* We shall see what effect it will produce. It is a bone thrown out, a bait, which will make us know who are those who would like to contribute articles to it or procure numbers of it. Perhaps some of the editors of *Le Nain jaune* will swallow the bait; at all events it is a means of frightening them, or of diminishing the effect of their sheet, should it appear."

Having made, as I believe, the best answer to the most outrageous of calumnies by producing the text of the calumny itself, I must narrate, with all the veracity which has characterised these Memoirs, the circumstance which gave rise to such a low intrigue. I have never seen the Minister Decazes, and I have never had any intercourse with him; it is perfectly true that persons who were on a most intimate footing with the Minister of Police were on familiar terms with me, and dined at my table. There was no occasion for me to parade my life or my principles, but I had no reason to conceal them, and I was perhaps displaying good and loyal conduct for me, in the interest even of my tranquillity, to prove that I was not doing or meditating any-

thing hostile to the government to which I owed my return to my home and security in my domicile; such being sincerely my position, why should I have closed my door to persons who might see M. Decazes, even if they were to render to him an account of my mode of living? I could afford to live in a glass house.

It is possible that the persons who were in the habit of seeing M. Decazes may have occasionally mentioned me to him, and may have told me that it interested him to hear what I was doing. It may be that this Minister considered it one of the attributes of his post to become acquainted with what was going on in the house of a man who had been prominent in the Revolution, and whose opinions had remained faithful to liberty, and that he may have boasted of his knowledge before Louis XVIII. Such are the functions and pretensions of Ministers of Police; they must contrive to make themselves interesting, and impress one with the belief that they are necessary. All I learnt about M. Decazes did not make me see in him any higher aim. Courtiers believe that there is nothing too small to be neglected by them, that every little helps in the household, and that oftentimes the assistance of the little is not to be disdained. The fact is that several of these officious individuals, who perpetually interpose themselves between men in power, occasionally conveyed to me the compliments of M. Decazes, and even polite messages from his colleagues, who even condescended to write to me.

Some of them would send word to me, in troublous times, that His Majesty was most gratified at my presence in Paris; that I could remain perfectly easy; that whatever measures might be adopted against men of my stripe, "not a hair of my head should be touched." This is the substance, and even the very words, of one of these individuals. Little did I need reassuring in this regard, for I did not, nor wished to do, anything which should place me in the necessity of suing for protection. But, in view of my old and only too real notoriety, neither my retirement nor my silence could satisfy inquisitive people: it was continually being asked how it was that I was allowed to remain in France, and that I seemingly enjoyed the protection of the Bourbons, when certain members of the National Convention and of the Directorate were in exile at Brussels. A few slyboots pretended to know, so they said, because of the services I had rendered to the Bourbons as my legitimate sovereigns. Hence, were this true, I was merely tolerated in France, and allowed to live in Paris since the Restoration because I had served it beforehand and subsequently, at one time or another.

I have proved that this was not and could not be the case; that, invested with a Republican mandate, I had remained faithful to it, and had never given the Bourbons a thought. All the mystery of my quiet residence in my cottage at Chaillot reduced itself to the fact that, not having signed the Additional Act, nor exercised any functions during the

Hundred Days, I was simply under the protection of the law, which could not see in me a backslider. This is the sole reason of the tranquillity I had secured since the Restoration. I had neither said nor done anything hostile to the Government. Therein lies the whole secret of my residence in Paris.

Be this as it may, it was fated that I should not be left in peace, and that I should not enjoy the leisure of *Candide* and cultivate my flower-beds.

Among the men who so eagerly pried into my affairs there came one who, accustomed to strange transactions, thought to do a good stroke of business by publishing a book of recollections and inventions. In this book Marshal Lefebvre and I were made to play parts unworthy of the positions we had respectively occupied. Lefebvre, who had preserved a feeling of attachment for Napoleon, was extremely sensitive to anything that might lead it to be believed that this feeling had in any way diminished. He would have considered such conduct a military defection, and, gallant man that he was, he could not endure the idea of it. I who, as I have never concealed, had never lost my belief in the Republic, and who still worshipped and respected it, was extremely hurt at anything which cast any doubts on my feelings on this delicate point. Marshal Lefebvre wrote the following letter :—

PARIS, 29*th May* 1819.

SIR,

I have just read in a work entitled *Souvenirs, etc.*, particulars relating to Napoleon which the author claims to have

obtained from me; these particulars are unworthy of my past life and of my character; in short, they are at variance with truth. The perusal of this work has made me feel an indignation which men of honour, whatever their opinion, will appreciate. I beg you, in the name of this self-same honour, to insert in your newspaper the disavowal which I quickly asked of the author.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

Marshal Duc de DANTZICK.

The Marshal's letter was accompanied by the subjoined document, which was inserted in the newspapers:—

PARIS, *May* 1819.

I, the undersigned, declare that in a work entitled *Souvenirs, ou Recueil de Faits particuliers et d'Anecdotes pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution*, it is by mistake that I have stated that I heard from the lips of Marshal Duc de Dantzick the words and facts recalled in Article 2 of this work, beginning with page fourth and ending with page fourteenth, inclusively.

The present declaration is therefore to be considered as a disavowal of what these pages contain.

LOMBARD of Langres.

I wrote in turn:—

SIR,

I join in the declaration of Marshal Duc de Dantzick, for the purpose of affirming that the facts and utterances related in the work intituled *Souvenirs, etc.*, and with which it has been sought to connect my name, constitute *a pure invention*, since I have received from the author *a disavowal similar to the one you have already inserted.* I consider myself dispensed from entering into further details for the time being; I intend shortly to give my reasons for denying formally all that has so far been printed about me.

I have the honour, etc.,

General P. BARRAS.

The author of the work of which Marshal Lefebvre and myself had cause to complain, had not drawn his romance wholly from his imagination: he had unfortunately derived some of his information from Fauche-Borel and a few other individuals whose veracity was on a par with the latter's. These individuals were actively engaged in creating a posthumous royalism, and in exhuming the one which they pretended to have professed and practised through all the perils of the Revolution, in the interest of the good cause which had ultimately prevailed. M. Lombard of Langres, when expressing to me his most sincere regrets for the error he had committed, and for which he had made public reparation, assured me that he was most desirous of convincing me that no ignoble sentiment had inspired him in the publication of his work, and that he had believed it would redound to my honour and interest; he even went so far as to add, with what was perhaps rash ingenuousness, that his aim had been to simultaneously "transmit my name and his own to posterity." This was no doubt most generous on the part of the author, and most flattering to myself, but we could not look at matters from his standpoint. The letters of this curious and grotesque individual reveal a candour of baseness and vanity which render them worthy of being laid before the reader.[1]

[1] The originals of these two letters are inserted in the original manuscript of Barras.—G. D.

26th May 1819.

I shall now reply to your letter of yesterday morning; I have not been able to do so earlier. In order to make myself understood, certain particulars are necessary: they follow.

Previous to knowing you I cared little for your reputation. No sooner did you welcome me than I conceived a twofold project: that of discharging a debt of gratitude, and of repairing a wrong of whose perpetration by me you were in ignorance.

It is I who am the author of the *Histoire du* 18 *Brumaire*, erroneously attributed to Rœderer, wherein I did not speak of you as I should since I have become acquainted with you. The more friendliness you showed me, the more biting my regret, and the more was I desirous of repairing the wrong I had done; to this regret is due the strong attachment I bear you, one which will end with my life only.

I therefore conceived the project of placing you before the public such as you are and such as I found you. Daily did I receive pitiable screeds, wherein hatred, falsehood, and silliness attempted to distort your character. Indignant at all these platitudes, I conceived, with a satisfaction words cannot express, the idea of coupling my fate with yours, and yours with mine; in short, I wished to avenge you, and, if possible, pass with you to *posterity*.

This word posterity may doubtless seem presumptuous to you; so it is, undoubtedly; but, if I have always spurned literary vainglory, if when one of my works was of no account I was the first to proclaim it, now that I can write and that I feel my strength, I know full well the fate in store for my piquant and original work, written with purity, vigour, and simplicity, and I pay no heed to the yelping of partisans, of *professionals*, of envious men and fools.

In order to attain my object, that of placing you before the public as I found you, I was desirous of attributing to you:

An ardent imagination tempered by kind-heartedness;

A profound courage, but free from braggadocio;

A love of your country, to which you had sacrificed the prerogatives of high birth;

A hatred of the revolutionary brigands whom you felled to the

ground on the 9th Thermidor (a hatred which I have justly attributed to you, and which cowards and the enemies of your glory have sought to impute to me as a crime in your eyes).

I have also shown you sincerely mourning over dying liberty, and revealed your efforts for maintaining it;

Likewise your desire to welcome a Bourbon rather than a foreigner, since it was unavoidable that royalty should, owing to our excesses, rise again from its ashes.

Lastly, I have attributed to you a respect free from bigotry for a virtuous pontiff.

This is what I wished to do and what I have done without any effort, without high-flown sentences, without flattery, just letting words drop gently from my pen. This is what every impartial man endowed with tact will see, and what you yourself would have perceived, general, if, as I begged you, you had read the work in its entirety, previous to judging it from scraps and listening to the opinions of others.

Now that one article has been censured, all the others will be; this is the accepted rule. And yet—shall I confess it to you?—I do not repent of what I have done; but what I cannot console myself for, is to have caused you pain to the point of it affecting your health; I cannot forgive myself for this, and could you but know how I have suffered and what I still suffer from it, you would perhaps pity me.

My great offence in your eyes—and I consider it one since I have hurt your feelings—consists in having spoken of you at a time when you wish to be forgotten. General, things are not as you think, and will not go so far as you may believe. Barras is not a man of the common kind; it is not the triumph of the *ultras* which constitutes a danger for him; it is the triumph of the Jacobins, who have long since resolved upon his death in their innermost hearts; they would like to make him serve their purpose even to-day, and strangle him to-morrow; but the Jacobins will never triumph.

You inform me—and this is the point—that you are going to disavow the work. Should you do so, I think you will not attain the end you desire; that you will regret this disavowal a few days after having made it; lastly, that in a month's time, if you read the work once more, it will appear to you in a more

favourable light, and you will judge more kindly the writer who has sought to identify himself therein with yourself.

Still, if you cause such a disavowal to be printed in your own name, gratitude, respect, and attachment will seal my lips; but should any one else make such a disavowal in terms that are improper, since Monsieur Barras cannot possibly wish to degrade me, he will, I venture to hope, permit me to reply to a stranger.

Farewell, sir; I have had the honour of your acquaintance for six years past. I am far from being happy: hence I had looked upon my being noticed by you as a piece of good luck. A man still makes acquaintances at our time of life, but not friends, and I shall not console myself of the loss I shall feel at no longer being numbered among yours.

LOMBARD, of Langres.

Wednesday, 26th May 1819; 1.30 o'clock.

Pardon me, sir, if I once more disturb you, but a matter is at stake which concerns you alone, and which I do not consider I can entrust to any intermediary.

Morgand, whom I have seen but seldom for some time past, has just left me, having merely called to tell me:

That he had just left the house of M. de Corbières; that, in consequence of a conversation about proscribed persons, a much-discussed subject these few days, your name had been mentioned; that, Morgand having remarked that he knew you intimately, M. de Corbières had said to him, in the presence of several others, these very words: "Since you know M. Barras very well, tell him on our behalf, and in the name of our mutual friends, who will certainly not disavow us, that when the matter came up some time ago of drawing up lists of the men who were to be banished, the name of Barras was, like those of other voters, submitted to the general discussion, but all exclaimed that Barras was a man apart; that, seeing the Republic perish, he had tried to negotiate with a Bourbon; that for this reason he was sacred to them. Tell M. Barras—I again authorise you to do so on my behalf—that every stone of his house, every hair of his head is sacred to us, and that his tranquillity is as dear to us as our own."

There is a singular connection between this and what I had

the honour of writing to you a couple of hours ago; I assure you that when my letter left I had not seen Morgand, who has just called on me and asked me to transmit this to you post-haste.

LOMBARD, of Langres.

Without seeking otherwise to examine all the allegations besetting me, I thought it right to give provisionally a categorical explanation of the truth of my position and conduct, pending the developments of my Memoirs, so I sent to all the newspapers the subjoined document[1]:—

PARIS, *20th June* 1819.

GENERAL BARRAS

TO HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS.

There has just appeared, under the title of *Souvenirs et Anecdotes secrètes*, a work against which I am compelled to publicly protest. Its author has, in his legal capacity, been entrusted by me with some of my private interests; I have never given him any historical mission.

It is true that for a period of twenty-five years I have been the victim of a persecution which is without a parallel. This persecution, begun on the 18th Brumaire, continued without interruption to the 30th of March 1814, and, including that very day, it was being continued with redoubled fury; but the time has not yet come for me to write about facts, the truth of which I, and I alone, have unfortunately acquired the right of revealing. Long before the events which brought about the downfall of the imperial government, the successive acts of the reign of Bonaparte had demonstrated which of us two wished to seize upon the political power of his country; which of us sought to derive advantage therefrom for his personal elevation; lastly, which of

[1] This printed document is inserted in the manuscript of the Memoirs of Barras.—G. D.

us wished for liberty or the oppression of his country. The judgment of the public conscience had satisfied my own and supported me in adversity.

My position, doubtless susceptible of lofty explanations, has several times set in motion I know not what sordid passions, which have seen fit to credit me with opinions and conceptions emanating from them alone. The need I felt of breathing freely after so worried an existence has perhaps made me disdain to too great an extent replying to certain calumnies. It is time to break even the silence of contempt.

The declaration of the truth is the primary homage due to a constitutional government.

In the thick of the proscription exercised against me by Bonaparte, some there are who have said that I was secretly receiving a private salary and even benefits. Others there are who have said then and since that previous to the 18th Brumaire I had participated in plots undertaken against the form of government the safeguarding of which had been entrusted to us by the nation. Who is there who can have believed that a Frenchman raised to the highest magistracy in the gift of his country, would forget the most sacred of duties—fidelity? Is not the man of honour who spurns such an idea sure of winning the esteem of the very persons whose purpose infidelity would have served? I formally assert that all that has been said and written on this score has absolutely no foundation. A proposition which came from foreign parts was, in days gone by, brought to one of the members of the Directorate; there and then was the whole Directorate made acquainted with it. Should the unanimous testimony of all my former colleagues still surviving not be sufficient in regard to this historical fact, the archives of the Directorate, as well as those of the Ministers, would prove that every step that may have been taken in consequence of this proposition was taken only pursuant to special deliberations of the Directorate recorded in its secret minute-books, which deliberations were given effect to by the Ministers of the time, especially those of Foreign Affairs and Police.

I declare that not only did I not receive any salary from Bonaparte, but that he has even refused the reimbursement of advances made from my personal funds and of my own volition

to the Ministry of War in the Year VII., to meet the needs of our armies on a most urgent occasion.

I declare that I have subsequently never received from any one any kind of salary, not even half-pay. I have been indebted to the imperial government for an unceasing persecution; I owe the constitutional government the repose of my private life, henceforth sheltered by the laws, like that of all citizens respecting the social order. Such are my existence, my ambition, and my desires.

Having said this much, I consider myself dispensed from making here special declarations in favour of several commendable citizens and generals, of whom the author of the alleged *Souvenirs* has spoken very lightly. The gallant soldiers who have shed glory on France need no special defence; they were made acquainted with my undying feelings on the day I returned to private life. Nor do those of my colleagues of the Directorate and of the legislatures who have sincerely loved their Fatherland and generously served it, require any defence. In spite of all the misunderstandings inherent to revolutions, everything entitled to esteem will ever be the object of our affection.

The day may perhaps come, if my health shattered by so many vicissitudes leaves me the necessary strength (and this day need not be deferred under a government which allows history to be written), when I shall endeavour to render unto my fellow-citizens the moral accounting due them at the hands of those who have had charge of the affairs of the State in most difficult times; but, pending the publication of my Memoirs, I have considered it my duty not to delay recording a complete disavowal in order to establish a most important truth. Contemporaries who have felt the effects of our acts, are entitled to investigate them at once, and to forestall history, which will reveal the faults of all. I am far from pretending to give myself my due, but I am not displaying any impatience when seeking to re-establish my character at this juncture, when it is defamed by outrageous suppositions.

General P. BARRAS.

My letter was inserted, not only in all the newspapers, but in the *Moniteur* itself. I was indebted

for the last-named insertion to the personal courtesy of the editor-in-chief, who is generally speaking most obliging and disposed to do everything which, while doing a favour to individual persons, may at the same time suit the government whose official mouthpiece he is and cannot but be. At the same time M. Sauvo would not, by reason of his character and position, have risked an insertion which would have given too much offence. At any rate, my letter appeared in its entirety, and a man bearing a character for revolutionary steadfastness told me at the time, and repeated to my friends, that "he himself, the general-in-chief of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, would not have ventured to have so boldly proclaimed his position as a *conventionnel;* that it was an actual master-stroke for me to have dared to maintain this position to the face of the restored dynasty, and to have formally denied the fact and possibility of having ever served it."

Shall I add to this a circumstance which caused me still greater surprise—to wit, that a Minister of Louis XVIII. told me that "it was with no feeling of displeasure that the king had seen my letter in print; that he believed each one should always act up to his part and character"?

It was natural and might be quite true that, in consequence of my substantial and constant opposition to Bonaparte, Louis XVIII. should give me credit for this sentiment common to his own position, and that he should grant absolution to my republicanism, in consideration of our antipathy to Napoleon. Shall

I add that *Monsieur* (the Comte d'Artois), speaking so that all could hear him in the Pavillon Marsan, had remarked, after perusing my letter, that "one could not but render justice to the character of a citizen who had acted frankly, even although opposed to our interests"?

These words of Louis XVIII. and of H.R.H. *Monsieur*, Comte d'Artois, reached me from several quarters, and hence I was entitled to believe in their having been uttered; they are the only moral or any other communications I have had with the dynasty of the Bourbons. I am not altering my sentiments or opinions a jot when I state that I was touched thereat. Testimonials of esteem given by our adversaries, especially in such a connection, are still of some value; they can be claimed by a man who has a conscience which is content with an expression of esteem.

But, although Court and town united for once, so to speak, to do justice to the sentiment and turn of my letter, which was considered a thorough refutation of all the calumnies with which I had been overwhelmed, I could not expect the slightest sign of equity from the personages whose interests bound them up too closely with Bonaparte for them not to dread committing an act of infidelity to the hatred he had borne me; they would have considered themselves committing an act of treason, for those who showed so little timidity in betraying the Republic have since, as it is seen, acquired scruples of the most delicate kind. These

men, whom even evidence can never disarm, have therefore said that the action of Barras when notifying the Directorate was probably nothing more than a crafty precaution to which he had had recourse in order to shelter himself against all hazards, and to derive, without incurring any danger, profit from success; but how can such calculation be admitted, since it would immediately be upset under all circumstances, whether the Directorate put its hand on the conspirators or dispersed them; whether it seized on the money offered or, as actually happened, the money never reached its destination, and was lost, just as the whole affair came to nought owing to its being discovered? This refusal to admit evidence was certainly pushed to its utmost limits, but how could Bonaparte's hired assassins consent to give up a calumny proclaimed and bequeathed to them by their master?

If on the one hand the Imperialist Bonapartists persisted in their system of iniquity and calumny against me, it will be seen that on the other they were admirably seconded by the most rabid members of the alleged Royalist party, and the connection between and the homogeneity of both these parties, equally partisans of despotism, will be fully revealed. A newspaper which succeeded the *Censeur* of 1814, under the editorship of MM. Comte and Dunoyer, the *Censeur Quotidien*, had gone a little too far and too imprudently against me, by repeating the usual gossip about my alleged connivance with the Bourbons. I protested. The *Censeur* did not see

fit to make a full and honest retractation. Men oftentimes recoil from the duties imposed by justice from a dread of giving themselves the lie. This would have been the *Censeur's* position had it inserted my reply in its entirety; however, it thought it could not dispense with publishing a portion of it. Alone did the *Drapeau Blanc*, whose guiding spirit is well known, take good care to let the public remain in ignorance of my letter; while suppressing it, it indulged in regard to the absent document in the following remarks, solemnly placed on the front page of its issue:—

EXTRACT FROM THE *DRAPEAU BLANC* OF THE 27TH OF JUNE 1819.

A man whom fear had made dumb under the reign of Bonaparte, and whose silence, since the return of the king, it pleased people to put down to gratitude and repentance, has just, for the first time in twenty years, once more revealed to us his so generously forgotten existence; he does not fear, under the reign of Louis XVIII., to make heard the sinister voice which mingled with the noise of the discharges of grape-shot at Toulon—the voice which proclaimed as a victory the slaughter of the 13th Vendémiaire, and as a triumph the proscriptions of Fructidor; the voice which uttered the regicide vote of the 21st of January, and which, as a climax to this awful deed, proposed the celebration of the anniversary of this crime by a *fête* the idea of which hell itself could not have conceived, a *fête* of cannibals, at which, in 1794, the sound majority of the never-to-be-forgotten National Convention caused two men to be guillotined under its very eyes, on the very *place* where the year before it had shed the blood of Louis XVI.! But this veteran wishes perhaps to wipe out, with his publicly shed tears, the spots of blood with which he is covered; on the point of going into the grave swathed in the shroud of amnesty, and having no other punishment to dread in

this world except that of his conscience, he now, imbued with gratitude and regrets, deposits on the grave of Louis XVI., at the foot of the throne of Louis XVIII., a few revelations which bring honour to his heart. Perhaps he will attempt to set off against his too striking crimes the sincere efforts of a secret fidelity; this incorrigible man, like all those who shed the blood of the just crowned one, comes and adds to the awful impression produced by his early conduct. On the strength of a few signs to which honourable people are ever ready to give a welcome, loyal Frenchmen had credited this nobleman, the executioner of his prince, with certain dispositions favourable to the return of the Bourbons while a member of the Directorate. But this mere surmise of a tardy fidelity has lain heavily on his heart, just as remorse for a crime would weigh heavily on the heart of an honest man. He can no longer stand it: he must speak, and repel as an insult the good opinion which vaguely hovered over his conduct. He contents himself so far with a simple disavowal, but he promises us a big book wherein he will set forth the proofs of his constant fidelity to the French Republic, and to the execution of the sanguinary laws which, after having smitten the royal family in the person of its head, condemned its members to perpetual exile and to death itself, should they of their own volition or by chance return to France. It is not impossible that, imitating in this the citizen general Count Carnot, his worthy colleague will carry audacity to the point of dedicating his work to the king; in such a case, such is the effect of the fatal aberrations with which a policy which, to say the least, is absurd, has for three years past worn out public opinion, that this monstrous impropriety would be passed over without comment—an impropriety the first specimen of which aroused the indignation of men's minds in 1814. The Ministers had not yet, in those days, conceived an ordinance for absolving from the crime of fidelity the loyal Frenchmen who forsook Bonaparte to follow the king in his exile.

It is true that the writer of the article just perused was a man to whom I had perhaps been of service in times troublous for himself and his folks, and it

will readily be conceived that gratitude weighed so heavily on him that he wished to get rid of it by making a furious onslaught on me. Such were the men who were more Royalist than King Louis XVIII., and more Royalist than even *Monsieur*, Comte d'Artois. And yet this prince had given a few proofs of Royalism before the 14th of July 1789, and on the very next day.

But I have once more neglected my flower-beds; let us, like *Candide*, return to them, and continue rendering the moral accounting which we have outlined; although there is at Chaillot hardly more than the private individual truly living in retirement in his cot, there may still happen round me certain things to which a man completely out of public affairs would not be subject.

In the course of my exile and persecution subsequent to the 18th Brumaire, I had been shown a tender care by one of my relatives who bore my mother's maiden name. This relative is the cousin I have already mentioned at the beginning of these Memoirs; she it was whose acquaintance I had made at Nice, without having seen her, when finding and seizing the papers she had left behind her when, fleeing our country, a prey to the flames of both a civil and a foreign war, she had emigrated, taking her grandparents, her husband, and her children, five charming young girls outvying one another in amiability. Mme. de Montpezat, who had returned to Paris with me following upon the Restoration, had spent her declining years under my roof, in our

philosophic retreat. I have just lost this excellent friend. A sentiment of duty as well as my grief unites in gathering a few flowers to place on a sacred grave. I did not believe this grave would yawn before mine. It is a consolation to me to retrace an image happily presented in an obituary notice of the time.

One of the women of our time most distinguished both by her moral qualities and the charms of her mind, the Marquise de Montpezat, has just passed away at Chaillot after a painful illness. Mme. de Montpezat has not attached her name to any works, but she understood Tacitus and Horace, and knew Montesquieu well; she devoted more attention to doing good than to writing, and to practising rather than to teaching virtues. A few traits may give an idea of this feeling and generous soul, one such as are met with under the skies of Provence. Mme. de Montpezat had a friend; she experienced the grief of losing him; several years after the death of that friend, she still continued writing to him as to a living creature. "There are dead," she would remark, "who understand us better than many who believe they are living." The events of the Revolution, which forced Mme. de Montpezat to leave France, interrupted this interesting correspondence, which was found by a relative of Mme. de Montpezat; he had never seen her; he knew the soul before knowing the person; and the acquaintance thus begun ripened into a friendship which lasted to the end. (This relative who was her great friend is he in whose house she has just died.) A single trait will depict the simple and charming humanity of Mme. de Montpezat. She was arrested at the time of the Georges (Cadoudal) and Pichegru affair, for having received important letters and concealed individuals sought for by the police. Hearing some poor people beg alms under the windows of her prison, Mme. de Montpezat wished to send them some money, when she found she had none left; thereupon she threw to them through the prison bars nearly the whole of her garments, remarking: "The poor wretches stand in greater need of clothing than we do; our only need is liberty."

Brought up as a monarchist, Mme. de Montpezat showed on several occasions a special devotion to the dynasty for so long proscribed. On the return of the Bourbon family, Mme. de Montpezat never sought to put forward what she had done for the purpose of securing personal favours. Delicacy cannot conceive a person recalling services rendered, much less exploiting imaginary ones. We do not fear that we are giving too great an idea of the political character of the woman; we venture to say that Mme. de Montpezat had constitutional feelings and opinions; it is showing a sincere attachment to princes to desire the establishment of the legal order, which constitutes the security of thrones, and still more so perhaps that of their occupants.

Mme. de Montpezat was born at Avignon.

The Abbé de Choisy, on reaching the age of sixty, always seemed sad and melancholy in society; on attempts being made to enliven him, and on his being asked the reason of his sadness, he replied: "It is because I know what things really are." I am entitled to give the same answer after all I have been through. My cot, deprived of the interesting friend I have just lost, is now happily occupied by the best friend of all, my wife, whom I married in Provence some forty years ago. She had hardly lived with me, especially since the Revolution. She remained in our province, her heart with royalty, just as her husband's was with the Republic. It was not, however, political reasons which had so long kept us apart. My wife heard I was ailing; she quickly came to him who has always loved and esteemed her, even when passions and public affairs put so wide a distance between us. Many of my friends did not know I was married. My wife, coming from Provence and living under my roof,

has been an apparition and like unto an event. I introduce her to my friends as a bride of yesterday, and all those who make the acquaintance of this woman, distinguished both in heart and character, regret not having made it earlier.

My means still permit me to receive a few friends in suitable although in simple fashion, and to offer a dinner sometimes passable. Among those who occasionally visit me in my retreat, it pleases me to mention Admiral Sidney Smith, who has the brains and heart of a man, who is truly attached to liberty, and with whom I am for that reason linked in bonds of friendship. The reason alleged that it is because I participated in his escape from the Temple, is false. I had in no wise connived at the escape of Admiral Sidney Smith, but I had considered unjust the rigours to which he was subjected and the tortuous application sought to be given to the law by that Merlin, who, ignorant of the law of nations, persisted in seeing in him a prisoner of war. This is why I rejoiced over Smith's escape.

General Guilleminot, who has since made such strides as a soldier and diplomat, was introduced to me by his brother-in-law, General Fernig. He is kind enough to show some attention to the hermit of Chaillot, and I have ever found in General Guilleminot the sentiments of a true Frenchman; he doubtless displays much reserve in his relations, but this reserve is perhaps less inherent to his character than to his position and to his future prospects. The career which has last been opened

to him was long retarded by political injustice in high quarters. Guilleminot had been loyally attached to General Moreau, who appreciated him, while he entertained towards his general-in-chief feelings which were not repudiated in the days of the latter's evil fortune. Bonaparte should have esteemed Guilleminot all the more; he had him arrested, and for a long time denied him all promotion. Guilleminot's actual and superior merit has at last made its way, and what I was just calling his future career is to-day an honourable present which enables him to aspire to everything. Guilleminot is endowed with a genuine good-nature, but at the same time with a real adroitness — that which is given by the management of public affairs, and the contact with men by which a knowledge is acquired of them.

Among the personages who appear to visit me with some degree of pleasure, but who perhaps do not boast as much of this pleasure in society as they express it in complimentary fashion when addressing me personally, the Abbé de Pradt, the former Archbishop of Mechlin, is pointed out to me as one of those who saw me in those, so to speak, "happy days." I have never asked of the persons who have been friendly enough to visit me that their affection should go the length of their disturbing themselves for me. Possessed of a loving heart so often deceived, I would willingly have resigned myself to negative friendship, which is not the worst, according to Chamfort, who was wont to remark

that we can look for three kinds of friends in this world—those who speak ill of us; those who do us harm; and lastly, those who do us neither injury nor good.

Desirous as I am of sincerely fulfilling the engagement I have taken of presenting my Memoirs, I must give my serious attention to editing them, and devote thereto what leisure remains to me. I hardly receive any one except at my dinner hour. This is my hour for recreation—a recreation which redounds to the advantage of my historical narrative, which is stimulated by conversations on contemporary occurrences. Important recollections are recalled and a new light dawns upon them: some of my ideas about both persons and things are rectified. I am not stubborn enough to believe that I never committed mistakes; my only care is to speak in defence of my intentions. I venture to proclaim that I never entertained any whose object was not the serving of my country and the establishment of its liberty. Under the circumstances, my conscience allows me to take a certain pride in myself, in spite of all the faults of which I have accused myself. The reflection I am making in regard to so many changes in my ideas, inspires me with great indulgence towards men who can present the same justification as I do—that of having sought and striven to do good when it lay in our power to do harm. The only ones towards whom I can perhaps show no indulgence are traitors, *i.e.* willing and interested slaves. I know not what

modern writer—Vauvenargues, methinks—has said: "Liberty has perhaps greater cause to complain of slaves than of tyrants." But the distinction is a subtle one, for the characters of these two kinds of individuals are in the main the same; their positions only are different.

Although the persons I see may help to swell the number of my recollections, I am daily curtailing my social circle. But the patriotic curiosity which causes me to feel uneasy and but seldom happy in regard to the fate of my country, causes me to keep myself informed through newspapers and books in regard to what is going on. Sometimes also I yield to the desire expressed to me by a few historical men, who look upon me as a man also belonging to history and one whom they wish to judge, just as I myself seek to penetrate them.

Among the inquisitive people who have done me the honour of visiting me, I must mention first and foremost the Duc de Richelieu. He sought me out in my retreat without any previous heralding or intermediary, having contented himself on the morning of his call with sending his valet to mine, to inquire whether it suited me to receive under my roof, without ceremony, and at what hour, the Duc de Richelieu. I replied that I should expect him in the evening, after dinner. He came the same day.

March 1822.—The Duc de Richelieu and I had never met, but the acquaintance made through our

reciprocal celebrity enabled us to engage in a conversation which quickly became familiar. I was, in the eyes of M. de Richelieu, like the actors in a great drama seen from afar, or merely that which our fabulist has so well set forth in his apologue on the floating sticks. I was, in the eyes of the *émigré* who had been absent from France for twenty years, "the greatest revolutionist of our country"; it must indeed be admitted that, in view of my principles and their concomitant actions, my merit was not being exaggerated. I had been and was really and openly a pretty bold "revolutionist," as these gentlemen understood it. The memories of the siege of Toulon, of the 9th Thermidor, and of the 13th Vendémiaire crowned me with a somewhat imposing aureole. It is the fortune of men who have exercised a great power, that those who have judged them from a distance only cling to the end to the opinion they have formed of them. The common run of our judges in France and Europe resembles in this respect the savages of America who, when fighting against Hernan Cortez, confounded the artillerymen with their guns and the cavalrymen with their horses, believing the latter to be the Centaurs of mythology; hence, in spite of my showing M. de Richelieu, in order to set him at his ease, the courtesy sprung of a society of the same rank as his own, a society whose traditions I had imbibed in the days of my childhood, I could see that, as I sat ill and infirm in my arm-chair, he seemed to look up to me with a kind of deference

Bonjour mon cher
alexandre, je vous adresse
le manuscript et les notes que
j'ai dictées à la hâte, vous les
rectifierés et les redigerés, avant de
vous en servir, vous recevrés aussi
les deux volumes de napoleon
renfermant d'impudens mensonges
et la sensibilité de ses valets
ma jambe est en suppuration, je
lirai les journaux et vous les rendrai
lorsque je jurai le plaisir de vous voir
et je pense a demain; cet vendredi
quinze grande question doit dit en
etre resolue au parlement aussi
salut amical

paris ce mardi au soir

AUTOGRAPHIC NOTE OF BARRAS

TO M. ROUSSELIN DE SAINT-ALBIN

Good morning my dear Alexander, I sent you the manuscript and the notes I have hastily dictated, you will correct them and edit them, before you make use of them, you will also receive the two volumes of Napoleon containing impudent falsehoods and the servility of his valets.

My leg is suppurating, I am finishing the newspapers and shall return them to you when next I have the pleasure of meeting you and I am thinking of to-morrow; it is Friday that an important question is to be settled in the English parliament.

Friendly greeting B

Paris Tuesday evening.

akin to humility. As a consequence of what I have previously stated, his imagination seemed more especially struck, and hence all the more interested, in events which had happened in France during his sojourn in Odessa. Thus he would have liked to explore one by one all the periods I have recalled without denying that I had been identified with them. He began by questioning me in regard to the actors and deeds of the early Revolution, in regard to circumstances, and even minute differences, embracing the while so wide a horizon that I did not see the possibility of satisfying his curiosity to such an extent, as the short time before us did not allow of my giving a history of the whole Revolution. Still, I was far from wishing to avoid a "revolutionary" chat. It would be difficult for one who had been a soldier in the Thirty Years' War, which we have called the Revolution, not to delight in speaking of it and narrating its incidents, and, like the survivor of the battlefield, relating many extraordinary events in which he believes he has played a not unimportant part. But this was not the question uppermost in the mind of M. de Richelieu. It seemed to me that his visit had perhaps another object, and a more present interest than that of a thorough *exposé* of our too lengthy Revolution: I therefore told M. de Richelieu that if he desired any intimate particulars on this period, it would be a genuine pleasure for me to procure for him personally all information about the events in which I might justly claim to have had a share.

M. de Richelieu, thus compelled to postpone the study of this first part of our Revolution, immediately came to the famous personage Bonaparte, who has done so much to create the belief that he was foreign to it, but who was nevertheless nothing but its continuer, for a long time the most fortunate actor in it, and no less a product of it than his predecessor Robespierre. M. de Richelieu would have liked me to tell him briefly where I had known Bonaparte, how I had come across him, and whether there was anything genuine in his military talents, his behaviour towards the Directorate, in Egypt, even on the 18th Brumaire, etc.

I replied to M. de Richelieu that more might be said about this undoubted and evident product of the Revolution, considering the space he had occupied on the stage of the Revolution, than about the Revolution itself; that hence, if he would do me the honour of paying me another visit, I should not long defer answering his questions; and that we would talk of all that in my Chaillot garden, like the impartial shades of the Elysian Fields when they have crossed the Styx.

M. de Richelieu admitted indeed that the subject-matter in regard to Bonaparte was voluminous, and that a few days' delay was necessary for its development; he therefore broached a less complicated subject, and one more easy to discuss than that of Bonaparte, *i.e.* the Prince Royal of Sweden, who had just succeeded in attaining royalty, and thus a former soldier in the Regiment of *Royal-Marine*

had had the ineffable joy of placing a crown upon his brow. "You must," said M. de Richelieu to me, "assuredly have known this individual, who now sits so solemnly upon his throne, while all his brothers in promotion have tumbled down the ladder." "He is, up to the present time, the rope-dancer who has best danced on the rope." "When, in the early days of the Revolution, the rope used to break, the clumsy ones who fell were in danger of being 'strung up.' Nowadays, with our softened manners, one gets off with the fall. There is still time left for M. Bernadotte to do this, in spite of all his prudence, for he is indeed the most adroit and slyest of these times. What is this Bernadotte? What do you think of him, M. de Barras? Pray tell me,—or rather, what was he? I am inclined to believe that he is at present somewhat of a Royalist. Was he one when under the orders of and receiving pay from the Directorate?" "Bernadotte was nothing and everything; he is the creature of circumstances, of which he admirably makes use."

"So I thought," continued M. de Richelieu, "from what I knew of old of his intrigues—his petty intrigues carried on simultaneously with the Emperor Alexander and England. But just at present there is happening to me personally, M. de Barras,—we can talk of this as between men and without ceremony,—I can even venture to say it is nothing to boast of, a somewhat strange thing: it is nothing less than an actual persecution, which assumes the

disguise of a tender feeling, at the hands of Mme. Bernadotte, who is nowadays called, and most willingly lets herself be called, Queen of Sweden. From morning till night this little, or great, lady has, for the past two years, not left me a moment's rest; she does me the honour of dogging my steps; she worms her way into every house I enter, and compromises herself there in the most ignoble manner with both valets and masters, etc. Women have never engrossed my thoughts to any extent, M. de Barras; they generally trouble us little when we do not trouble ourselves about them; moreover, I have not done anything which could give rise to such a persecution on the part of the interesting daughter of the dealer in soap of Marseilles, nowadays Queen of Sweden. Love having always played so small a part in my existence from my earliest youth, I am not going to let it acquire any ascendency over me now by even admitting on my part sympathy or pity for the Queen of Sweden. But it seems to me that in her attentions, which I have no hesitation in calling persecutions, there is something more than sentiment. The manner in which she has placed some of her watchful servants in my ante-chambers and even in my stables is not natural, and is only to be explained by her desire to secure reports of everything that happens to me, and of the part I play in the general politics of Europe. I have so strenuously repelled all the blandishments of the little Queen *Désirée* of Marseilles, that I cannot but believe she would be both

worn out and humiliated were she acting merely of her own volition; but, from what has reached me from various quarters, it seems to me beyond doubt that her alleged love for me is naught but the veil of and pretext for a most important police mission, which she is fulfilling in the interests and on the express recommendation of her august husband. Bernadotte, according to what I have been told, is a very shrewd man, to whom all means are good. He thinks that everything has its use in the household, and that women should be set agoing, even his own wife, when a political interest can be thereby furthered. Mme. Bernadotte, who feigns an enthusiastic sentiment for me, is doubtless a virtuous and good woman, and deeply attached to her husband: His Majesty has doubtless seen fit to give rest to her conjugal love by conferring upon her a confidential mission. She is simply a little Swedish police detective whom her august husband has set upon me, just as formerly under the imperial government in France he made a marvellous use of his wife to further his personal intrigues, while, on their side, the Bonapartes thought Mme. Bernadotte the instrument of their family. Whether she was even then deceiving both interests or merely her husband, the fact remains that Mme. Bernadotte was already displaying no little dexterity—a dexterity insignificant when compared with that revealed in the dual *rôle* she is apparently now playing. She is far from being an absolute nonentity, and this little Bernadotte woman is not as commonplace a

person as she appears. She well deserves the full confidence of her husband in this respect, while he is one who knows well what will serve his purpose."

At the time M. de Richelieu paid me the visit I have recorded, he was younger and in better health than myself. I will not vouch for his being as philosophical and resigned as myself to retirement; he seemed to deeply regret that he had not been allowed to carry to completion several matters which could be transacted happily through his efforts alone. This is the usual way of thinking and speaking of men who have left Ministerial office; but those who have not known how to use to advantage power when they possessed it, do not inspire as much regret as they feel. If it is asked of me whence I get this opinion, I shall not deny that it is derived from personal experience. "Where did you find what you have so accurately unveiled?" was asked of a celebrated preacher; Massillon replied: "By going down into my own heart." "Let us write our Memoirs," I said to the Duc de Richelieu, on taking leave of him; "I am already at work on mine." "That is an easy matter for you, general," replied M. de Richelieu with a sigh; "you are truly in the abode of peace here; it is Elysium itself." I was not mistaken about M. de Richelieu's sigh; it was almost his last; I heard of his death a few days after our interview (March 1822).

June 1824.—Just as I am preparing my Memoirs,

a Monsieur
alexandre St. Albin
ville rue du temple 122 –
a paris

[illegible] le 13 8bre

[illegible] mon cher alexandre
causer avec vos des choses qui m'intéressent
mr. goyer, se permet de gloser sur mon
silence, relativement aux mensonges qui
s'est avisé d'imprimer dans son mémoire, [illegible]
une perfidie sans exemple, qu'un membre
du gouvernement sous les yeux duquel s'est passé
les négociations avec les boulons, tout a
été autorisé par le directeur, [illegible] les registres
en sont [illegible].
je croyais que mr. goyer se retracterait [illegible]
assertions injurieuses, j'avais droit de l'exiger
il l'avait promis, et a marqué a sa parole
en conséquence je vais faire réimprimer ma première
lettre a mes contrôleurs et a la suite ma lettre
a mr. goyer il est indispensable de faire taire
ces [illegible] et des [illegible] calomnies sur mon compte;
si je n'ai pas le plaisir de vous recevoir dimanche
je vous prie que ce soit lundi, je dois consulter votre
[illegible] et je la réclame salut amical p. Barra

m

AUTOGRAPHIC LETTER OF BARRAS

To Monsieur
Alexandre St-Albin
vielle rue du Temple, 122
Paris.

Paris, 13th Otber.

I wish my dear Alexander to talk with you over matters which interest me, Mr. Goyer is permitting himself to carp at my silence in regard to the falsehoods he has seen fit to print in his memoir, it is a treachery without parallel that a member of the government under whose eyes the negotiations with the Bourbons took place, everything was authorised by the directorate, the minute-books show it.

I thought that Mr. Goyer would retract his insulting assertions. I had the right to demand it he had promised it, and has broken his word therefore I am going to have my first letter to my fellow-citizens reprinted and following it my letter to Mr. Goyer it is absolutely necessary to silence these (*illegible*) and these calumniatory articles about me.

If I do not have the pleasure of receiving you on Sunday, I be you let it be Monday, I must consult your friendship and I lay cla to it friendly greeting.

P. BARRAS

by looking over the numerous materials I have succeeded in preserving in spite of the abstractions made in my domicile by the agents of Bonaparte, one of my colleagues, more expeditious although older than myself, has just published his Memoirs in two volumes 8vo. I receive the following letter from Gohier:—

PARIS, *20th June* 1824.

Barras, I send you my Memoirs. When, by your letter of the 20th of June 1819, you invoked the testimony of your former colleagues, I promptly replied to your appeal, and I consider myself fortunate in having been able to refer to Fauche-Borel those who associated you with that wretched conspirator. You will, I doubt not, respond with equal frankness to the appeal I make to you in my turn. The facts about which I ask you for explanations are, indeed, such as you alone can reveal the truth about, and it is important to you that it should be known; for I flatter myself that the revelation which is expected from you, will be productive of no other result than to justify the esteem of a colleague who is as jealous of your honour as of his own.

GOHIER.

My worthy colleague Gohier, deeply stirred by the outrage of the 18th Brumaire, believed that the best refutation of it would be to prove, in the first place, that the deed perpetrated on that day was, to say the least, useless; that France was already saved by her victories abroad; and that the regenerated Directorate could meet all requirements. My worthy friend will certainly not believe that after my so persistent co-operation to the events of the 18th Fructidor, and after being maintained in the government by subsequent ones, I should be desirous of

inveighing against the state of things we had reached, and of which I might be accused as the primary author. In the first place, it seems to me that my participation in all anterior events would in no wise furnish an argument towards proving that, even were preceding events justified, we were then living in the best of worlds. It is precisely because the Directorate had suffered so many unhappy mutilations in its *personnel*, that I considered it weakened and not rejuvenated, *degenerated* and not *regenerated*, as Gohier said. We were no longer the Directorate except nominally and numerically. It no more resembled itself as it was in its early days than the little knife which the child still looks upon as the same after having had its blades and handle renewed several times, resembles itself. We had allowed breaches to be opened in its very bosom, and these breaches had remained open. Hence, when families divided among themselves are unfortunate enough to reveal their dissensions to the public, it is rare that some enemy does not take advantage of the state of affairs; and the most prudent of households is the one which, a prey to some dissension, conceals it from the public gaze, and wherein the wife of Sganarelle says to the stranger: "What business is it of yours? I am willing that my husband should beat me?"

I had received in 1820 my former colleague, who had been brought, or rather brought back, to me by an old and mutual friend, my cousin's husband, who professed the political principles which are never

renounced except by men who have never had any principles. Gohier had at the time informed me of his intention to publish his Memoirs; he had even read to me a few passages from them, in particular those relating to the 18th Brumaire. I had been surprised to find that he clung to the opinion that the Directorate of the Year VII. was the "regenerated" Directorate, and I told him so. While approving and sharing the sentiment of liberty dictating his work, I should have liked him to have rendered fuller justice to what had preceded it. I had remained under the impression that, in the prolonged conversation we had held, we had been at one on this point; what was my surprise, on receiving the book, to find, instead of a rectification upon which I thought we had been agreed, a more explicit development and a redoubled persistence in regard to this altogether personal portion, in connection with which it seemed to me that the author should have had the modesty, if not of disappearing, at least of keeping somewhat in the background. Gohier seemed to me to show as little justice and accuracy in regard to myself as in regard to the *ensemble* of things; speaking of my going into retirement on the 18th Brumaire, he called my resignation a "defection." This word wounded me deeply. When comparing my life of exile and the persecutions I had endured for fifteen years, my persistent refusal of any position and all *rapprochement* with France's tyrant, with the behaviour of so many under less trying circumstances, I confess

that the comparison and introspection filled me with no little pride, and that my irritation at the injustice I thought done me by Gohier added to my emotion. It was in this state of mind that I wrote to Gohier, too strongly perhaps, and returned to him the copy he had sent me of his Memoirs; I hope that this good sort of man and excellent citizen has not preserved any painful recollection of this incident. It would afford the enemies of liberty too great a pleasure to be able to say that two survivors of the highest authority of the Republic had disagreed in regard to matters with which they were best acquainted, and which were altogether personal to them; let them therefore learn that a moment's explanation, at most a discussion, sufficed to make us understand each other. Let the reader look at the very narrative, drawn up from my point of view, of the 18th Brumaire. Men united by bonds of esteem cannot be divided on the capital points which have affected the destiny of their country: it is therefore a pleasure for me to record the expression of my sincere sentiments of esteem for my old comrade. I am persuaded that he of us who will first depart this life, will leave in the survivor a faithful defender against our common enemies, who are no others than those of liberty.

On the two important occasions on which I have mentioned Lafayette, I have plainly made known my opinion about this eminent personage, already commendable because of his patriotic services in days gone by, and who has become still more so by

his civic steadfastness and his renunciation of all personal ambition. I have had no hesitation in confessing that I had at certain times in the Revolution shared the passionate opinion of a few pronounced Republicans against Lafayette. We have been compelled to bestow our full esteem upon him, when witnessing the noble persistence of his principles; it has proved that his mistakes—and who does not commit them in the course of a revolution? —were inherent in his fidelity to principles, which no circumstance had ever caused him to violate. I was ailing when Lafayette called on me, and so was unable to enjoy a conversation with him. I here express my sincere regrets to him for it, and if I have been compelled, in several passages of my Memoirs, to justly castigate the vile renegades of the Republic, it is the first and last desire of my heart to place on record the sentiments of esteem and deep affection I shall never cease to entertain towards the genuine friends of liberty.

1827.—Among the persons worthy of esteem who have done me the honour of visiting me in my cot, I would fain believe that the Duc de Choiseul was not one of those guided thither by a mere impulse of curiosity, much less of malignity towards a relic of the Revolution. M. de Choiseul displayed the sincerest cordiality on the occasion of his visit, and spoke words of esteem and even of gratitude to me. I may lay claim to some share of this double sentiment. I was certainly one of the members of the Directorate who

upheld most strongly the opinion that not only was the law on the *émigrés* not applicable to the persons shipwrecked off Calais, but that, far from being liable to any penalty, they were entitled to their liberty. I should tell how often I had crossed swords with that Merlin de Douai, were there not already so many existing proofs against this Tristan, who lacked only a Louis XI.; hence it becomes unnecessary to add thereto. M. de Choiseul has, moreover, on a most grave occasion, shown the kind of revenge his noble heart had recourse to. The son of his persecutor Merlin (the general of brigade Eugène Merlin) finding himself compromised in a case referred to the Chamber of Peers, M. de Choiseul behaved as generously as he had previously done in the case of Marshal Ney.

In the days when M. de Choiseul was in prison and between life and death, I had frequently been called upon by his worthy aunt, and, not strong enough in my fifth of the executive power to secure the justice she claimed on behalf of her nephew, I had at least done all I possibly could, advising her to adopt the course so suitable in revolutionary times—that of "gaining time." The advice had borne good fruit; she had repeatedly written to me to express her gratitude, and her nephew considered it his duty to follow in her steps. M. de Choiseul has been kind enough to show me some confidence, and it is with pleasure that I here place on record that he is one of the men who has seemed

to me to be endowed, together with the shrewdness and habits inherent in the Court of old days, with open-heartedness and sincere patriotism.

I do not think that I can ascribe a similar sincerity to another duke of recent creation, the Duc de Rivière, who expressed a desire to meet me in those days (1827). His visit seemed due to a desire to further some private interest, for he spoke to me at once in the name of H.M. Charles X., assuring me that the latter, following in the steps of the late Louis XVIII., his brother, was desirous of showing me all the deference due to my revolutionary experience. The period at which M. de Richelieu paid me his first visit one evening was that when, without being tired of the Ministry with which they had tired the nation for already too long a time, the Villèles and the Corbières, stigmatised by the national reprobation, were the first to recognise that they could no longer remain in office.

M. de Rivière began by calling to his aid a most grave and hackneyed formula: "We found ourselves in troublous times; we were nearing a crisis; we were on a volcano."

I replied to M. de Rivière that "it was entirely in the Government's hands whether it stood on the firm soil of France or on the seething lava of the kingdom of Naples; that, as a matter of fact, a government created its own Vesuvius at will and deliberately when not respecting the legally established order of things, and when giving alarm to all legitimate interests; that if the present Government

was under the impression that such was not its line of action, it was nevertheless pursuing such conduct, and had reached its present state through the *ensemble* of the measures taken by it. I am aware," I said to M. de Rivière, "of all the trouble likely to be caused to the king by twenty thousand Vendean *émigrés* and Chouans, and two hundred thousand hungry rascals who are not even *émigrés* and Chouans but simply vultures accustomed to live off the Budget, under the several uniforms of priests, courtiers, and soldiers. This is not a reason for delivering up to them the kingdom of France, to let them devour the substance and suck the blood and sweat of the people; it is all these wretches who, in order to justify their guilty and idle conduct, would like, after having hurled Louis XVI. into the abyss, to similarly hurl his dynasty into it."

"No need for you to speak to me of these wretched scoundrels," replied M. de Rivière, "for who knows them better than myself? I have seen them at work for so long and at such short range; they are for ever begging and professing and practising the principle that one should always complain; but, general, you have just pronounced a very harsh word when using the word 'abyss.' We have already returned from so far; over fifty feet of soil have been shovelled over our heads; and from the depth of our grave we have been able to hear: '*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine: Domine, exaudi vocem meam.*' Personally I have no desire to again begin a part of such depth."

"I wish just as much as you do, Monsieur le Duc, that this should not happen, and that, after having suffered a melancholy and first period of the history of England, after having impatiently pawed the ground and floundered in the second, we should not spring to the third. Charles I.! Cromwell! Charles II. and James II.! What an awful series! There is severe and palpitating history for you! I do not read much poetry, but when it expresses ideas analogous to the circumstances pressing on us, I cannot help giving heed to it; just read, Monsieur le Duc, the terrible passage I came across a short while ago; it is from the pen of one of our best poets, M. Lebrun, known as the modern Pindar. Read this strophe of his ode on the events of the 10th of August." The Duc de Rivière, taking the book from my mantelpiece, read aloud the subjoined strophe, which I pointed out to him:

Quelle est cette ombre épouvantée,
Louis, qui frappe ton regard?
Malheureux, reconnais Stuard
A sa couronne ensanglantée! . . .
Hélas! trop égaux en revers,
Victimes de conseils pervers,
La faiblesse fut votre crime;
Vois-tu l'appareil menaçant . . .!
Viens, viens, dit-il; et dans l'abîme
Stuard le plonge en l'embrassant.

M. de Rivière read the inexorable strophe excellently, in a very loud tone, and with far more expression than I should have dared to use myself; but on his reaching the end, his voice, which had

not grown weaker, seemed sorrowful and tearful; sobs soon followed, and he averted his face as if to conceal them from me; then he faced me again, saying: "I am ashamed of my emotion, and yet there is no occasion for me to blush at it in the presence of as honest a man as yourself." With his handkerchief he dried and covered his eyes, and alternately pressing my hand, continued: "You see how frankly I reveal myself to you. I ask you to show me a reciprocal confidence; I truly deserve it on the grounds of the deep esteem I have so long felt for your character; I am anxious to add thereto attachment and gratitude, if you will but be good enough to tell me the truth; tell me the whole truth, I entreat you, about men and things; we are all interested in knowing it; the king wishes to know it; speak to me as if you were speaking to him in person."

"Since you demand it, Monsieur le Duc, I shall reply to you in the fulness of my conscience to-day in 1827, as I replied in 1815, a few days before the return from Elba, to another personage, who unfortunately enjoyed to too great an extent the confidence of Louis XVIII.; he made a liberal use of it to acquire an immense and monstrous fortune, but he has shown little candour in all other matters. After so designating him, I need not mention Blacas. Twelve years have rolled by since the first Restoration, but has it taken root? Say so if you can; you can assure yourself as to the stability of your position in a very simple

way: it consists in examining whether the laws made yesterday could not be overthrown to-day, or whether, in case of an attempt at overthrowing them, they would withstand an onslaught. I fear that the experiment would not be favourable to the order or present disorder of things."

"Speak, speak," said M. de Rivière to me in an animated tone; "tell me without fear all that is in your mind in regard to both the first and second Restoration. What should be done? What should have been done?"

"Monsieur le Duc, to go back to the first Restoration would be going back very far, less far perhaps than the Deluge, and would perhaps be as useless; but, since you insist on it, I shall tell you that on the occasion of Louis XVIII.'s first landing at Calais, I should have preferred to have seen him return at the desire and call of the French people than by the permission of the King of England. After landing, I should have taken things as I found them, and not have feared following the real chronology, which does not allow of being violated for the purpose of indulging in the most ridiculous anachronism by dating my reign as one of twenty-one years. For look at the weak side of this assumption of a twenty-one years' reign: as a consequence of it, Louis XVIII. reigned during the Terror, and previous to it; hence all the acts of that period must be entitled in his name, and are legalised as if deriving power from his royal authority. Hence the judgment rendered against Louis XVI. and Marie

Antoinette will be drawn up with the formula: "We, Louis XVIII., by the grace of God, . . . enact and ordain,"—in short, the whole executory formula. Look at the inconsistency it leads to. Would it not be amusing, were it not so horribly serious?"

"It seems to me," replied M. de Rivière, "that it was hardly possible to have two sets of weights and measures. Since Louis XVIII. returned as King of France and of Navarre, he could not be the successor of M. de Bonaparte; he must of necessity succeed to his nephew, Louis XVII., during whose lifetime he had been Regent. The consequences of this may be strange, I admit, but they are forced; if royalty is sought to be re-established after a revolution of so long a duration, it must derive all its authority from the highest and even most incredible things. For instance, the king's coronation might, after all, have taken place in Paris; but then Bonaparte had had himself crowned there, and it was of essential importance to us that it should not occur in Paris; besides, would we have had the ampulla in Paris?"

"Oh, as to the ampulla," I replied, "I do not think you would have had it any the more in Rheims, for the official reports testifying to its destruction, and drawn up in 1793, are there to prove that no ampulla any longer exists."

The Duc de Rivière at first could not restrain his laughter on my speaking to him in so positive a fashion; then, recovering his seriousness, he in turn quoted official reports to me: they were the new

ones which had been drawn up for the purpose of proving that the ampulla had been saved and preserved by a devoted Royalist, and that it still existed in its integrity.

"I do not wish to contradict you, Monsieur le Duc, in regard to this matter, one as religious as it is political in your eyes; but I fear you have been deceived in it just as in that of the exhumation of the mortal remains of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette."

"What have you to say in this respect? Tell me, I entreat you," urged M. de Rivière with gentle vehemence; "everything connected with the august martyrs is sacred; you must fully explain the words which have escaped your lips."

"This," I answered, "surpasses everything."

"Ah, Monsieur de Barras, all the more reason for you to conceal nothing from me in regard to this exhumation."

"Well then, since you absolutely wish it, Monsieur le Duc, I must tell you that the alleged preserver of the remains of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette is merely one more among a crowd of impostors who have exploited the credulity of the Bourbons previous to and since their return. In the first place, it is impossible that the remains of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette should have been preserved; a frightful and merciless reason for this impossibility lies in the fact that they were consumed by the quicklime which the municipal officials of Paris placed in the trench into which the bodies of the victims

were cast, as certified by contemporaneous witnesses and official reports. Moreover, not only were the unfortunate victims consumed by the quicklime laid in the deep trench, but the thousands of other victims who have perished since that period during the *régime* of the Terror were thrown on top of the remains of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette. As to the last of all the persons sentenced to death, whose bodies have covered and closed the abyss, they are no others than Robespierre himself and the members of the Commune of Paris. Robespierre's case is well known to all Paris. The dictator having been kept to the last, as a result of the preference shown to leaders, even on the scaffold, it is a certain fact that Robespierre was the last to be executed. He was so executed pursuant to my orders; I it was who ordered that he should be conveyed to the Place de la Révolution, and that after his execution he should be taken to the cemetery of the Madeleine and cast into the very grave of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It was that Robespierre should lie cheek by jowl with royalty, since he had, in the last days of his power, been accused of Royalist leanings. Everybody knows also that Robespierre was the only one of the individuals executed and thrown at the time into the cemetery of the Madeleine who wore buckles to his breeches and shoes; and as I think there was some talk of gewgaws of this kind having been found at the time of the exhumation of the bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, since it is proven that none but members of the

Commune were buried there subsequent to the death of Robespierre, it seems extremely probable that it was Robespierre with his gewgaws who was taken for the august victims ; hence it is no other than Robespierre whom you have buried at Saint-Denis, together with a few bones of Saint-Just, Couthon, or Henriot, who suffered the death penalty with him. Such is, Monsieur le Duc, the profanation which has been committed; I should consider I was perpetrating one myself were I to mention the fact to anybody but yourself, but it is the truth in all its nakedness. This is what one exposes royalty to when seeking to make those who have suffered vicissitudes as remarkable as those of the Bourbons believe that these vicissitudes have never had any existence, and that those who were dethroned never ceased sitting on the throne. The flattery which called Louis XVIII. *Louis the Desired,* plainly set forth the significance of his absence. No, Monsieur le Duc, since you have asked me to speak in all frankness, it is impossible to tamper with chronology or to destroy history ; you can pretend and maintain that the Directorate and Bonaparte are for ever wiped out, but you cannot prevent their having existed at a certain date."

M. de Rivière had listened to me with great and truly gaping attention; he told me that "he agreed with me on almost everything I had just recalled to him, that it would need but little to bring us closer together and to make us understand each other more fully in the future.' But what did I hear you

remark just now about Bonaparte?" he went on to say. "Is he or the King of Rome still spoken of? Has not the Duc de Bordeaux wiped out all these recollections?"

"You have misunderstood me: I spoke of Bonaparte only in a past sense; although there may still exist monomaniacs who believe or say that the famous personage is still alive, I look upon him as dead and gone, and for ever forgotten by the French. As to the King of Rome, I have not pronounced his name, and although he may some day enter into the disturbing combinations of Metternich, I think the little Austrian is not greatly to be feared; he can even now be fought with the weapons of liberty, the best that can be opposed to all imperial Bonapartists and Austrians. All these enemies must be met on the field of liberty, where they will soon find their death, while France will enjoy tranquillity when she shall be assured of the fixity of her institutions—in short, of the organisation of a good and wise liberty, such as the Revolution intended, a little too warmly perhaps, if the measures of force to the use of which it was reduced are considered, but such as it belongs to the Bourbons to assure nowadays and for ever for the happiness of all. But I must declare to you in all sincerity that the people will never believe in the good faith of royal institutions until Ministers shall have attained their position because of the esteem in which their merit and talents are held."

"I assure you," replied M. de Rivière, "that

the king does not particularly care for men of that calibre; there are selections which have been and are still far more agreeable to his heart; for a long time past he has been thinking of giving Ministerial positions to a few trusty persons whom he could mould himself, and who would be truly devoted to him, for devotion is everything. Devotion gives talent and genius, and leads to the accomplishment of great things; I, for instance, do not believe myself and do not pretend to be more than I am; I am not an eagle, but my devotion has enabled me to accomplish many things, and, I may say, all that was possible and even impossible. We know persons to whom, as to ourselves, devotion has given the same elasticity and capacity. Just at present we have got a young man of this kind, full of religion and of the best sentiments; he has proved his devotion; he was recommended to *Monsieur* by his aunt, Mme. de Polastron, on her deathbed, and *Monsieur*, now our king, has promised to make something of him one of these days. . . . The day has come. It is of Jules de Polignac that I speak; he would long since have been a Minister, had . . . Villèle consented thereto. But Villèle will not give up the highest place, to which he clings tenaciously; he has had so much trouble in getting rid of Chateaubriand, that he does not wish to create fresh troubles for himself."

"Ah, Monsieur de Duc is encouraging me in his turn; M. de Villèle, I can well believe, is in no hurry to give up his place, but I could almost take

sides with him, were it a matter of his being succeeded by a Polignac. Have you then forgotten the red book, all red and bloody with the extortions of this deplorable family? These are not mere idle words, but strict and flagrant history. They took their departure on the day following the 14th of July, well known as the worst scamps in France; they now return as saints after a thirty years' absence. How much did they not cost France in days gone by! They now come for fresh plunder; they have seized on all honorific and lucrative positions; property which was never theirs has been restored to them; they have received money from England as well as from France, and they enjoy it just as they do public contempt. All this suits them admirably; let them go on enjoying it, but for God's sake do not let them again meddle with politics; it is in the Œil-de-Bœuf alone that they must be suffered to play at being Ministers; above all, do not let them carry rashness to the point of seeking to seize upon the helm of a great country! The last Ministers of the monarchy who have done France harm at least possessed some capacity. I place at their head M. de Calonne, of whom it is said Charles X. was too fond. It is even asserted that the king is still firmly convinced that the monarchy perished because Calonne was dismissed from office; I maintain that it perished because he had been Minister, and not because he ceased to be so; he has been one far too long for France's tranquillity, for the position to which he brought her may indeed be looked upon as

one of the primary elements of the Revolution; hence to once more make similar selections would be to again render problematical all the issues which have been settled; you would once more be inaugurating that Revolution at whose mere name you quake with fear. You have asked me to speak in all frankness, Monsieur le Duc; I think I have done so. I consider that I almost possess the rights of the Danubian peasant, here in my Chaillot cot; I speak the truth, with the desire that it shall prove serviceable in some degree to the rulers and to the ruled, among whom I have classed myself for the remainder of my days."

Again reverting to the Ministry, M. de Rivière spoke to me with no little disgust of the members composing it: he referred to Peyronnet as a man of blemished character who owed his position to Mme. du Cayla; to Corbière, as concealing his falseness under a mask of brutality and boorishness, although these qualities were indeed part and parcel of him.

M. de Rivière, moreover, joyfully mourned all these Ministers, as if indeed they no longer existed. Speaking as if we fully agreed as to everything else, and as if he was taking counsel of me, he exclaimed: "Whom shall we put in their place? Who is there to take it?" M. de Rivière having again and again dwelt with persistence on these points, the solution of which was pressing, I replied to him that "the Government should act sincerely with the Charter and for the Charter—in short, that it should

act politically just as any honest man acts in private life." M. de Rivière further urging me to give him a few written notes which he might lay before Charles X. as the *résumé* of our conversation, I promised to supply him shortly with a memorandum for what it was worth, and which he might hand to whomsoever it concerned. M. de Rivière begged leave that he might again call on me for the purpose of getting this memorandum; he paid me the compliment of telling me he had listened to and seen me with eagerness, not to say a curiosity which he was desirous of still further gratifying. He called again two days later, attracted, he said, not only by a certain curiosity to know the man who had played a prominent part on the stage of the Revolution, but from the need he felt, he once more asserted in a tone of most amiable deference, of consulting my old political experience and obtaining good advice from me, which advice Charles X. had himself asked for in regard to men and matters of the time. The Duc de Rivière interrogated me specially as to the line of conduct I thought best for the king to pursue at this juncture (end of 1827). I replied to M. de Rivière in about the same terms as at our first meeting, that I remained such as I had been all my life, "more than ever convinced that no security existed for either throne or citizens except in the establishment of liberty and a sincere observation of the engagement, contracted by the late king, it is true, but become synallagmatic by the consent and demands of the nation." Desirous of having my

ideas more precisely expressed, M. de Rivière once more begged me to commit them to writing for him; I agreed to this, and on the following day I delivered to him the following memorandum, for him to lay before whomsoever it concerned, as I had told him on the occasion of his first visit:—

PRELIMINARY MEMORANDUM ON THE STILL POSSIBLE RECOMPOSITION OF THE MINISTRY.[1]

In order for me to give a frank and useful answer to the questions which have been asked of me in regard to the *personnel* of men fit to enter into the recomposition of a Ministry, I must needs first be allowed to ask a frank and direct question myself.

Pursuant to what idea and according to what principle do you intend to form this new Ministry? Do you wish to follow in the steps of the governments your contemporaries which display the prudence and cleverness of placing themselves at the head of the needs of modern society in order to direct it? Look at George IV. appointing a Ministry wholly Whig; in other words, he sees that he is unable to do without the men who possess the esteem and good opinion of their fellow-citizens, and who are able to lead the movement to which they are not considered hostile. Look at the King of Prussia summoning the philosopher Humboldt, who declined a portfolio, but whom Frederick regularly has at his table, in order that he may keep him informed as to the times and make known to him the truth, of which it is so important for him no longer to remain ignorant; look at the same Frederick again summoning to his Council the celebrated Baron Stein, so famed because of his attachment to the constitutional system, the mere promise of which was sufficient to rouse all Germany in 1813 and 1814. Look at Prince de Metternich himself, this last and wretched débris of the Holy Alliance, who seeks to defend himself against the charge of being opposed to constitutionalism.

[1] I found this memorandum, written entirely in the hand of Barras, among the papers of M. de Saint-Albin, who has reproduced it without altering a single word.—G. D.

If it is intended to march with the times and to direct the social movement in order not to be swept along by it, there can be found men who, already endowed with talents and experience, will see their faculties grow and their genius rise to higher flights because aware of the noble mission entrusted to them. If on the contrary . . . , you will see the consideration accorded the Ministry so exhausted, that the onslaughts still made against it, and which, as for so long customary, seem to threaten the throne incessantly, will appear to disdain it, and no longer to be made except mechanically (*sic*), for—

1. The seven years' term is already being encroached upon;

2. The impeachment of the Ministers, asked for from the tribune, is in the minds of all;

3. The refusal to grant the Budget has been spoken and repeated in the tribune, and is on everybody's lips; no longer is there anything unusual in this refusal; men's minds, accustomed to the idea of it, would be astonished were it not carried out even next year;

4. Recent elections show that the power lies with the Opposition.

Hence all that has been so far confined to threats will, by the force of circumstances, be converted into motions next year. Will it not then be too late to separate the throne from the Ministers? Where are nowadays the new Ministers capable of restoring the king to the nation, and the nation to the king?

Casimir Perier, Finances; Lainé, Interior; Royer-Collard, Public Instruction; Bignon, or Alexis Noailles, Foreign Affairs; Household, War; Coffinières, advocate, Justice and Seals; Marine . . . ; Police . . . . The attributes seized and usurped by the police should be restored to justice and to the administration.

The foregoing is one of the last acts of my political life, if the name of act can be given to a memorandum the result of an altogether unexpected conversation. The improvised character of my reply seems to me conclusive of its sincerity. What I have just related occurred in October 1827. Am I

not entitled to look upon the events which happened towards the close of that year, as pointed out by me beforehand, and to consider that the change of Ministry, no doubt made compulsory by the indignation felt by the Chambers at this deplorable power, may have been helped by the opinion which I, in the first place, transmitted to Charles X.? I am far from putting forth such a plea, but I believe myself entitled to claim a participation of conscience in what has been done, and a sincere desire for changes prayed for in the interest of our Fatherland. Relations like these, the only ones which have existed between the power and myself, do not present anything which an honest citizen need blush at, or seek to excuse himself for; he can confess them to the face of heaven and earth.

I am nearing the end of my Memoirs as well as of my life; accountable to my fellow-citizens, I owed them a special narrative of the events which took place during the period when their confidence allowed and commanded me to take part in them. This narrative embodies my political life, and necessarily touches upon my private life from the beginning of the Revolution to the present day. I have not allowed myself to give way to considerations which would have tampered with truth. This would have been an act of cowardice, of which infamous calumniators would not have failed to take advantage. They have already taught me what I might expect from those whose servile and perfidious opinions I never shared, and whose treacherous acts I have exposed.

It has been and is sought by every possible means to stigmatise the Revolution; the nation is accused of all the excesses following upon great commotions. I think I have been sufficiently acquainted with the Revolution and with the nation to possess the right of justifying both in regard to cause, principle, and deeds. When, oppressed with greater excesses than those preceding the Empire, the nation was at last compelled to demand the rights of which it had been despoiled, one portion of the privileged folk made common cause with it to sustain liberty; the other, obstinately clinging to abuses which it called "benefits from the king," left France. Some of these organised themselves under the standards of Condé, which still resembled, nominally at least, French ones. Some of those who left their country to fight it may therefore be considered Frenchmen as much as those who remained behind to defend her. Frenchmen worthy of the name never descended to the intrigues of a horde of vagabonds, of rascals, and of alleged nobles, who had fled France from no honourable motive, but merely to avoid paying their debts, to make new ones, and to sell themselves to the enemy. This is the rabble which, thirsting for gold, never ceased stirring up matters at home and driving the people to extreme measures. These are the outcasts who, prepared to commit all crimes, perpetrated those which malevolence lays at the door of the nation. Now, from my point of view, not a single well-known citizen ever participated in such horrible misdeeds. I challenge any one to

name a single merchant, tradesman, or bourgeois who ever joined hands with these infamous brigands. It was the agents of the foreigner, jail-birds, and *chevaliers d'industrie* of every land who made common cause with the malefactors I have mentioned. Such was the cause of the irritation of the people and of the severe acts of the national assemblies. The Treaty of Pillnitz increased the public anger, since it revealed the fact that the kings had resolved upon dismembering France. Can the royal family deny its participation in this horrible deed? Have the *émigrés* who are charged with participating in it been wrongly accused? I should like that this hideous crime could be laid at the door only of men having no fatherland and to the Powers jealous of France's resources for prosperity, the development of which promised by the Revolution was to be dreaded.

I should never have dreamt of speaking of myself nor of writing my Memoirs for the mere purpose of testifying to the persistency of my Republican opinions, had not absurd calumnies been spread abroad for the purpose of disturbing my retirement into private life. Had the wretches harnessed to the car of the usurper of all the liberties of the world, who were nearly to a man under obligations to me, and begged the honour of calling themselves my friends when I was in power, contented themselves with avoiding me when I no longer exercised it, I should have been well content with an eternal separation from these individuals, who

have shown of what stuff they were made; but they have seen fit to let themselves loose upon me, and to embitter the life of a man who had dispensed them from all gratitude. I have seen vile men, although holding both high military and civil positions, assume the part of ignoble and subordinate agents for the purpose of adding to the fearful persecution ordered by their chief against the protector of himself and of his family. My silence has had to give way to legitimate defence, when seeing all my rights to consideration and to my self-imposed retirement disregarded; this defence is limited on my part to the publication of facts. In the days of my fiery youth I more than once proved that I could take up a challenge and promptly avenge an insult. In the present instance it has been impossible for me to look upon as simply personal to myself facts which interest the mass of citizens and which have swayed the destinies of France; these destinies had been solved by the Republican arms, and were united to the untarnished glory of our warriors. The glory which succeeded this primary one is a false and impure one, and has been the very ruin of our country.

When witnessing this horrible swerving from the right path which has brought about so many disasters, I have been unable to refrain from naming those who were most directly responsible for them. I had been the creator of so many generals, who had for so long a period called me their father, and never spoke to me but as the most respectful of sons.

What strange and inconceivable conduct is that of those generals invested with the highest rank when serving in the armies of the Republic; they were truly the children of the Revolution, and would probably but for it never have been known; they served it in its early days with a disinterestedness and a civic valour worthy beyond doubt of all the rewards bestowed on them by the nation; but these rewards of liberty did not suffice them; they must needs have those of despotism, which enjoyed affixing to their breasts badges of servitude which it denominated decorations of honour. The defections engendered by this corruption favoured the march of the enemy into the bosom of the capital; the ex-Republicans who had become the servants of the Empire showed themselves quite ready to tender their devotion and their servility to the foreign sovereigns, their conquerors, and to any Power that would leave them in the enjoyment of their pensions and titles.

The picture which history will draw of the ascending and descending progression of these deserters from the sacred cause of liberty, will warn nations which are or which aspire to become independent to be on their guard against the consequences of military power. Those whose aim it is to betray the rights of citizens, must needs feign to be ignorant of the duties of citizenship. Governments, even those longest established, have nearly always been the victims of the military chiefs in whom they have imprudently placed confidence.

The hired assassins who have been enriched thirst for more riches; their sole aim is to be Prætorians and to re-establish the Byzantine Empire.

I am aware that while profiting by all France's misfortunes, of which they were the authors, these traitors to liberty would have liked to have made the Republic responsible for all their misdeeds.

The sad spectacle of discord presented by the Directorate almost in the first days of its existence —a discord which, after disturbing its existence, undoubtedly contributed to its downfall—can doubtless be quoted by the enemies of liberty as a powerful argument against multiple and complex powers. "This shows," they argued, "whether it is possible for a few men who exercise a power shared in common by them to refrain from fighting for it among themselves until they have devoured one another. Were not the discussions and quarrels of the Directorate preceded by those of the Convention and of the Committee of Public Safety?" But do the admirers of power vested in the hands of one man pretend to find an argument in favour of their system in what followed the overthrow of the Republic?

Their Bonaparte, it seems to me, exercised this one power with a sufficiently great latitude, and without any opposition for several long years. How did he exercise it, and what was his end? It can be said beyond doubt that no democracy or ochlocracy ever presented a scandal similar to the one of the imperial government. How comes it that

excesses were pushed so far? Owing to the fact that this power had neither limits nor curb, and that the power of a single man will ever be the most dangerous of all, to all, and to himself, when, as Montesquieu has said, "power shall not check power." Now this law of conservation can never exist except by the division of powers and by a balancing and ponderation securing their equilibrium, in short, by the organisation of a constitutional government. The primary bases of this constitutional government are the institutions, and the first of them is the liberty of the press; it was stifled, annihilated under Bonaparte, this so precious institution, and this is why everything was oppressed in France. No agent of tyranny had cause to fear being tried at the bar of public opinion, which speaks before the other tribunals of a State; but, banished from France, the liberty of the press took refuge in other countries, and in England was inviolable. It is to the useful and powerful reaction of the liberty of the press on our country, whence it had been proscribed, that I have perhaps owed my liberty and the enjoyment of life, if indeed life be an enjoyment. Several of Bonaparte's intimate advisers had told him that, having disposed of Pichegru, of the Duc d'Enghien, of Moreau, and others, not to overlook me, and that since no kind of overtures could induce me to rally to the Government, the simplest thing was to end the matter by getting rid of me. The English press, already teeming with severe judgments in regard to Bonaparte's conduct towards

Pichegru, the Duc d'Enghien, Moreau, and others, having, I know not how, become informed of my proscription, unanimously remarked: "There is nothing left for Bonaparte to do but to kill Barras; he is credited with this desire; he is a man of whom everything is to be expected; but this final deed, still lacking to his policy, would probably add nothing to his security."

Bonaparte, who was in the habit of having the English newspapers translated to him with minute accuracy, in order to find in them truths to which he refused to hearken in France, seemed to hesitate on reading this grave paragraph; and it was Fouché himself who has since confessed to me that I perhaps owed my life to the English press.

Watch ye therefore over your institutions, O my fellow-citizens; you are saved if you do not suffer them to be taken from you. The dynasty which has returned is called debonair; bless ye this denomination, even should the word debonairness imply weakness. Liberty is established through weak dynasties. Better for a nation a king who hunts than a warlike emperor; better it is to see a wooden sword than one of steel, a king justice of the peace seated under the oaks of Vincennes than an emperor who is never seated, but always on horseback or in his tent.

I have revealed all the reasons which have determined me to write these Memoirs. If I have on more than one occasion appeared severe towards Bonaparte, I think that those who ponder over his

career will be still more so. I am of the opinion that this truly and unfortunately most extraordinary man is the greatest criminal who has appeared on earth since Adam, and even before. He squandered and devoured the most magnificent opportunity ever granted to the human race—that of enjoying the faculty of pursuing an unobstructed policy, of taking up society in its foundations and rebuilding it: an admirable opportunity, the loss of which nations will eternally regret, and which will perhaps not present itself again in twenty thousand years. Still, I must confess that my hopes are not postponed to so distant a date; there are personal enjoyments close at hand which we have restrained ourselves from reaping, and it is not for ourselves that we have sown; but we can carry to the grave the consolation that future generations will gather the fruits of our successes, of our tears, and of our blood!

It is with these sentiments that I claim the right to dedicate my Memoirs to the French nation, to that truly generous and magnanimous nation which had reconquered its independence at the cost of so many honourable sacrifices. If that nation has on the one hand shown me some gratitude for having concentrated all my efforts in this great work, I venture to think that my intentions have proved that I was not unworthy of it. To what higher tribunal, I repeat, can any mortal appeal than to the verdict of his conscience?

POSTSCRIPT

I thought I had finished these Memoirs, but I am compelled to take up my pen once more, owing to the renewal of a most ancient intrigue, which I thought, and over and over again, had come to an end, but which seems to spring eternal.

The reader has seen the intrigues of Fauche-Borel twenty-eight years ago; at the time of the Directorate I gave a simple account of them, supported by circumstances and documentary evidence. He has also seen, in 1819, my categorical reply to the renewal of the intrigues which sought to connect themselves with the primary machination of 1799. I learn to-day that Fauche, who has gone on with his machinations, but who has not derived sufficient money therefrom, or has squandered it, is still asking for rewards he claims he has never received; that in consequence of this he is drawing up a special and audacious collection of the fables on which this cynical intriguer has thrived for so many years. He had entrusted the work to an honourable man, M. de Tercy, a brother-in-law of the famed Charles Nodier. This noted man, on being brought face to face with these falsehoods, has repelled the libellous impostor, and has refused to soil his pen with such work. I hear that Fauche has found a man less scrupulous than M. de Tercy; in fact, I have just received from the impudent Fauche himself two volumes wherein he repeats all the rascalities current for so long. Although my strength, exhausted by sickness, does

not permit of my making an extended reply thereto, I do not think, on appealing to my memory, that my indignation furnishes me with any more complete refutation than the positive facts which I have recorded, at their proper time and place, in the course of these my Memoirs, which I now close, and of which my failing hand is perhaps penning the last lines . . .[1]

[1] General Barras had just dictated this additional page to his secretary, M. Blanc, when the malady from which he had so long suffered made alarming progress; he saw his end approaching with courage; no longer strong enough to receive his friends, he had to endure the pain of notifying them of this sorrowful necessity. For Barras to resolve upon depriving himself of this consolation, he must have been sorely stricken, and altogether *in extremis*. Firm and resigned, and endowed with a soul strong enough to peacefully face the supreme hour, he had up to then sought to conceal that hour from others. It was indeed the most sinister omen for his friends, his informing them that he could no longer see them.—Note by M. Rousselin de Saint-Albin.

APPENDIX

Autographic Narrative of Barras, from the 18th Brumaire to the Restoration [1]

Having retired into private life after the events of Brumaire, I was living on my Grosbois estate, fully determined to refuse to participate in any degree in the guilty innovations just brought about by the deserters from the popular cause. Uneasy at having me so near Paris, the First Consul sent me through Talleirand a proposition that I should accompany him to Italy, and that he would call for me at Grosbois, which he would pass on proceeding thither. I rejected the proposition; next, the Dresden embassy, the United States one, the Spanish one; and lastly, the command of an army destined to re-establish slavery in San Domingo. Marshal Lefèvre called to present me with a medal which Bonaparte had caused to be struck: I even refused it in presence of a numerous company; the same general informed me that the Treasury had received orders to pay me the salary of a general of division on the retired list: my reply was: "I do not care to receive any salary except from a government which I serve and love." Bonnaparte replied: "He must go to the waters of the Pyrenees; such was his intention; thence he will travel in Spain; he will be received there with distinction, and spend all he has; after which we shall dispose of him." How could this usurper, this man who was under obligation to me, and who had been under my orders, imagine that I would so lower myself as to betray my oath to the Republic and place myself absolutely under the orders of a soldier who had so long been under mine? I would rather have lived in an attic than go and

[1] This lengthy fragment is entirely in the handwriting of Barras.—G. D.

swell the number of valets cringing servilely in the antechambers of the Tuileries. If in those days the prominent men of the Revolution, the generals who had distinguished themselves at the front, had held aloof from this hotbed of corruption, had they not perjured themselves, never would Bonaparte have rallied to himself the army and the true patriots; his reign would have been of short duration, and France would not have been the victim of a man intoxicated with adulation and power, daring in prosperity, and cowardly in misfortune.

I was about to go and take the waters of the Pyrenees; I had for some time past been ordered to do so. No sooner did this intention of mine become known, than much eagerness was displayed in sending me passports and letters of credit on Madrid; it had been resolved upon to place a distance between myself and Paris during the absence of Bonaparte. He would say to Talleirand: "We must get him to make up his mind, or else, on leaving for the army, I shall take him as I pass by Grosbois; let him know this." I sent word to Talleyrand that I would never have anything in common with the oppressor of my country. On my refusal being communicated to him, Bonaparte remarked: "He is spending more than his fortune will allow of; he will wreck it, when he will be at our disposal." Marshal Lefèvre was doubtless commissioned to come and offer me the medal struck in honour of the usurper; I refused it in the presence of twenty persons. The same marshal was commissioned to induce me to call at the Treasury to receive my half-pay; I perceived the trap, and I informed him that I belonged to the army of the Republic alone, and that I declined to receive any salary whatsoever from him who had overthrown it. Among my bitterest foes were Fouché and Réal; nevertheless, these hypocrites never ceased assuring me of their devotion to me; that fellow Réal said one day to Fouché, in presence of the two Lombards: "Barras would have us hanged, did he possess the slightest power; let us avoid all reconciliation." These two traitors had been loaded with benefits by me, especially at a time when they lacked the very necessaries of life; lying reports were daily laid before Bonaparte by this traitorous pair.

Bonaparte left for Marengo just as I had gone to the waters of the Pyrenees. On my arrival and Blois, the hostelry at which I

had put up was surrounded by the gendarmerie; my portfolio was taken from me, my clothes were searched, and my passports seized; this incident gave rise to such murmurs of discontent that my liberty and my passports were restored to me, after a fruitless search had been made for letters; I met with nothing but marks of respect and goodwill in the course of my journey.

On my return to Grosbois, the calumnies of my enemies were renewed; Fouché gave me to understand that it would be prudent for me to travel, and go to a distance from Paris. Berthier was ordered to notify me that I was to put forty leagues between myself and Paris; after a somewhat lengthy discussion, this order was transmitted to the Prefect of Versailles, M. Germain, who had it carried out with extreme rigour; my residence was invaded by a number of police agents and gendarmerie. An officer notified me that I was to obey this order within three days at the latest.

I wrote to Bonnaparte, without receiving any reply. I denounced this arbitrary act to the Senate: same silence. Fouché sent word to me that, if I did not conform to the measure taken against me, the Prefect of Versailles had received orders to have me conveyed to Rochefort by the gendarmerie.

I left Grosbois, and arrived at Brussels a few days later; I was received with dignity by the Prefect; he assured me that he had not been notified by the authorities of my exile to his city. I was received by its inhabitants, the authorities excepted, with a kindliness I am grateful for. I learnt that at the expiration of the three days the Prefect of Versailles had sent the gendarmerie, for the purpose of certifying to my absence by means of an official report.

Bonaparte was about to pass through Brussels; the Secretary-General of the Prefecture called on me and pointed out that my stay in Brussels might be dangerous for me during his presence. I replied to him: "Have you a second letter of exile?" "No," was his answer, "it is merely the advice of the Prefect." Bonaparte came; the nobles, the priests, the authorities, and the police alone welcomed him with plaudits. The actors of the *Français* had been summoned; among them was Mlle. Rocour, whom I knew; she was also very intimate with Talleirand; she was in the habit of dining with me and supping at that Minister's. She spoke

to Talleirand "as to the great advisability of a *rapprochement* between myself and Bonaparte." Talleyrand assured her he would zealously labour to this end. I begged the celebrated actress to cease taking any steps in the matter.

The moist atmosphere of Brussels had been so harmful to my health that I resolved to go to Provence; I made a few preparations; they were noticed by the spies who surrounded me; it was learnt that I intended to travel by way of Franche-Comté in order to avoid violating the forty-league radius from Paris, when M. Maret wrote to me: "Bonaparte is informed of the proposed journey of M. Barras; he instructs me to inform him that, should he wish to travel by way of Paris, he sees no objection to his so doing, and that he may ask for the necessary passports; that, should M. Barras have any other request to prefer, there could not be any intermediary between the Consul and himself." I did not vouchsafe any reply, but I commissioned a friend to see M. Maret and to tell him that, were passports sent to me, I should go to Paris for the purpose of attending to certain matters of business.

The Grosbois estate was so burdensome to me that I could not keep it. General Moreau sent to me a M. Carbonel, who, in the course of conversation, threw out alarming hints in regard to my peaceful possession of a château so near Paris; further warnings which reached me determined me to sell the estate to General Moreau at a price far below its value.

I received a letter from M. Fain, Bonaparte's secretary, wherein he offered, by order of Bonaparte, to complete the editions of a large number of works brought out by subscription, but the numbers of which had not been all delivered, on condition that I should hand over all the duplicate sets in my possession; that all my colleagues of the Directorate had accepted this proposition. I did not reply to this letter, any more than I did to one from Secretary-General Lagarde, who asked me, by order, information as to certain diamonds and richly ornamented arms kept in a chest of drawers in the room wherein the Directorate held its sittings, and of which the President kept the key. These jewels, both valuable and numerous, had been destined as presents for Turkey and the Bey of Africa; they had been taken from the French envoys in Switzerland, and restored under the

Directorial government. I sent word to Lagarde that he and Syéiès could better than any one else testify that no portion of them had been abstracted, any more than of the six hundred thousand francs odd in *billets de caisse* (bank-notes) locked up in the same chest of drawers, being the fund accumulated by the Directors for the purpose of complying with the agreement entered into among themselves by which a sum of one hundred thousand francs was to be paid to each member deprived of his seat in the Directorate by the drawing of lots. Reubbel and Letourneur had each received this amount; it is alleged that Syeyès, Roger-Ducos, Lagarde, and others appropriated a deposit which belonged to others.

Fouché was informed, I know not by whom, of the letter written by Maret; he immediately sent Vincent Lombard to Brussels, under the pretence of a friendly visit, in order to ascertain what decision I had come to. I noticed the embarrassment of the negotiator, and said to him: "Come now, you are undoubtedly charged with some secret mission." Thereupon he informed me that Fouché had assured him that he was still attached to me, and that he tendered himself as an intermediary between Bonaparte and myself; that, should I wish to come to Paris, he would send me passports; that he coveted the honour of bringing about a reconciliation between the chief of the State and myself. "Be sure and tell him that I am his friend; that I shall give him a fresh proof of my friendship by speaking in his favour; that this *rapprochement* is necessary and is desired by Bonaparte." Fouché's overture was not dictated by any feeling of interest towards me, but because he had learnt that Maret had been instructed to communicate to me the intentions of Bonaparte. Fouché was desirous of personally getting the credit for a *rapprochement*, which he, Réal, and many others dreaded. I replied to the envoy that, if passports were sent to me, I should proceed to Provence by way of Paris; that I should, while in that city, bring some important business matters to a conclusion, and have a talk with Fouché in regard to the means for bringing about the reconciliation desired by him.

On his return to Paris, Lombard said to Fouché: "I found Barras favourably disposed; he will set out for Paris as soon as he receives his passports." This Minister, vile flatterer that he was, went boasting to Bonaparte that he had induced me

to make this concession, adding that he would bring me into his presence immediately upon my arrival in Paris. "Send him passports," remarked Bte., "and tell him I shall receive him with pleasure and without ceremony." Lombard was ordered to be on the look-out for my arrival, so greatly did Fouché dread that some other than himself would be present at that interview with Bte.

The passports reached me, and I left Brussels. No sooner had I taken up my quarters in the Marais, than I received a note from Lombard informing me that Fouché expected me to breakfast on the following morning, and that it was all settled. I went to the breakfast. As I was going up the stairs of the mansion a gentleman dressed in black pulled me by the coat-tail; I turned round; the unknown individual said to me: "Beware of poison," and vanished. M. Fouché, Mde. Fouché, his secretary, M. Tureau, Mrs. Lombard, Tauradeau, and Vimeux constituted the guests. My reception was such that I said to myself: "But am I then one of the chief authorities of the State?" We breakfast; I drink nothing but water from M. Fouché's own carafe; in the morning I never partake of either meat or vegetables, but I accept coffee with cream, which both Mr. and Mde. drink.

Breakfast over, we adjourn to the study. After a display of affectionate regard, the Minister says to me: "I have ordered my carriage; Bonaparte awaits you; on receiving Lombard's report, I settled everything; you will be admitted in top-boots, and without doing any waiting in an ante-chamber." Fouché and I mutually watched each other; I do not know that he saw that I was about to refuse, but I do know that his embarrassment did not escape me. I replied to Fouché: "I have come by way of Paris for the purpose of attending to matters of business, and to obtain from the Government one hundred thousand francs still due to me from Moreau on the purchase price of Grosbois"; that, this sum once paid, I intended to proceed to Provence; that I had never entertained any idea of going to the Tuileries; that I merely desired that there should be an end to my proscription; that I begged him not to insist any further on a step which was hardly proper for one in my position, and one which I once for all refused to take.

Greatly put out, Fouché replied that either Lombard or myself had thus deeply compromised him with Bonaparte, and that my decision was not one of a nature to put an end to a few precautionary measures adopted against me. I went on to say, after listening to Fouché's threatening utterance: "I prefer persecution to debasement; it is the Government that has committed wrongs towards me; it was the Government's place to make a genuine reparation and one satisfying me, and not for me to go, so to speak, to sue for its clemency. Let my hundred thousand francs be paid to me, and I leave the capital on the following day." Fouché thereupon said to me: "Moreau's debts will not be paid to his creditors until the general shall have given proof of his having landed in the United States." We parted on very bad terms.

I called on M. Oudinot, who was the general's notary and my own; I complained of the delay in the payment, remarking that empowered as I was, by the specific terms of the deed of sale of Grosbois, to again enter into possession of my estate by means of a simple summons to surrender should this payment not be made when due, I was about to proceed with the execution of this agreement, and that he might go and inform Fouché of my resolve. Oudinot called on me the next morning to tell me that the Government opposed the taking of such a measure, and was prepared to pay me the sum; that Bte. had said to Fouché: "Barras has fooled you; his name is not to be mentioned to me again; let him be paid; see that he is not murdered in the South, for malevolence, especially that of England, already attributes to me the intention of doing away with him."

Several days went by without the payment being made to me; I again pressed the notary, who invariably stated that the funds were about to be paid over to him. I wrote to Fouché; no answer. I was returning from Boissy St. Léger when, on reaching the bridge at Charenton, my carriage was stopped by gendarmes, just as that of Moreau had been at the same spot, and I was handed a packet for which I was merely asked a receipt. This despatch contained an order from the Prefect of Police to leave Paris within five days from the date of the despatch, which was already five days old; I went to the police office to have my passport vis'd for Marseilles; I entered a

large room occupied by clerks, who all greeted me with a bow; not one of them had any knowledge of the order; I was deeply angered at this fresh arbitrary act and complained of it loudly. The prefect was informed of this; he sent me M. Vérat to tell me he was attending a council meeting, that he had just examined his order, that such as it was he had received it from Fouché, but that he authorised me to remain in Paris until the following Thursday, that he would report, and that if I would call at the prefecture on the evening of that day, he should be glad to see me. I wished to have my passport visé'd; I was shown into a private office, that of M. Piis. No sooner did he see me than he put on his hat, and, with head bowed down on his desk, signed my passport. This M. Piis was in the habit of visiting me; I had extended a kindly welcome to him and granted all his requests.

My friends were most uneasy in regard to my display of temper in the police office. Lombard urged me to depart, because Fouché, he said, would end by having the order executed by the public force; I replied: "I shall not obey it until I am paid, for I have neither money nor carriage." On the Thursday I called on the Prefect Dubois; M. Vérat was awaiting me at the carriage-entrance; he led me to the cabinet of the magistrate, who received me most politely. He assured me that the order had been sent to him by Fouché, the Minister of Police; that it had reached the prefecture on the very day only when the delay expired; that he had reported thereon to the police council, at which Bonaparte had been present; that he had called attention to my state of embarrassment and to my protests; that he had stated having taken upon himself to suspend the execution of the order until the present day; that Réal and Fouché had raised their voices against this act of independence, remarking that I was a dangerous man; that he had replied: "Barras has enemies; I saw him for the first time; France is under some obligation to him; I appeal to the justice of the chief of the State." Thereupon Bte. replied to me: "You acted quite rightly; tell him that, when once he shall have settled his matters of business, it is proper that he should leave Paris"; then, looking at Fouché: "Let him be paid, once for all." M. Dubois was kind enough to show me the letters written by Fouché and

Réal about me. "You see," he remarked to me, "that I am a stranger to the persecution you are enduring, and which is attributed to Bte., to whom calumnies are told about you which he disapproves of at heart. As soon as you are paid make haste to depart, for the attempt will be made to compromise you; I beg you will send word to me of your departure."

I did not conceal from myself the danger I incurred by remaining any longer in the capital, surrounded as I was by powerful enemies all the more dangerous because I had loaded them with benefits in the days of their poverty, and whose treachery I had in no wise shared. I received the hundred thousand francs due me for Grosbois; I was not allowed twelve hundred francs interest; I protested when signing the receipt; I have since learnt that M. Oudinot had received them from the Government, but had not placed them at my disposal. M. Oudinot said to me: "You are the only one who has been paid previous to Moreau's arrival in the United States"; that Grosbois had been given to Berthier; that Fouché and he were urging him to sign the deed, but that Berthier had begged them to so arrange matters with Bonaparte that the clauses of the deed should not reveal the fact that the estate partook of the nature of a gift.

I hastened my departure for the South. I went and thanked M. Dubois for his kindly treatment of me, and inquired of him whether there were really disturbances at Marseilles such as would prevent me going thither. "It is a conspiracy," he said to me, "which it is sought to substitute for the discontent felt at the local authorities; moreover, I do not possess full particulars of the matter. Let it not stop you; I am and shall be glad to be of service to you on all occasions; I have not the honour of being known to you, nor am I under any obligation to you, but I have not forgotten all the services rendered by you to the Fatherland."

I took the road to Provence; on my arriving at Avignon, M. Dupuis, the mayor, took the officious precaution of surrounding me with gendarmes, one of whom kept watch at my door; I quieted the indignation of the populace, who wished to throw them into the Rhone, and I proceeded to Aix, where I learnt that I was designated as the chief of the conspiracy imagined by the authorities of Marseilles, and that official reports set forth

that I had been in hiding in that city for two months past. My poor sister, on learning of my arrival and of what was going on, left at once in order to meet me at Aix; her carriage was overturned near Marseilles, and she was crushed to death.

Here I was expelled from Avignon, denounced at Marseilles, and my poor sister, who had in her zeal hastened towards me, dead in so cruel a fashion. I sought an asylum in Marseilles under the just and benevolent administration of the Prefect Royanet; he was indignant at the persecutions I was made to endure, and assured me that I should be sheltered from the molestations of the authorities of the adjoining department. And indeed, hospitality was not violated. I wrote to M. Dubois that, while I was in Paris and in his closet, the authorities of Marseilles had officially denounced an alleged conspiracy against the Government, naming me as its chief and adding that I had been in hiding in the city for several months past. M. Dubois proved the falseness of the assertions of the prefect and the commissary of police of the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, stating that I was in Paris under surveillance and in his closet at the time of this absurd charge of my being the chief of a plot, which was nought else but the discontent voiced by the oppressed inhabitants of the Bouches-du-Rhône. Had it not been for the honest speaking of M. Dubois, I should have been sacrificed by Fouché, Réal, and Pelet de la Lozère.

This done, I proceeded to my residence in Marseilles; a system of espionage was at once organised, with the object of entrapping me once more. Oppression and injustice reigned in this department; trackers of the departmental company scoured the country districts, and, pursuant to orders and to secure gratuities, fired not only on recalcitrant conscripts as if they were wild beasts, but even on those who were not recalcitrant; they shattered a citizen's thigh-bone, sabred my coachman, who was sixty years of age, insulted the inhabitants of the village of Les Aigallades, and attempted to break in my door. Several citizens had rushed to my house to assist me in driving back these madmen; shouts, threats, and repeated blows with their swords on my door determined me to arm myself and face them. On my opening my door, and on the scoundrels seeing we were armed, they fled, saying: "It is Barras himself." They arrested my

cook as a conscript, handled him roughly, and conveyed him to Marseilles; it was proved that it was all a mistake, and he was set free.

I complained to the general in command of the district; he came to my house. After causing this detachment of assassins to be arrested—although they were not, strictly speaking, under his orders—he had required the prefect to bring them to trial; they had committed so many excesses that they were sentenced to death; I agreed to the desire of the authorities that they should be sent to the colonial depot at Toulon.

My health had become shattered through all the molestations of my enemies; I asked the prefect for a passport to the waters of Aix, in Savoy; he refused it, and wrote the following letter to me.[1]

. . . . . .

Excluded from the waters of Aix because a sister of Bte. was going thither, it was doubtless thought unbecoming that a man who had obliged, assisted, and protected them (*sic*) should be there at the same time; hunted down on all sides, surrounded by traps, and harassed in every possible way, I went to Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees. M. de Castellanne, who claimed to be my kinsman, was prefect at Pau; he came to the waters with his family; he sent word to me through my physician that he would like to see me; I replied that, being there for the benefit of my health, I abstained from all visits, especially to the employees of the oppressor of my country. I must here state that M. de Castellanne, perhaps sent thither because of my presence there, showed me a good deal of consideration, as well as kindliness to the persons attached to me, and even to the bathers and inhabitants. The waters proved most beneficial to me; they deserve to be recommended to all those afflicted with diseases of the chest; I witnessed cures which had been despaired of; it is believed that they derive their virtues from the presence of serpents (*sic*) with which they teem.

The season of the waters over, I returned to my estate at Les Aigallades. I was in the habit of seeing General Cervoni, a man of courage, worth, and honour; one evening he told me the following incident, which had happened in the morning:—"We paid an official visit to King Charles IV.; astonished at certain

[1] The text of this letter is missing from the manuscript.—G. D.

costumes, he asked me for an explanation as he stood in his *salon*. I said to him: 'They are Mameluke officers attached to my staff.' The king almost stood on one leg (*sic*), saying: 'General, they are renegades.'"

The sister of Bte. came to take the waters of (*illegible*); the authorities of the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône went to Aix to welcome her; General Cervoni took an arm-chair, and sat down in it with outstretched legs; all were standing, even the ladies. He recalled to Mme. Pauline their early intimacy in Corsica; she was most gracious to him; she asked him to give her a supper and a ball at his country-house near Marseilles. "I shall have every preparation made," replied Cervoni, "to receive you in proper style." As he was leaving, his aides-de-camp, who were standing near the door, told him that a chamberlain had taken it ill that he should have sat down without the order of the princess. "Where then is the scoundrel?" inquired Cervoni; "I shall give him a sound thrashing." The rascal had fled. Returning to the drawing-room, Cervoni said: "Princess, you are giving me and the Marseillais great pleasure in accepting a *fête*, where every homage awaits you; but no chamberlain, I beg you." The princess laughed heartily and replied: "No chamberlain, my dear Cervoni." She went to the house of Mt. de Califfet, and was carried by the master and the nobles (*sic*). When, worn out with fatigue and very ill, she wished to proceed farther, after having taken the waters of (*illegible*), having had baths constructed there, and having received the attention and care of the master, she took the road to Nice; passing through Aups and noticing a *fête* in which she took pleasure, she went and sat down in a meadow, until Mr. Roubaud had made all necessary preparations to receive her; she was accompanied by General Guillot (?) and by the sub-prefect of Grasse; the former sat at her feet, which rested on his chest; the other served her as a prop; nearly all of them had divested themselves of their coats and placed them under the princess as cushions; it was in this attitude that she received deputations.

Roubaud had procured thrushes, a favourite dish with the princess; he had taken infinite pains to have the supper well prepared; on the princess's arrival at his residence he was presented to her, but not admitted to his own table, and all he had

to eat was what remained of the cold thrushes. She continued her journey by way of Nice; it was in this town that she had trouble in her household; as a result, a chamberlain was expelled.

At that time the Château d'If contained prisoners who did not know the reasons for which they were detained; (*an illegible proper noun*) was of the number; the unfortunate man lacked everything; his emaciation was fearful; he was a *chef de brigade* whose domicile was in the Pyrenees; he had for a long time been confined in this fort; he could neither see nor write to any one; his relatives had applied to the Ministers for news about him; they replied that he had died while under the colours; a few clues and the admission of a former man-servant stimulated the complaints of the relatives; the order was sent to set him free; the local authorities of Marseilles ordered the unfortunate man to leave the town during the day; he was refused a route and all assistance; at last he found pitying hearts who assisted him; he called on me; I helped him to rejoin his family; this visit furnished a reason for my being once more denounced.

I think I have stated in the course of these memoranda that at the time Moreau went to Cadiz I sent word to him, entreating him to go to England, and informing him that I should join him there, feeling assured that the English Government would facilitate the arming of the French prisoners in England, as well as those at Mahon; that we could in that country arrange for the joint action of our means and relations with those of France, for the purpose of overthrowing the tyrant; that he, Moreau, should land on the coast of Brittany, and I on the shores of Provence and of Languedoc; that Generals Lecourbe, Mourier (?), and others were favourably disposed; that 50,000 Frenchmen were in England, some 20,000 at Mahon; that hence the French troops, displeased at being forsaken by the Government, were more than sufficient, when united with the troops at home, to rally the nation to Republican institutions and bring about the expulsion of the usurper. Moreau wavered, and finally declined to co-operate for the present; this general, who had acquired fame and glory, preferred tarnishing both by serving the coalition against his Fatherland.

General Guidal, whose protector I had been, and to whose

military promotion I had contributed, was no longer on the active list; he lived in retirement at Grasse, and was in straitened circumstances with his slender pay, having two children to feed and educate; he called on me, depicted his circumstances, told me of the unpleasantnesses he endured in his own locality; I invited him to come and stay with me; he did so; I paid a portion of the school expenses of one of his sons at the Lycée of Montpellier. Bonaparte had compromised him in the case of General Frotté, who, relying on military honour, had gone to Alençon to treat of peace, when he had been arrested and shot; General Guidal publicly disavowed his connection with this crime, perpetrated by Chamberlac by order of Bonaparte; Guidal's protest was the cause of his disgrace.

We lived at my country-seat near Marseilles; I had as neighbour M. Paban, a merchant; General Guidal had got on a most intimate footing with him and his wife; this friendship became so close that they conceived the plan of going into business together; as a result, Guidal took up his abode with Paban at Marseilles; I seldom saw him except at dinner on Sundays occasionally. He and Paban made the acquaintance in a café of a valet of Charles IV.; he confided to them that his master was alarmed, and that he would like to reach England, but that this seemed difficult of execution. Paban and Guidal gave an ear to these overtures; they evinced a deep interest in the king, and assured the valet that they possessed the means of conveying him without incurring any danger to England.

The valet mentioned the matter to the Prince of the Peace, and both spoke of it to the king; it was agreed that the prince should see the two gentlemen; a meeting took place; Paban has ships at his disposal, and Guidal safe men to protect his embarkation; the king accepts; as a consequence, he causes 80,000 francs to be paid to Paban and Guidal for the purchase and fitting out of the ships; it is decided to first communicate this resolution to the English admiral commanding in the Mediterranean; the two negotiators undertake to convey the king's despatch; they are compelled to hire a fishing-smack, and take the owner into their confidence; several trips are made; the admiral consents to receive the king, and to convey him to England. A daily correspondence went on; meanwhile the authorities re-

ceived information that boats were communicating at night with the English, and engaging in smuggling; in the meantime the ship which was to convey the king was in readiness; its alleged destination was Corsica, with a cargo of wines and miscellaneous merchandise; an insurance was taken out on the ship.

Just as the time for carrying the plan into execution had arrived, Charles IV. conceived the idea of asking to be received by the squadron as king and with the customary honours, to wit, to be saluted with one hundred guns; the admiral replied that the king should be received with all the marks of respect due to a person of rank, but not as King of Spain; the king refused to leave. During all these negotiations, the secret of which was possessed by several persons, (*illegible*) quarrelled over the division of the money paid by Charles IV. and Admiral Cotton; the skipper threatened to reveal everything if not paid 4000 francs at once; the advocate Jaume (?) was commissioned to pay him and silence him. The authorities, as I have stated above, were informed; the ship went out to the English squadron, while ostensibly bound for Corsica; the skipper was arrested. Captain Chambaud, initiated into the affair, had a son a prisoner at Mahon; he asked the admiral that this son should be restored to him; an order was given to this effect. Young Chambeau (*sic*) returned to Marseilles, was recognised, and arrested together with his father; these folk revealed everything, and, on condition of their lives being spared, compromised a number of people; Paban, Guidal, and the lawyer were arrested, conveyed to Toulon, and arraigned before a military commission appointed by Masséna.

Guidal was transferred to Paris; it was expected that he would make important revelations about prominent persons and myself; with this object in view, he was subjected to a preliminary examination in Paris. The military commission sentenced to death sixteen heads of families for having taken part in the projected escape of the King of Spain; (they were also accused of) having gathered in a country-house near Toulon, in order to concert for the capture of that town; they died like heroes, wearing the tricolour cockade over their hearts. Masséna saved from the fusillade his friend the advocate Jaume (?); he had his execution suspended, on the pretext of certain revelations; the

advocate made some insignificant ones in which he included me. King Charles IV. was exiled to Rome; a commissary despatched from Paris notified him of this order; the commissary had been instructed to accompany him thither. The commissary and the authorities of Marseilles assured the king that he would be better and more suitably domiciled in the capital of the Christian world, and that his daughter would return to his parental control. Charles left for Rome, taking with him his jewel-box containing his diamonds, those of the queen, and his beautiful set of buttons valued at four millions. I must recall an anecdote in connection with this jewel-box. An employee of the Government had gone to Marseilles; on learning that the king had sent diamonds to Paris for the purpose of having them sold, he offered to purchase the fine set of buttons, saying he had been instructed to pay a million down for it, the balance of the four millions to be paid in instalments at dates to be agreed upon; I heard of this sharper's game, and sent word to the king to hide his jewel-box and to keep his set. Had it not been for me, he would have consented to the arrangement, and would have been robbed as he was at Bayonne of his gold dinner-service by a general acting with authority.

After the departure of the king, my house was one morning surrounded by gendarmes and police; my house-steward Courtot was arrested and placed in close confinement. I was unable to ascertain the reason for this arrest from the authorities; I applied to the Minister of Police, pointing out to him that I was doubtless the person aimed at, that I should not budge from my domicile, although it had been my intention to go to Montpellier; the Minister, Savari, replied that the matter did not concern me, that he was sending a commissary to look into it; and indeed he came to the house of M. Permont (?), commissary-general of police; I called there, when I quickly saw that I was not such a stranger to the matter as the Minister had assured me; I was questioned as to my relations with several of the persons; my answer was: "Give me pen, ink, and paper, and I shall in my own handwriting exculpate the individuals you have named; I beg you will interrogate my house-steward, and set him free." I left, quivering with indignation.

On the following day I again called on the police commis-

sioners; I insisted on my house-steward being set at liberty; they admitted that no proofs existed against (him). It was a Sunday. "We are going into the country," said the commissary from Paris to me. "Why postpone until to-morrow," I inquired, "the setting at liberty of an unfortunate man so long kept in close confinement, when you admit that there are no grounds for his detention? Give me an order for his release, and I shall go and claim him." Permont replied: "We shall go into the country after having restored to liberty the person claimed by General Barras." The order was signed, and M. Permont showed the courtesy of sending his secretary to release my man.

It seemed to me that the orders of the Minister and those of the councillor of State having in charge the police of the departments of the South, Pelet de la Lozère, clashed; these two commissaries were on the most friendly footing. I have in my possession the letter written in Paris by the advocate . . . in which he spoke very ill of his friend and host Permont. What I had foreseen came true; a few days afterwards a secretary of the prefect called on me at early morn to inform me that the prefect, who was in hiding in the wood on my estate, had an important communication to make to me, one that required the utmost secrecy. On my reaching the spot where Mr. (*illegible*) was awaiting me, he approached me, visibly embarrassed as to how he was to begin, and handed me a letter from the Minister. "It is absolutely necessary," the prefect said to me, "that this order should be executed, that you should remain silent as to its dispositions, and that you should proceed to Rome, stopping neither at Turin nor at Florence, where reside members of the imperial family; this must be strictly conformed to." My sole reply was: "You oppress me, and prevent me from saying a word in self-defence; I declare to you that I have no desire to see the Emperor's family, which I protected in the days of its adversity; I do not bind myself to anything; I shall leave as soon as I have a carriage and money."

On my return home I told everybody what had taken place; my house was surrounded by spies; the prefect's secretary called on me daily, telling me to hasten my departure, in order to dispense his superior from measures he would adopt with reluctance. In the course of a few days I wrote to the Minister that I was

about to proceed to Montpellier, thence to the waters at Aix in Savoy, and from there to Rome. I left Marseilles, and took leave of my residence; my departure was softened by the interest shown me by the inhabitants, who all declared: "We shall never see him again; he will be murdered in Italy by the order of the man he has loaded with benefits." Having settled certain matters of business in Montpellier, I went to Aix in Savoy, where I took the baths; I received a letter from Marseilles informing me that the prefect had, subsequent to my departure, received orders to incarcerate me in the Château d'If. I left Aix; on arriving at the gates of Turin, although provided with passports from the Minister and from the municipality of Marseilles, I was arrested and held a prisoner in the hotel designated to me; at nine o'clock in the evening enter a commissary with armed men. "You are under arrest," he says to me; "you must accompany me." Although ailing, I was conveyed to the police office afoot; one of the police spies attempted to lay hold of me; I kicked him to the ground; the sergeant censured him. On arriving at the police headquarters, I was locked up in a room; I asked to be interrogated, and to be allowed to write to the mayor and to the prefect; the latter was under some obligation to me; all this was denied me.

The same commissary of police, accompanied by another, came into my room, scrutinised me thoroughly, made entries in a register, and departed without answering my questions; it was one o'clock in the morning; I was seated on a dilapidated chair; I was denied a mattress. At one o'clock in the morning the commissary comes and says to me: "You are free; a mistake has been made." I was about to chastise this brute, when he fled, leaving with me a worthy sergeant, who said to me: "No carriage is to be had at this hour; you do not know your way about Turin; I shall see you to your residence. We start afoot; my house-steward, the faithful Courtot, had not left my side; I had him entrusted with my pocket-book. On reaching the street of my hotel I found my servants, who also were exclaiming: "We shall not look upon him again; let us go and drown ourselves in the river." How rare such marks of attachment, and how they console one for the injustice of mankind! I wrote to the prefect and to the mayor on reaching home; the worthy

sergeant said to me: "They will not reply to you; the prefect will send word that he is in the country; we are suffering from the worst kind of despotism here." On the following morning the deputy-mayor called on me, apologised to me on behalf of the mayor, and handed me my passports. He displayed a kindly interest in me, and invited me to make a short stay in Turin, remarking that I would like its inhabitants better than its authorities; I told him I would not reside in a city administered by such officials. I left at once.

I did not make any stay at Florence, dreading to meet there the same reception as at Turin; the prefect, who was perhaps not cognisant of my exile, took good care to inform the authorities of my having passed through the city. On my entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, a little man dressed in black said to me: "You are General Barras; you have been expected a long time past; your dwelling-place is prepared, and I am going to show you the way to it." I was surprised to see him spring up immediately on the box-seat of my carriage; on arriving at the Piazza di Spagna at the house of a Mr. Cerni, the latter said to me: "You may place every confidence in this man; he is to be your cicerone." I kept him some little time, but on learning that he had been attached to my person by the police, I dismissed him, and left Cerni's.

I called on the governor, General Miollis; he was not to be seen; I left my card; the same evening the general, whom I had known when he belonged to the Army of Italy, came to see me; the prefect (*illegible*) and the commissary-general of police returned the call I had made on them. His Excellency the governor visited me almost every evening; he is a soldier who has served with both honour and bravery, but the position occupied by him, one almost entirely civil, was perhaps not suited to him.

The King of Spain's daughter, the Queen of Etruria, was confined in a cloistered convent; it had been promised him, but the promise had not been kept, that she should be restored to his parental care. He asked for an interview with her; it was finally granted to him, on condition that the governor should be present. The doors were unlocked to allow of the entry of the King and Queen of Spain and the son of the Queen of Etruria; it was a regular prison; on

seeing her august parents, the Queen of Etruria fell at their feet; all shed tears. A certain embarrassment was cast over this scene by the presence of the general and the severity of the lady superior; this mute effusion soon ceased, owing to the order given by her to the Queen of Etruria and to the Princess of Bourbon, a religious in the convent, to return to their cells.

With the exception of the Pantheon, Rome no longer presents to the view anything except ruins; still, these vestiges proclaim the greatness of the Romans and the skill of their architects; the people are on a par with brutes, owing to their having been for so long under the domination of the clergy; the great folks are, generally speaking, ignorant; they inhabit palaces which stink with dirtiness; the enlightened folks are to be found among the lawyers, the artists, and a few prelates. The district known as the Trastevere bears no resemblance to what is said of it in history; the association of the *Carbonari* was in existence; I was admitted to the meetings of its committees by the prelate Martinelli, Canon of St. Peter's, a man remarkable for his bearing, politeness, and patriotism. The government of Bonaparte was generally execrated in Rome; a parish priest of the city, Battaille by name, left his brilliant presbytery to organise an insurrection in the country districts; he had succeeded in gathering under his orders a body which gave the authorities serious uneasiness and defied the gendarmerie; the priest was made a prisoner by means of corruption; shot in the leg, he was betrayed by one of his captains; he defended himself with the courage which had never deserted him in the several engagements he had fought, but, wounded and forsaken, he succumbed; his followers dispersed; he was conveyed to Rome; it was the intention to make him bestride an ass. I was perhaps instrumental in preventing this plan from being carried out, by pointing out that the French Government would view with ill-favour the fact of a priest being made a public exhibition of, especially one who had a powerful following in Rome; he was cast into prison; the military commission was not to try him until after hearing from the Tuileries; Bonaparte's government was dissolved, and the priest saved.

After living for a year in Rome, where the climate was noxious to me, I wrote to M. de Rovigo for leave to return to

France; the reply came that the moment was not a favourable one; my correspondence with France was being intercepted; I was ignorant of the fact that heads of families had been shot at Toulon, as the result of a procedure in the course of which it had been sought to convict me of participation in the conspiracy of (*illegible*) with Charles IV., King of Spain; I learnt these particulars from Murat only, on his coming to Rome.

Bonaparte's reverses were denied by the authorities in Rome; his Russian campaign, doubtless counselled by courtiers who sought his ruin, anxious as they were not to fight any more and to retain possession of their riches, the death of Moreau while fighting under foreign standards, Bernadotte's defection towards France, the advance of the Austrians into Italy, that of the Neapolitan army on Rome, determined me to ask that my passports might be visé'd; this request was not granted until the time when the French domination had ceased to exist, and when the Neapolitan visa had become necessary.

I had several interviews with Maguella, Minister of Police, and the general and intendant of the Neapolitan army which had established itself in Rome. They informed me that the King of Naples had instructed them to retain me in Rome until his arrival, while showing me all the consideration due me by virtue of the position I had occupied. The French and the Neapolitans were watching each other; the latter pretended to be the former's friends and allies; Fouché, sent as a conciliator by Bonaparte to the King of Naples, had been completely fooled, but fêted in brilliant style. The king, who could no longer keep secret his treaty with the coalition, sent Fouché about his business, saying to him: "I shall command in person the army against the Austrians; go and wait for me in Rome, which I shall reach in three days." Fouché waited for him in vain for a whole fortnight; finally he left Rome to proceed to Florence. During his stay in Rome he was charged with impudence for having exacted visits and demonstrations of respect from the judicial bodies; I did not see him; he merely inquired about me.

A remarkable fact is that 25,000 Neapolitans took possession of Rome, and occupied all its positions without encountering any resistance, on the grounds that they were allies, living

at the expense of the Empire, whose enemies they were. . . . General Miollis was summoned to surrender the city; he withdrew to the Fort of San Angelo; he would perhaps have done better to have gathered together his 3000 men and a fine and numerous gendarmerie, and to have joined the army of the king; I had obtained from the Neapolitan general that he would grant General Miollis another twenty-four hours in which to withdraw to the Fort of San Angelo. The King of Naples had been expected for twenty days past; Rome was a prey to agitation; fears were entertained for the French because of the hatred borne them; they all sought places of hiding; the prefect, Mr. de (*illegible*), fled in disguise, as did also the Intendant Janet. Janet took care to carry off the casket containing the diamonds belonging to the Queen of Etruria; Charles IV. had claimed it in vain; the hatred of the citizens followed him; the arms of Bte. affixed to his palace were smashed; King Charles IV. had begged me to solicit this restitution in France; I mentioned the matter to Murat; he gave orders for the arrest of Janet if found in Florence; when I arrived in that town, the Neapolitan general discovered Janet's hiding-place; the latter again fled in disguise, but threats made to his wife to send him to Rome brought about the restitution of the casket. I sent word to the King of Spain to take every precaution in having it conveyed to Rome.

I conferred about it (*about the situation in Rome*) with the Directorial committee and with the Neapolitan general; I pointed out to them the misfortunes to which the city would be exposed were any acts of violence committed; I contributed in no small degree to quiet all irritation and gain time, as no guarantee or capitulation existed. I had declined a Neapolitan guard; a deputation of Roman citizens had called on me to assure me that the Romans had applauded my determination to prefer persecution to any participation whatsoever in the tyrannical government of Bonaparte; that my modest and popular behaviour and my holding aloof from the great folk and from the French authorities entitled me to their esteem; and that they would see that I was treated with honour and not molested. I thanked the descendants of Brutus and of the Gracchi for their goodwill.

The King of Naples arrived; the population went to meet him out of mere curiosity; he made inquiries about my health; I called on him in the evening; the Roman nobility filled his drawing-rooms; the nobles seemed astounded at seeing me in top-boots, and at my being at once shown into the king's private apartment; he was at dinner with his mother and an officer of high rank; several Ministers were standing round; he made his way towards me, and embraced me, saying to his Ministers: "I owe everything to General Barras; without him I should have remained in the lower ranks of the army." This first interview was spent in compliments; I asked him if I could see him at the same hour on the following day. "I shall be visible (to you) at any hour," replied the king; "come and dine with me and Madame." I begged to be excused, pleading the state of my health.

On the following day I called at the palace; on being shown into the king's presence at once, I expressed to him the desire I had of returning to France. "You will be immolated there," he said to me, "by the man who is under such lasting obligations to you, and who is surrounded by enemies as wicked as himself; remain with us; you are in a position to play a great part in the restoration of France; your counsels will, under existing circumstances, be most useful to me; the ambassadors of the allied Powers desire that you should join us at Naples." I replied to the king that this proposition both surprised and pained me: "I know what I am exposing myself to in returning to France; it is my duty to proceed thither, when my country is threatened by the tyrant who governs it by usurpation, and (threatened) by the coalition; I shall never deviate from the path of honour; you have entered into engagements, you are not of the race of kings, they will use you and then sacrifice you; the enmity existing between yourself and the viceroy should cease in this hour of danger; you should have united, in order to restore independence to your Fatherland."

The king faltered, and tears coursed down his cheeks as he said to me: "I am still French; Bonaparte has compelled me by his tyranny to enter the coalition formed against him; I have everything to fear from that Corsican; I hurriedly left the Army of Germany. Davoust is the most violent of his coun-

sellors; I spoke to him roughly in the *salon* of the Emperor. Bernadotte has contributed in no small degree to my resolution and to that of Moreau against the tyrant." I did not conceal from Murat my fears in regard to the entry of the coalesced armies into France; I reminded him of the Treaty of Pillnitz, pointing out to him that his independence might be compromised, and that he would not be in a position to defend it." "Eugene," he replied to me, "is not an obstacle; he is, as you are aware, a man devoted to the will of the Corsican satrap who adopted him; his entire army is discontented; he has estranged himself from the citizens; he will be compelled to go into retirement." I said to the king: "You also will be compelled to follow his example; your army is discontented, your chiefs look upon you as an intruder, and Austria, after promising you everything, will forsake you." The king still reckoned on the support of the Emperor of Austria; he called Joseph a hypocrite and a Capuchin, Eugene a stinking little popinjay who would burn Milan were he to believe that such an auto-da-fe would prove agreeable to the Emperor. "Moreover, this family, to which I am allied, which reflects honour on me (to use the Emperor's expression), has compelled me to send the following reply:—

"'*Joachim to the Emperor Napoleon.*

"'Your Imperial Majesty will perceive, from the zeal I have displayed in furnishing the contingent asked of me, that I do not deserve the reproaches contained in his letter to Queen Caroline. You have disgraced me in the eyes of Europe, sire, by placing above me and extolling at my expense a young man whose only merit lies in the fact that he has remained attached to you in spite of the repudiation by which you disgraced his mother, and in the fact that he announced this repudiation to the Senate with as much indifference as if it did not concern him.

"'The blow has been dealt; it is no longer in the power of Your Majesty to undo the harm; you have insulted an old comrade-in-arms, a man who was at your side both in the hour of danger and in that of victory, one whose excessive attachment to your person had rendered him odious to the majority of his former

comrades—who, it is true, serve you faithfully, but who would consider themselves cowards if they could love a despot. I was about to say a tyrant, sire; but I leave this word to posterity.

"'When one has the honour, says Your Majesty, of belonging to your illustrious family, one must not do anything likely to compromise its interests or tarnish its splendour. Sire, your family has received from me as much honour as it has conferred on me, and I might even, by quoting an *incident* of which Your Majesty is fully cognisant, prove that he has somewhat compromised mine. Your Majesty will remember what he remarked at the time about the frailty (I shall not repeat here the word used by him) of the women of his family, and the reasons of policy he gave me to persuade me not to make a noise about the matter, because there was a twofold scandal in the injury done me. Pardon me, sire, if I recall this fact to your memory; but I really did not expect that it would be when writing to Queen Caroline that you would speak to me of the honour conferred upon me by receiving me into your family.

"'Your Majesty says I have shown symptoms of betrayal, and that my overtures to the English commandant in Sicily would suffice, were I not king, to subject me to a trial by a military commission; the reproach is grounded up to a certain point, but the threat accompanying it constitutes an insult. I am aware that in accepting a crown at your hands I lost my independence, and that I possessed more actual power when in command of the Paris garrison than you conferred on me when you clothed me with the livery of your vassals. The exercise of my sovereignty has been limited up to the present time to gathering tributes of men and money forced upon me, and to delivering up the youth of my dominions to a new Minotaur, who seizes them as soon as they have attained the age at which he has determined they are to be devoured by him. I am fully aware that I have been compelled to be a tyrant in order to resemble you, and to make myself odious for the purpose of serving you, and that had I attempted to win the affection of my subjects by some act of justice or kindness, I should long since have expiated the attempt by a premature death, or by some insult which would have rendered me the laughing-stock of the generals envious of my elevation.

"'Has not Your Majesty gone so far as to reproach me with my taste for theatrical display? Has he not called me a king of the stage because I have occasionally appeared in public in a Spanish costume? Thus your ever active and harassing censure was exercised not only over my slightest governmental act, but also over my mode of dress.

"'After the disastrous Russian campaign, on witnessing the prevailing consternation, especially in Naples, and believing that I saw in every face turned towards me reproaches for my indifference to the cruel losses which the greater number of families had suffered, I confess that my heart went out to them, and I took pity on this people who accused me only by its silence; I sought to procure it some alleviation, and, my thoughts taking the direction of the privations caused to it by naval warfare, I encouraged, in order to give it some relief, commercial relations with the English. But, sire, is that nation so odious that all intercourse with it becomes a crime, and do you not see something antisocial and barbarous in this inveterate hatred with which you seek to inspire against it the peoples subjected to your laws? Sire, I am unable to share this hatred; and when a nation holds so high a rank for courage, it is entitled to the admiration of all who can appreciate great deeds of valour and the worth displayed in a long and imperturbable constancy. Moreover, why should dwellers on the shores of the sea see it for ever closed to their venturesome spirit, to their needs, and to their calculations? Prohibition, and again prohibition—such has been the system mercilessly followed ever since the accession of Your Majesty to power. Under his sway the nations have known naught but privations and multiplied sacrifices, whose only effect has been to postpone the oft-announced state of peace and happiness. Each succeeding year brings fresh wars, increases the general distress, and invades the hearts of all with discouragement and despair. We are unable to make any promises in your name which are not belied beforehand by your acts, and which public opinion does not reject as fresh deceptions. The distrust with which Your Majesty and his vassals inspire nations is such that when I sought to establish relations with Sicily, it was with difficulty that I found mariners willing to venture on such an undertaking, that this unexpected condescen-

sion was in general regarded as a trap which would produce the direst results for those who should allow themselves to fall into it.

"'Who could have imagined, when you were flattering your generals with the most brilliant expectations, when you were holding out to them a prospect of glory and prosperity if they but displayed constancy and fidelity in your service, that the most unfortunate, the most dishonoured, the most dependent, and, I may say, the most contemptible of them, would be the one whom you would seat on a throne, and that you would carry contempt for the dignity with which you had invested him, and forgetfulness of what he has done for you, to the point of seeking to disgrace him in the eyes of Europe?

"'Thus it is that what constitutes the object of men's ambition, or what appears to them as the highest state of happiness and good fortune, is oftentimes naught but a source of insults and mortification. And indeed, what have I been since, as the result of hazards the like of which the ages have not witnessed, I have been incorporated with the body of sovereigns, seated on one of the finest thrones in the world, and am reigning over one of the most happily endowed countries of the earth? Everything had seemed to combine for the purpose of fulfilling my most boundless wishes and my vastest hopes. And after all I have been naught else but a slave, a thousand times more wretched than he who is born to this abject condition; dominated by a woman, tyrannised over by Your Majesty, I have caught a glimpse of the supreme rank merely to be tortured by a desire for independence and a thirst for liberty which I am not allowed to gratify.

"'I have a thousand times regretted, sire, the time when, an officer of low rank in the regiment of *Chasseurs*, I had chiefs but no masters, and when it was my fate to be your superior, then your comrade, next your saviour, and finally your slave. What would you be, sire, if on the 18th Brumaire I had not come forward at the head of grenadiers and torn you from the grasp of the assassins who surrounded you, and above all protected you from that dagger, the sight of which had made you faint, and if I had not on several occasions warned you of the plottings of your lieutenants, of their discontent, and of their murmurings? And this is the man whom you have sacrificed, not to

your affection, for you have never been accused of loving any one, but to a strange predilection for a young man of whom I would none as an aide-de-camp, and whom you of a sudden convert into a man better acquainted than myself with the detail of a great military administration. Thus have you successively sacrificed to your calculations and fears the men who have served you best, and you have promoted over their heads ignorant soldiers or some individual or another who, prepared to sacrifice his opinion to yours, ever obeyed your orders without discussing them. Thus have you sacrificed Fouchet to Savary, Taleyrand to Champagny, and the last-named to Bassano, rewarding long and valuable services with oblivion or exile; thus do you sacrifice me to Eugene Bauharnais, who possesses no other merit than that of always quaking when in your presence, and who does not inspire your policy with any fears by his military pretensions or influence over the army. This system, sire, of successively putting away from yourself the first artisans of your elevation, the principal instruments of your glory, may for the time being confer more absolute and vigorous power; but, in isolating it from these its props, and in exposing it to the mistakes constantly committed by the man who acts without taking counsel, it paves the way to the downfall of this power. Does not the Russian campaign, combined, prepared, and undertaken against the advice of your best generals and most enlightened administrators, afford a proof of all I here lay down? Your activity had prepared, seen to everything, your will had swept everything before it; well, this gigantic undertaking in which you took such pride brought you to the verge of ruin, deprived you of your best soldiers and of officers whose places you can never fill, and diminished a class of generals trained to military combinations by the experience of a thousand fights. You would not have entered upon this campaign, sire, and especially would you not have carried it out with so much recklessness and impetuosity, had you been as docile as you were in the days when your astounding fortune was beginning. Sire, the confidence which united us has been destroyed, and is a thing of the past, but my devotion will in no wise diminish, and, in spite of your errors, I remain your sincere brother and faithful brother-in-law.'"

Bonaparte, when he received Murat's letter informing him that circumstances and his position compelled him to link fortunes with Austria and the coalition, was at table with his Berthier and Lefebvre. He rose from his seat like a madman, saying to Berthier: "Read this letter." On perusing it Berthier shed tears. Thereupon Bonaparte said to him: "Thou art doubtless weeping over the cowardice of this hairdresser, this wretch whom I made a king to the detriment of all you others whose fidelity is known to me. I made a tremendous mistake; his drab of a wife is no better than he is; I have naught but beggars as a family. If I succeed in my designs, I shall put Murat and his wife in an iron cage, and expose them in the sewers of Paris.[1] . . . What infamous treachery! What sayest thou of it, Berthier, and thou, Lefebvre? You both well knew that he had compromised and lost my cavalry; why did you not tell me of it at the time? I would have had him shot."

Murat was hardly familiar with politics, and was full of boastfulness; he devoted his attention to his army, at the head of which he had displayed much valour. His noble figure and amiability had captivated the Neapolitans; in the days of his power he was flattered; when misfortune overtook him he was trampled upon.

On the following day Murat opened the conversation by showing me a letter written in the hand of the Emperor of Austria, for the purpose of dissipating all his fears. "The war," wrote the Emperor, "is undertaken only against Bte., that disturber of Europe"; that his (Murat's) destiny shall be maintained, that Joseph, King of Spain, and the King of Westphalia shall receive compensation, but that their claim to govern cannot be entertained, the former because of his incapacity, the latter because of his dissolute life. "You had spoken to me yesterday," remarked Murat to me, "of a *rapprochement* with the viceroy. He has just had one of my aides de camp arrested; he is filled with pride, and so devoted to Bonaparte that he would burn Milan, did the latter but give him the order." "Permit me, general (an appellation agreed upon with the king), to point out that you have been very quick in coming to

[1] Barras here puts into the mouth of the Emperor such coarse words about the Queen of Naples, that it is impossible to give them.—G. D.

a decision of such importance; had you expelled the Ministers who prevented your making the treaty proposed to you by Lord (*illegible*), by virtue of which England ceded Sicily to you—a treaty which seemed to meet your views, which you rejected, which later on you wished to conclude, when the English Government would no longer consent to it, and (*illegible*) became your enemy." Murat, who was by nature cheerful, became very grave, and our separation felt the effects of his mood.

I returned to the palace for the purpose of securing a passport which I had asked for daily. I found Murat in a state of deep agitation; he led me into a boudoir, in the middle of which stood a table covered with maps. "See what happens to me," he said; "the Austrians wish to occupy Ancona, and are treating my troops badly; this has been the cause of some disturbances; I am about to leave for Boulogne (*sic*) within a couple of hours' time; you will join me there; I should like to offer you the cordon of my Orders, if agreeable to you; your acceptance of them would be a great mark of your friendship for me." I replied that, considering my position, I could not accept this proof of his goodwill towards me; I begged him to have a passport sent to me, together with an order empowering me to cross the lines of the troops stationed along my route; he summoned his Ministers; the passport and the pass were at once despatched to my residence.

The king emerged from his reverie to beg of me to render him an important service which would spare him much unpleasantness. "I am instructed," he said, "to take possession of Florence, and to arrest there my sister-in-law, if she persists in refusing to take up her abode in Pisa, which you alone can prevail upon her to do." I pointed out to Murat that I was not in a position to exercise such an influence over that family, that I had met with nothing but ingratitude at its hands, and I begged he would dispense me from executing the commission. Murat pressed my hand warmly and insisted so strongly, saying, "You are going to pass through Florence; put away all repugnance," that I yielded to his wishes; he wrote to his sister-in-law to place full confidence in anything I should tell her.

The king's coaches were in waiting; his *salons* were filled with people; I took leave of him; it was agreed we should

meet again at Boulogne (*sic*). I remained in a corner of the *salon* to witness the leave-taking. Murat appeared; he had resumed his cheerful look; surrounded by so many courtiers, overwhelmed with homage, he saw me, clove the throng, spoke a few most kindly words to me, and departed.

Two days (later) I took the road to Florence; a few moments after my arrival Fouché called on me; at first he was embarrassed; he became further so on my saying to him: "It is you deserters from the Republican cause who are responsible for the misfortunes of my country and for those with which it is now threatened." Fouché replied: "I have been deceived by Sieyès, by Talleirand, and by many others, and especially by Bonaparte; I am at present greatly embarrassed as to how I shall return to France in safety; I think we can reach the coast together and embark." I answered: "You are free to do as you please; as for me, I am going to travel by land and through the lines of the coalesced armies; I have nothing to fear from them: we equally detest the man who oppresses France and Europe. The Neapolitan general, who had taken possession of Florence with less than 1200 men and without any bloodshed, was announced. Fouché withdrew, remarking that he would call on me again. The princess had been compelled to flee on the previous day; she had been grossly insulted, and fled in the direction of Pisa, whither the sister of Bte. had proceeded. I sent her the letter with which her husband had entrusted me, and continued my journey to Boulogne (*sic*).

On arriving there, I found the King of Naples, who was greatly embarrassed and supercilious, a plaything in the hands of the authorities who had paralysed him and sown the seeds of discord in his army; public opinion was hostile and displeased at seeing the French occupying important posts; hence the lack of consideration shown and the violation of pledges resulted in a state of insubordination, which made such progress in the ranks of the Neapolitan army that Murat was compelled to withdraw to his dominions, likewise undermined by Austrian influence, to which the majority of his Ministers had sold themselves. We had a talk. "You should not have marched to Boulogne (*sic*) with your army; the viceroy has, like yourself,

pretensions in regard to Italy, but the populations have been so oppressed by the French that they will no longer submit to imperious masters, and you have," I remarked to him, "treated with the object of delivering them up to their implacable foe, the House of Austria."

Murat protested the interest he felt in these populations and in the deliverance of France. Were events to turn as he anticipated they would, "here is my cipher" (he said), "so that we may correspond; here are blank passports; if I reach the Alps, you shall be informed thereof; in that case it would be necessary for you to come to me; your name is beloved of the Republicans; an orderly officer invested with the necessary powers from the Allies will escort you to the French outposts." Thus ended our conversation; it did not bid fair to be productive of any (favourable) results.

I gave the orderly officer a seat in my carriage; I was everywhere treated with consideration by the posts of the coalesced armies; it was only on coming within the jurisdiction of Bonaparte that I was again made to feel his tyranny. I had received no news from France during my stay in Rome; it was not until reaching Avignon that I heard that a number of heads of families had been shot at Toulon, where Masséna was in command, and that the King of Spain and myself had been inculpated in this atrocious procedure, and it was from Masséna and Pelet de la Lozère, two men who styled themselves patriots and my friends, that informers and their accusations had received protection; I was lost had it not been for the events resulting from that Corsican's ambition, which had degenerated into madness. . . .

I was again arrested at the gates of Turin; my passport was taken from me, and I was informed that by virtue of superior orders I was to be placed under surveillance; I complained to the commissary-general, Mr. (*illegible*); he seemed to take an interest in my position; he recommended that I should write to Bonaparte, that he would forward my letter by a courier; I replied that I had repeatedly complained of the molestations of which I had been the object, that I had received no reply, that I should not take any further steps, and that I was resigned to the fate which tyranny had in store for me. The commissary wrote to Paris; the return post brought him the authority to

visé my passport for Monpellier, but not for either Marseilles or Paris.

I reached Avignon, where I was compelled to keep to my bed; open sores, which appeared on my legs, prevented me from proceeding to Monpellier for some days. I was partaking of a plate of soup at Nîmes, when a few worthy citizens, headed by the venerable Mr. Labat, came to inform me that legal proceedings had been instituted, as a sequel to those of Toulon; that over a hundred individuals were in the prisons of Nîmes; that Mr. Pelet de la Lozère had sent word to hasten their examination and trial; that several interrogatories, to which even Mr. Labat had been subjected, had been held with a view of inculpating me in the same way as the attempt had been made at the time of the proceedings instituted in Toulon, which had resulted in the assassination of ten heads of families. Their execution had aroused such indignation against the commission and against Masséna, who had appointed its members, that he had left Toulon, and the remaining prisoners had been conveyed to Nîmes.

Armed with this information, I called on Mr. Pelet de la Lozère immediately on reaching Nîmes; he received me with every consideration, but his politeness did not conceal from me the moving spirit in fearful proceedings resumed under his authority, in spite of his assurance that they did not aim at me. I left him with the full determination to escape, if possible, from the awful jurisdiction of this chief of police.

Bonaparte's abdication once more suspended these judicial proceedings; I wrote to Mr. de Talleirand that I was about to go to Paris; receiving no answer from a man whom I had protected, placed, and supported, I called upon him immediately upon my arrival in Paris; he was in his study with two individuals wearing the Legion of Honour, and one of my cousins, a clerk in his offices; he greeted me with protestations of interest. "*Oh, how pleased I am to see you!*" said the Minister, embracing me; "*you have suffered much.*" I replied: "None of those whom I had obliged and who styled themselves my friends have shown any interest in me during my exile; I owe my life to causes foreign to the predictions of the English newspapers which said: 'Bonaparte must necessarily add to his

crimes that of assassinating his benefactor Barras.' I have not betrayed my oath and the Republic, and I have not worn the livery of that Corsican." "*Yes, indeed,*" *replied Talleyrand,* "*you have reason to complain.*" My anger knew no bounds; in order to divert the conversation into another channel, the Minister said to me: "Look, here is a curious document which I am about to lay before the king; read it; it is a proclamation of Bte. previous to embarking for Elba; I shall be with you in a moment." That cousin came to me; I repelled him, saying: "Remain at your post, you servile courtier." Talleyrand re-entered the room, saying: "Did you read it? Such audacity is incredible after so cowardly an abdication; but the king is awaiting me: he wishes to see this production; you may set your mind at ease for the future; the present government will not prosecute anybody." I have not since that time seen Mr. de Talleirand again.

I did not find Paris enjoying the tranquillity announced by M. de Talleirand; the various parties were deeply stirred up; that of Bonaparte was reinforced by the soldiers; the Government was weak and rested on an insecure foundation; the Republican party was content to demand peace and security; it was the one whose goodwill the authorities should have sought to win; it would have been good policy to separate the Republicans from the Bonapartists. It was, at the time, an easy matter; once isolated, they could not have done any harm to a government which had, moreover, placed them under surveillance instead of employing them. This erroneous system united the malcontents, and gave the preponderance to the partisans of the exile of Elba. His return was resolved upon; the French, although not in favour of the Empire and its despotism, rallied to it nevertheless, some from fear, others from motives, foreseeing an approaching overthrow. The French Government compromised its dignity, lost the confidence of the people by its policy and the selection of its high administrators, who committed blunders only, and unwittingly rendered easy the return of the tyrant.

The king, drawn into the whirlpool, realising the danger of his position, sought to remedy and ward it off; he perhaps still possessed the means to do so, but his will was paralysed by the agents of the Empire surrounding him; hence the most en-

lightened occupant of the château, to whom all wished to rally, was nevertheless forsaken by all. Matters being in this state, the king told the Duc d'Havré that he was desirous of speaking with me, and instructed him to see me and bring me to the château. I considered it proper for me to decline the invitation, pointing out that I was a simple citizen, having no services and no support entitling him to present himself at Court, and affording no guarantee. M. d'Havré urgently begged me to yield, and censured me for holding back, remarking: "You can save France; the king is full of fears; things are going wrong and Mr. de Blacas is being swept along; he possesses the highest power, but he is a presumptuous man unaccustomed to public affairs. The king perceives the danger; he wishes to see you; come to the Tuileries at once; he awaits you; you will be rendering a great service to the State; but do not delay, for were M. de Blacas and his party to have an inkling of this, they would put a stop to this interview so greatly to be desired, and one which would save the Government from the machinations of its enemies, and especially from those of the partisans of Bte." I gathered from M. d'Havré's talk that one party was seeking to use me for the purpose of overthrowing another. I persisted in my resolution not to go to the château. M. d'Havré left me, greatly grieved at my refusal, saying: "I go to take the orders of the king, who will doubtless write to you in the matter." "In that case," was my reply, "there will be nothing left for me but to obey his orders."

Two days went by, and M. d'Havré called on me, bearing a letter from the king, who expressed regret at the fact that circumstances did not permit his receiving me for the present; that, knowing my attachment to France, he was desirous that I should kindly agree to confer with Mr. de Blacas in regard to her situation; that this Minister possessed his full confidence. "You have let the opportunity go by," said M. d'Havré to me; "you should have seen the king ere the courtiers had heard of the matter; you should have responded to the invitation of the venerable monarch; but it is nevertheless necessary that you should see Mr. de Blacas; please name place and hour." "Since the king so wills it, I shall be with you on Saturday at five o'clock."

I went to the residence of Mr. d'Havré on the day and hour named; he was awaiting me in his drawing-room. "Blacas is in my study," he said; "the king has instructed him to consult you in regard to the measures you may consider proper to prevent all commotion, to rally all Frenchmen, and to save the country threatened by secret negotiations between Bte. and a great Power. With anybody but yourself Blacas would play the high and mighty." I begged M. d'Havré to be attentive to all that would be said, in order to give a faithful account of it to the king; I was unaware that a very high personage stood concealed in a recess in order to be a witness of the conversation.

After the customary exchange of courtesies, Mr. de Blacas recalled the kinship and friendly intimacy existing between our two families, and expressed the desire that they should continue; I replied to this courtesy, reminding Mr. de Blacas that we had met by order of the king, and I begged that he would tell me the reasons for such a meeting. "The king and his Ministers," answered Mr. de Blacas, "are greatly alarmed at the activity of the various parties threatening the public peace and the Government. You have been for a long time at the head of public affairs; you have seen the Revolution at close range; you have often suppressed attempts at uprisings; you have fought the factions; better than any one do you know their strength, their resources, and those which could be brought into play to restore order and confidence, and reconcile all Frenchmen: the king wishes to know your opinion in the matter."

"The following is my opinion, Monsieur le Ministre, freely expressed:—Bonaparte has oppressed Europe, and especially France; his ambition has known no limits; he has estranged from himself Europe and all true Frenchmen, but the party of the usurper, gorged with honours and riches, has preserved a fatal influence; it should have been kept at a distance instead of being welcomed; Bte. has displeased the nation by destroying its new institutions, by giving the priests a preponderance he thought useful to his despotism, by restoring abolished privileges, and by extending his protection over peculators provided they were devoted to his will. 'This prefect,' he would say, 'is successful in collecting the taxes and in sending the conscripts to their duties; he enjoys my confidence, and I will not listen

to any complaints about his administration.' The tyrant had the army on his side, and a few fine military exploits to his credit; but, intoxicated with power and praise, he succumbed to reverses; the national enthusiasm died out, and the great folk would no longer expose either their fortunes or their lives; indifference and treachery overthrew this Colossus of despotism; he went to hide his shame in the island of Elba. The present Government should have profited by this example, as it came into power under favourable circumstances; by restoring to the nation all that the Corsican had despoiled it of, it removed all pretext for discontent, established itself on a lasting basis, and rallied all Frenchmen to itself. In lieu of following this wise course, you have alarmed the purchasers of national domains, you have made unwise dismissals, you have openly shown favouritism, you have managed the finances badly, you have established fresh privileges, you have retained senators who had betrayed their master; you have done yourself harm by maintaining some few rigorous laws which have aroused well-grounded protests, by employing a certain number of men who had assisted Bonaparte in the carrying out of his execrable tyranny, and by displaying affection towards enemies of France. I cannot here enumerate all the blunders of the Government; it should have been strong, and would have been so by preserving such institutions as were not opposed to a constitutional monarchy, and which had survived a revolution which has been too severely criticised; lastly, I notice that Bte. is daily becoming less odious." Mr. de Blacas told me that the intentions of the Government were being misconstrued; that in a monarchy the splendour of the throne demanded distinctions; that in regard to dismissals which were not made because of incapacity or betrayal of trust, he was prepared to repair the mistakes committed; that malevolence only had sought to alarm the possessors of national domains; that under the sons of St. Louis religion must of necessity and in the interests of all enjoy its dignities and attributes.

I repeated to Mr. de Blacas that since he possessed the confidence of the king, who wished to do what was right, it was his place to propose that the many injustices committed should be repaired, to induce the king to adopt a system of order, impartiality, and moderation, in short, to once more consult national

interests, the only means of restoring confidence to and harmony among all classes of the French nation. "All that I have had the honour of pointing out to you will ward off grave misfortunes, for I see that the road from Elba to Paris and that of the king to London are being mapped out; be kind enough to repeat my very words to the king; I am not seeking either an office, honours, or money, but the welfare of the Fatherland. I should, it is true, have wished for the prosperity of the Republic, but one of its adopted sons has destroyed it; a new order of things has succeeded this atrocious usurpation; may the wisdom of the king be ever the constant guide of his Ministers."

Mr. de Blacas promised to lay my observations before the king, and expressed the hope that the present would not be our last meeting. On my preparing to depart, Mr. d'Havré, designedly catching his coat in an armchair, let Mr. de Blacas take a candlestick to show me out; it was not until we reached the drawing-room that Mr. d'Havré took his place, and apologised, saying: "I was desirous that he should light you on your way; you were the Minister during the conference which has just taken place, and have displayed a fine character. Will he repeat to the king exactly what has taken place, and shall I, in case of need, have the opportunity of confirming it?"

Mr. d'Havré called on me a few days later; he told me that the tone I had assumed with Mr. de Blacas had given pleasure at the château, that the king had said to him two days later: "Mr. d'Havré, we will talk over together what was referred to at the interview." It was not until some time afterwards that the king asked him: "Do you still see Barras? I should like to have his opinion in regard to the organisation of the army, my military household, and matters administrative; I should like him to lay a memorandum on these subjects before me." I indited this memorandum, repeating what had been said in the course of my interview with Mr. de Blacas, to wit: "that the king should entrust the guarding of his person to the army, the most honourable of guards; that the providing of supplies should be entrusted to persons of means and with a reputation for honesty under the supervision of the Minister of the Interior; that in this connection innovators should be discouraged; that the purchasers of national domains should be secured in their rights; that all

privileges should be suppressed; that the institutions consecrated by the Charter should be protected; that the Ministry did not seem enlightened as to the situation of France; that the friends of liberty should not be thrust aside and confounded with the servile chiefs of Bonaparte; that a lack of foresight was being displayed; that, in lieu of rallying Frenchmen, a course was being pursued which excited their discontent; that this system was productive of pernicious results; that the Republicans desired peace and union with the constitutional monarchical government." This memorandum gave offence in regard to that portion of it referring to military privileges; I remarked to Mr. de Havré: "It would seem that no use is to be made of my observations; you ask me for news about them: I have to tell you that for the future I shall do naught but devote my attention to protecting myself against events which I can see are fast approaching."

Family interests required my presence in Provence; I asked the Minister of Police to make an appointment, so that I might call for a passport; pending his reply, I learnt that he had reported the matter to the king, and that His Majesty had replied to him: "Grant it, but first have a talk with him." In the course of my conversation with Mr. (*illegible*), he was surprised that I had been already informed of this particular. I repeated to this Minister, in the presence of several persons: "You are accomplishing the king's ruin; he is seeking to do what is right, and to establish peace and order; you are concealing the truth from him; the catastrophe is at hand; you are opening the gates to Bte. and to the *cortège* of all the calamities attendant upon his usurpation; you had better have the king's residence and your own prepared in London."

(*Illegible*) said to me: "But matters have not gone so far; you predict great misfortunes; we shall endeavour to ward them off; be persuaded that I shall not disgrace my white hairs by sanguinary acts."

Provided with a passport, I proceeded to Monpellier. I found men's minds greatly changed along my road; all eyes were turned towards the island of Elba; people were saying: "Our liberties and our fortunes are threatened by enemies both at home and abroad." Shortly afterwards a courier was sent me

by way of the cross-roads of the Crau, bringing the news that Bonaparte had landed. I at once resolved to reach Paris before him; the Mayor of Monpellier refused in the most insolent fashion to sign my passport and an order for horses. I ran dangers on leaving the town-hall, and still greater ones when, upon entering my lodgings, my house and my apartments were invaded by a mob led by nobles charged with robbing stage-coaches. I left Monpellier for my domicile at Les Aigalades, near Marseilles; the postmasters with whom I was acquainted displayed diligence, and afforded me protection.

The Duc d'Angoulême had left Monpellier to go to head-quarters at St. Esprit, and thence to Toulon; he was only a post ahead of me; only General Merle, an officer in the little army commanded by him, was desirous that it should preserve its position by St. Esprit, the Rhone, and the Durance. He was not listened to; the position was abandoned, and the corps marched to Lyons by way of the Drome, thus singularly compromising its existence.

I arrived at Les Aigalades just as Bonaparte was entering Lyons; all the passes had been left open to him, and the National Guard of Marseilles had not until three days later been granted its request of marching to Sisteron, where it could have headed the Corsican off. In the Var it was deemed sufficient to guard the pass of L'Estérel, instead of pushing onward to the Basses-Alpes by forced marches; the general in command at Digne fled to Manosque beyond the scene of operations. Masséna, who was in command at Marseilles, sent to Lyons a messenger bearing two letters, one for the Comte d'Artois and the other for Bonaparte, in case he should be in possession of the city.

Marseilles was in a state of great agitation; I was well treated by its inhabitants and by the National Guard. I wrote to Masséna through my cousin, who saw him daily, and to whom he protested his friendship for me. He did not reply to me, refused me passports, and ceased to receive my cousin and my friends: the arrival of the Corsican had produced a powerful effect on the servile and mercenary heart of this brave soldier of our armies, whom I had at all times protected and welcomed in friendly fashion. I met with so many obstacles and delays at

Monpellier and Marseilles, that I was unable to proceed to Paris until after the usurper had taken possession of the city. It was Mr. de (*illegible*), Mayor of Marseilles, whom I had not the honour of knowing, who, in spite of superior orders, most obligingly gave me the passport I asked for.

The illness I had contracted in Rome got worse on my arrival at Lyons. I was compelled to make a stay there; I received a visit from Mr. de Rhœderer, a man of parts and of honour; he assured me that Bte. had mended his ways. King Gérôme likewise called on me on arriving at Lyons; he expressed his gratitude towards me and his regrets at all I had endured; I told him that so relentless a persecution had its origin in a very rancorous heart, that I was compelled to seek refuge in Paris, and to run the risk of all the dangers which I had been told were awaiting me. Gérôme repeated to me what Rhœderer had said, to wit, that his brother had committed great wrongs, but that he had mended his ways; that everybody and he himself needed pledges of this; that he was distrustful and badly surrounded, but that the situation would be improved and assured by popular institutions. On taking leave of me he said: "Moreover, we shall meet again in Paris, where you shall receive a genuine reparation." I assured him that all I wanted of the man who had oppressed liberty was the absolute oblivion of my existence and of all I had done for him and his folk.

Although but slightly improved in health, I started for Paris, and took up my quarters in a little house in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Bonaparte was governing as despotically as ever; he even curtailed the promises he had made at Lyons and along the road. This so to speak triumphal march on Paris with a mere detachment of troops was one of those daring conceptions which oftentimes succeed, when the government which is attacked possesses neither confidence nor energy. The king alone would have saved us from this fatal return, which I (too) would have prevented had I possessed in France the slightest power. The king, enlightened by this apparition, the result of the administration and lack of foresight of his Ministers, said to Mr. d'Havré: "Were Barras here, Bte. would not enter Paris; quickly send a messenger to him with this letter. I shall invest him with such a mark of my confidence that he will save the Commonweal."

On arriving at Moulins, the messenger found himself in the midst of Bte.'s vanguard; the inn was surrounded; he burnt his despatch, and said he was a Lyons tradesman. He was compelled to retrace his steps; had the imprudent letter been found I would have been shot. Bte., instead of mending his ways, in lieu of actively preparing for a war of extermination, was dictating liberticide measures to the Council of State, and devoting his attention to the ridiculous parade in the Champ de Mars; he put away from him the patriots, whom he said were Jacobins greatly to be feared; he boasted ostentatiously that with his good generals and his good army he would defeat the enemies of his throne; but that army was tired of battles which were not fought in the national interest, and those enriched generals who had attained the highest possible honours no longer cared to risk their all.

Bte.'s *début* was tardily made; the enemy was on our frontier. Bte. won great victories, but intoxicated, he compromised them at Waterloo. The fight was a bloody one, but no longer did patriotic enthusiasm and self-abnegation exist. Orders were badly executed; not a soldier failed in his duty; not one went over to the enemy: this act of cowardice was reserved for officers of high rank. The battle is lost; the rout is complete; each one seeks safety in flight and in disorder, even to the chief. Instead of remaining on the Sambre, he proceeds to Paris, dreading, it is said, that he will be outlawed; he shuts himself up in his Palace of the Elysée, surrounded by guards, while the enemy is marching on Paris, and the *corps législatif* is stupidly discussing a constitution, and Ministers and high personages are treating with the Allies.

Davoust was in correspondence with the king; General Lamotte was entrusted with a despatch for the latter. He was arrested at the outposts; as he did not possess any special order from the chief of the staff, he was taken into the presence of this chief of the staff, General Guilminot. He wore a grey frock-coat; he remarked that he was a general. The chief of the staff said: "I do not know you; you have got hold of the countersign; you will be shot." "But," replied Lamotte, "I was entrusted with a letter from the general-in-chief to the king." The general was thereupon set at liberty.

Davoust had nevertheless gathered about Paris 80,000 men, fully determined to defend the capital and the Fatherland; 30,000 *fédérés* were clamouring for arms; a large portion of the National Guard was firmly resolved to use them against the enemy; the federated patriots were denied arms; Masséna was appointed commandant-general of Paris, and acted in harmony with the provisional government—in other words, compounded with the foreign armies. He forfeited all the consideration which his high military reputation had brought him. Bte., instead of mounting his horse and joining Davoust, who was in favour of fighting, the enemy not having gathered together all its resources, and having made moves jeopardising its safety, a council of war was held; the members of the Executive Council and the marshals composed it; they concluded to capitulate to the Allies. Vandamme opposed this decision, called them traitors, and withdrew. Victory would have been ours had the *corps législatif* appointed a dictator; all that was needed was a leader as devoted to liberty as were the army and the citizens. Fouché had sent an agent named Gaillard, a member of the Appellate Court, to the enemies, to urge them to hasten their march on Paris, that everything had been prepared for their reception, and that it was necessary to take advantage of the general stupor to re-establish the throne of the Bourbons. General Morgan sought to arrest the envoy; when the latter showed his powers he was conducted to the outposts, unable to conceal his fright, and he fulfilled the odious mission entrusted to him by the government of which Fouché was the president.

When the enemy cut their way through by Meudon, advantage was not taken of this operation to exterminate them; the army was anxious to do so, but the traitors paralysed everything; I called with Laignelot on Carnot to entreat him to save the Fatherland; the interests of liberty made me overcome my repugnance; Carnot could not be seen; his brother remarked to us that the revolutionists were feared, but that measures should nevertheless be taken. We replied that the only ones required were a call to arms, a proclamation that the country was in danger, one announcing that the authorities would remain *en permanence*, and the appointment of a dic-

tator from whom all constituted power should depend. Our patriotic errand proved bootless; it was a settled matter that our beautiful and glorious France should be occupied by the enemies she had defeated. Our appeals to the influential members of the *corps législatif* were equally fruitless; here again we were told: "The Jacobins are the only ones who want to fight." Paris was surrendered; the Executive Council did not even stipulate for the customary guarantees; the French army marched mournfully through Paris on its way to the Loire, where it was disarmed by one of its former generals, Magdonal (Macdonald). Lanjuinais, the President of the Legislative Assembly, closed its halls, after having declined the overtures of Blucher, who wished to know whom the nation would have for king, saying he would send four battalions to protect the deliberating of the representatives; it will be seen from this that the chiefs of the Allies were not agreed as to the measures to be taken in regard to France's government.

Bonaparte, after having again abdicated, was at La Malmaison treating for his personal interests, those of his family, and a library, and in no wise for those of the French, whom he had deceived, despoiled, and oppressed. This great criminal did not possess the daring to go to the United States, a free country which he had planned to enslave through the medium of Lucien, because his treacherous character led him to imagine that that country was his enemy; he preferred asking hospitality of the English, he and his family carrying off immense wealth, the fruit of their plunder; they were unmindful of and shed no tears over the misfortunes of the country they had exploited and delivered up to the foreigner.

The king Louis XVIII. made his entry into Paris escorted by the government of the Revolution, as also by those who, after having deserted the popular cause, had acquired power and wealth by their vile conduct under the imperial government. As for Bte., the English Government, acting in harmony with the Holy Alliance, sent him to expiate his crimes on the rock of St. Helena, where he died. Had his death happened during his reign, his dynasty would have been maintained by Austria and recognised by the Powers, and France would have passed under the twofold yoke of the Btes. and of Austria.

The return of the king rescued me from the oppression of the Corsican, who would have shown himself relentless. My health was greatly shattered; I bought a little house at Chaillot, in keeping with the slender means I possessed; I had sold the life-interest of nearly all my estates, which yielded an annuity of hardly 40,000 francs.

One Mr. Lombard, of Langres, a lawyer, whom I had entrusted with certain business matters, took the liberty of quoting me in a wretched work of his; I was compelled to reply to him by a publicly printed letter, and to reject praises and services to which I ever remained foreign, which Bte. had always sought to secure, and which my principles and my oaths to the Republic equally reprobated. I was compelled to make known that I had never betrayed the Republic, that I had remained faithful to my duties as chief of the Republican Government, and that the king was too enlightened and too great a lover of honour to frown upon, a screed in which I proved—as shown, moreover, by the minute-book of the Directorate—that the credit of having sought to serve its cause was in no wise mine.

The government of the Bourbons was restored; the king, who had returned to Paris on the 8th of July, confirmed his Charter; the enemies occupied the capital; they abused the military convention entered into with Davoust, and carried away our most precious works of art—paintings, sculptures, and manuscripts. The members of the provisional government had dispersed, after each one of them appropriating 100,000 francs. Fouché, ex-professor at the Oratory in Turin, and qualified to do everything except what was right, was appointed Minister of Police, then dismissed; he died of a hardening of all his members, of the hands (*sic*) which had signed so many proscriptions.

On the Chambers being convoked, that of representatives showed a desire to change everything and to make innovations, in spite of the wise advice of the king; proscriptions, laws of exception, and similar projects affecting the security of the citizens were indulged in; serious disturbances had taken place in several of the departments of France; corpses floated about the harbour of Marseilles; the Rhone carried along the body of a Marshal of France slaughtered in Avignon; in Nîmes the

blood of patriots and Protestants streamed in all directions, and revenge was indulged in in broad daylight. Marshal Ney had been selected as a victim; he wished to see me, but would not be the first to call; hence I remained at home, while he was arrested. Arraigned before a council composed of marshals, his companions in arms, who did not have the honourable courage to acquit him, and his case referred to the Chamber of Peers, he was sentenced; he was a warrior of unbridled courage; at the sound of the first shot fired he no longer knew what danger was; in this respect only was he grand; he was executed, and the sound of the fusillade was heard in the hall where sat those who had called themselves his friends in the days of his good fortune. The Emperor of Russia, who had always treated this general with distinction, did not, any more than Velington, claim on his behalf the military convention stipulating that no one should be molested because of his political career.

Lyons and Grenoble witnessed excesses directed by those who sought pretexts for performing vengeful deeds and for compelling the Government to adopt extraordinary measures; guillotines were even taken on circuit; the law of suspects drafted by Merlin was again put in force; the voices of honourable deputies who protested against these bloody executions were stifled. The Ministry concealed all these horrible deeds from the king, and took no measures to ward off the prevailing distress; a number of inhabitants of the municipality of ——, who for two months had kept themselves alive by grazing in their meadows, were treated as seditious folk and shot; things went so far that the king, informed of all these troubles, pronounced the dissolution of the Chamber styled *des Introuvables;* he even ordered that the laws of exception should be executed with moderation. The State paid without murmuring the enormous sums imposed by the foreign Powers; the protector Velington, in order to render himself still more interesting and make fame speak of him, imagined an attempt at murdering him, although no trace of such an attempt could be discovered after investigation.

The Chamber which succeeded the one styled *Introuvable* was also greatly divided in itself; Ministers followed in rapid

succession; each of the two sides wished to appoint them; the centre had not such lofty views; Mr. de Richelieu, who is at the head of the Ministry, is a good man, but his resources are not such as will enable him to do good.

The globe is in a state of deep agitation; the nations are claiming their rights, the sovereigns are denying them; the Holy Alliance assumes the right to govern the world with bayonets; the small States are no longer anything except dependent vassals; the power of four or five great monarchies extends to the point of exercising a censorship over what is written and of dictating whatever police laws suit them to the remaining nations. Military strength may serve as a prop for a while, but it ends in being dangerous for the princes it serves and who abuse it; nowadays a constitutional monarchy, somewhat similar to that of France, wisely administered, offers great advantages to the kings ruling under it, as well as to the nations; if we feel the effects of dissensions, they are to be attributed only to our bad administration, and to a project of overthrowing the constitutional Charter; every violation of consecrated principles results in feelings of enmity, the distrust of the people, and the falling of governments into disrepute.

A kindly welcome of all good Frenchmen, equal justice for all, exclusion of the wicked, surveillance over the partisans of an overthrown dynasty, but which possesses riches and the support of those with which it has allied itself, a good selection of Ministers, order in the finances, a liberal exercise of the clauses of the Charter, are all equally in the thoughts of the king, are prayed for by the nation, and in the interests of all. The Government must repress everything smacking of party; it must remember that at the Restoration the former parliamentarians, assembled at Pelletier's, protested against the Charter, and that the nobility were on the point of doing likewise. England is in opposition to the rest of Europe; the alleged attempt on the life of Velington was imagined to create interest in that personage; France would have acquired a great influence had the Ministry been strong and national, had it remained within constitutional limits; all violation of principles destroys confidence and brings on disturbances; the partisans of the

Corsican's dynasty, possessors of immense fortunes acquired by betrayals of trust and servility and increased by certain powers, will take advantage of the Government's mistakes to overthrow it.[1]

[1] Here ends the autographic fragment of Barras.—G. D.

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